THE WAR DIARY OF A DIPLOMAT

LEE MERIWETHER

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BY

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1916, 1917, 1918

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TO BEAMER,

In appreciation of twenty-three years of

Loyalty and Love

FOREWORD

This Journal was not composed with the purpose of publication; its entries were jotted down as interesting events occurred, and were sent from week to week to my wife, who was unable to leave our St. Louis home, and who in this way was able to keep posted as to my observations and doings.

A book so written can of course claim neither depth of matter nor charm of style; but being so written—hot on the heels of the events described—its pictures of France in wartime for that very reason may be the more vivid and convincing. It is because friends who have read the Journal say it possesses this sort of interest that I venture to submit it to the public.

LEE MERIWETHER.

Paris, October 17, 1918.

PREFACE

At the very beginning of the World War the United States undertook a work intended not only to better the condition of war prisoners but to remove from the minds of their families and friends the fear that they are badly treated. To appreciate the enormous value of this work one has only to consider how, had a similar task been performed by some neutral power during our Civil War, the North and South would have come together twenty years sooner than they did.

This statement may seem extravagant but its truth will not be doubted by those who remember how for a generation after the war of the 'sixties there was a constant and a bitter debate over the question whether prisoners at Andersonville and Libby had, or had not, been barbarously treated by the Confederate government. Obviously those years of bitter debate would have been avoided if during the Civil War the representatives of, say, England or France, had frequently visited Andersonville and Libby and reported on conditions existing there. Had the conditions been as bad as claimed by the North they would have been bettered by the Confederate authorities the moment they knew that foreign diplomats would visit the prisons and tell the world in general, and the Washington Government in particular, what was going on. On the other hand, if the conditions were not bad, if the reports reaching Washington were untrue, *that* fact would have been made known, and thus, in either case, years of bitter recrimination and hate-breeding accusations would have been avoided.

Probably those long years of heated controversy over An-

dersonville and Libby suggested to the American government the good that might result from preventing such a dispute in the present war; whatever the reason, as I have said, at the very outset of the World War the Department of State at Washington undertook the task of looking after the prisoners of war in France, Russia, Germany, etc., and it continued that task down to the day that Germany's conduct forced America to abandon its neutrality and enter the war on the side of the Entente Allies, i. e., down to Sunday, February 4, 1917.

As a Special Assistant to our Ambassador to France I saw a good deal of this work which, now that it has ended and we have entered the war, may be described without official impropriety and perhaps even with profit to the public. For only good can come from having the world know how unselfishly America strove to protect the interests of the very government which even then was secretly paying a host of spies to incite strikes in our factories, to blow some of them up with dynamite, to plant bombs in steamers sailing from our harbors, and which a little later openly destroyed American women and children on the *Lusitania* and ran rough shod over American rights on every one of the globe's seven seas! It will be well, too, for the world to know that, with a few unimportant exceptions, the Allies with whom we are now, or soon will be, fighting have all along played the game fair; that they treat the war prisoners in their hands humanely and strive to make their condition as comfortable as it can be to men deprived of their liberty.

Indeed, so well are the German prisoners treated, so much easier is their lot in French prisons than in German trenches, few of the hundreds with whom I talked seemed at all sorry to be captives. I refer here of course to the private soldiers; officers, especially the Prussians, do not take imprisonment so complacently. Even in captivity they retain their abnormal sense of superiority to the rest of the world and it fills them with bitterness to find themselves in the hands of men they

deem so infinitely beneath them. That the sacred caste of Prussian officers, supermen from Berlin, should be ordered about by a mere Frenchman—Ach Gott! What was the world coming to? This was very different from the Kaiser's going to Paris in six weeks and there dictating to the miserable people of France how many millions they should pay their conquerors. In the case of Prussian officers this feeling amounts to a disease, to megalomania.

There are two kinds of war prisoners, military and civil. The first of course are soldiers captured in battle; the second class comprises all male enemy aliens who resided in France, or who happened to be traveling in France in August, 1914. Camps of these civilians are to be found in all parts of the republic from the mountains of Corsica in the south to the bleak islands in the north off the coasts of Brittany and Normandy. Before the war Germans loved to come to France. The French say they came to serve as spies and be in a position to help the Kaiser when he got ready to ravish Belgium, plunder France and steal some more French provinces. Perhaps many did come for that purpose, but the majority came because of the better opportunities France afforded for earning a livelihood, and some of these married French women and their children grew up wholly ignorant of the German tongue. Perhaps these Germans became French in their sympathies—but they neglected the formality of becoming French by law. And so in August, 1914, they were bundled off to some detention camp, there to fret away as many years as this senseless and bloody war may last.

On the Isle of Tatihou, off the coast of Normandy, I saw a Monsieur Hermann L., who, although born in Vienna, had come when a child to Paris, where for a quarter of a century he was the head of a large electrical machinery concern. His partners were French, so too were all his friends and affiliations. But Monsieur L. had neglected to become naturalized as a Frenchman, consequently, at the time I saw him in

January, 1917, he was a prisoner on a barren island, where he had been more than two years and where he is likely to remain for a very long time to come. Interned on this same island are several hundred other Austrians and Germans, some of whom, like Monsieur L., are French in their sympathies; but the majority, having come more recently to France, are pro-German in their feelings, and hence they look with both disgust and hate upon "French"-Germans like Monsieur L. Indeed, so bitter is the feeling between the German-Germans and the "French"-Germans that their discussions, always heated, sometimes become violent and end in blows.

At the time of my visit to Tatihou several men were undergoing cell punishment because of brawls over this question of German-born men sympathizing with France, and so keenly did the French-Germans feel the taunts and sneers of the other faction, they begged me to intercede with the Commandant and persuade him to give them separate quarters. The Commandant said he would be glad to do this if it were possible; the constant strife between the two factions had caused him a world of trouble. At news of a German victory the cheers of the "German"-Germans angered the French-Germans; and similarly when the French armies delivered a smashing blow upon the Crown Prince's forces before Verdun, prisoners like Monsieur L. would celebrate and cheer in a way that set the real Germans wild.

"You may imagine, Monsieur," said the Commandant, "that this is excessively annoying, but the number of prisoners, already enormous, grows by leaps and bounds after every battle, so that it is not possible to provide separate quarters to suit the men's different political convictions."

I asked why it was necessary to intern men so pro-French that they were willing for the sake of their allegiance to France to suffer the sneers and even the blows of their fellow countrymen.

"Monsieur," replied the Commandant, "France does not

trust men who, though living under her flag, do not love her enough to become Frenchmen."

"Had Monsieur Hermann L. become a French citizen would he have retained his freedom?" I asked.

"Yes. This particular man would not have been disturbed; he was my neighbor on the Rue Copernic in Paris. Many Frenchmen knew him and could vouch for his sincerity. But not all Germans could be trusted, even though they took out naturalization papers. You see, Monsieur, a man may take out papers for the special purpose of being able to betray us. We are so close to Germany the information which a spy could acquire and pass on to the enemy might cause grave trouble. France's very life is at stake, hence we must take no chance, absolutely none, no matter what hardship, what injustice may be done the individual citizen."

That this is necessary is recognized even by some of its victims. For instance, Monsieur L. frankly said to me that he did not blame the French for interning him.

"*I* know I love France," he said. "I know that I would cut off my right arm rather than harm her, for I have come to regard France as my own country. I left Vienna when I was a child. I know no one there. All my life, all my friends are centered in Paris. Is it not natural that my love should be for France? But a man's heart cannot be read by others as they read a book. So many Germans do come to France to spy, the French say 'Perhaps this man is a spy, too.' And so they lock me up. I cannot complain. It is natural. But nonetheless, Monsieur, this is a frightful fate to bear!"

With a gesture Monsieur L. indicated the long, cold, cheerless barrack in which we were standing, and the straw sack on a wooden bunk where he slept. At the head of the bunk was a shelf on which were placed the few things he had been permitted to bring from Paris.

"Look at this," he said, "then compare it with the pretty place I had on the Rue Copernic. Is it not enough to make

me melancholy? One day I was in the most beautiful city of the world; a profitable business, a lot of friends, everything that makes life worth living was mine. Then, in a day, in an hour, my business is ruined, my friends become my enemies, and I am brought to this wind-swept island to remain for only God knows how many years! The suddenness with which this incredible catastrophe overwhelmed me was stupefying, appalling! For months after coming here it was hard to realize that it was not all a frightful nightmare, that in the morning I would not awake in Paris in my beautiful apartment on the Rue Copernic!"

The impression made upon me by Monsieur Hermann L. was that of thorough sincerity; he undoubtedly really loves France. Nevertheless, he must fret his life away in prison, because France cannot afford to "take any chances." Such is one of the little by-products of war—war the monster that crushes out the lives and breaks the hearts of the innocent along with the guilty.

Before describing the prisons for captured Germans let me begin at the beginning, i. e., at the moment when the German becomes a prisoner. In the case of civilians that moment was on August 4, 1914. Of course, for several days prior to that date Germany's action was a foregone conclusion, so that France had at least a little time in which to make her preparations. Within a dozen hours after Baron von Schoen delivered the Kaiser's message to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, declaring war and demanding his passports, the French police began rounding up Germans in every nook and corner of the republic.

At first there was some confusion and much discomfort; when, without an hour's notice, a government feels itself obliged to tear thousands of men from their homes, from their stores, from their banks and offices, confusion and discomfort are inevitable. And it is small wonder that in those dreadful August days of 1914 many men made desperate efforts to

cross the Pyrenees into Spain or the Rhine into Germany. A few succeeded, but the great majority failed to elude the lynx-eyed police. An instance of this latter number is that of Herr Mumm, known to champagne drinkers all over the world as one of the richest wine men in Rheims.

On that fatal fourth of August, 1914, Mr. Mumm lingered just one hour too long. His affairs were of such magnitude, so many things needed attention before he left on such short notice on so indefinite a trip, Herr Mumm unwisely thought he might remain just an hour longer. But that hour proved his undoing, for it gave the police time to arrest him; when he went to the railway station to board the last train that was to leave for the east, there at the station waiting for him were two policemen and several soldiers. And so, ever since that fateful day, Herr Mumm, instead of being in the land of his birth across the Rhine, has been in an internment camp in Western France.

To offset this instance of a failure to escape I will mention the case of one who succeeded in escaping—but not by the prosaic means of a railroad train or an automobile flying to the frontier. Baroness Reuter, widow of the founder of the well-known European News Agency, has lived for many years in Paris, and while not all German women were interned, no doubt the Baroness would have been confined because of her prominence and her connections in Germany. To avoid this unpleasant fate—and at the same time to avoid the necessity of leaving her beloved Paris—as soon as war was declared the Baroness promptly married James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York *Herald*. Automatically this made her in the law's eyes an American, immune from internment, and she has remained in Paris without let or hindrance. To the mere mortal eye the Baroness is the same charming woman now as before August, 1914, but to the eye of the law the few words spoken in the marriage ceremony effected so complete a transformation that she who one moment was subject to

arrest and years of imprisonment, was the next moment absolutely immune—all because she changed her name from Reuter to Bennett! And yet Shakespeare says there is nothing in a name!

Having arrested all the Germans in France within a few hours, or at most a few days after war was declared, the next step was properly to care for them. And this task was facilitated because of the great number of vacant convents and monasteries which the expulsion of the religious orders a few years ago left in the hands of the French government. Usually these ancient monastery buildings are perched on high peaks and the life led in them by the motley crowd of prisoners, drawn from all walks of life and from all parts of Europe, is fully as interesting as the life of their former occupants in bygone centuries. Presently I shall give a detailed word picture of some of these curious places, but first a few words concerning military prisoners. These of course are captured in battle, usually after the French artillery creates an impassable barrage of heavy shells between the German front line and base. When this happens Fritz leaps to his feet, thrusts both hands high in the air and cries:

"Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Once he does this he is no longer reckoned as a fighting unit in this war. There is no exchange of prisoners. As a fighter friend Fritz is done for and the advancing French pay him little more attention. They know he won't run away, for there is no place he can run to. He can't go back to his own people; the barrage of shot and shells would cut him to pieces. Moreover, nine times in ten Fritz is delighted at being a prisoner; as a prisoner he will be out of danger and have more to eat than as a soldier, and so Fritz, thankful to the French who have captured him, finds his own way back to the rear of the French front lines, and presently, when not otherwise occupied, his captors detail a small guard to conduct him to some big base depot like those at Rouen or Havre. Later

on he is sent from the base depot to wherever labor is most needed, to the coal mines of central France, to towns along the Seine where ships are unloading, to the vineyards and fields of all parts of the republic.

Once at his permanent place of work, Fritz' life down to the last detail is governed by rules agreed on between France and Germany; he must have precisely so many ounces of bread a day, so many grams of salt, so many ounces of vegetables, etc. A written list of the kind and quantity of articles he is entitled to have is posted on the door of the kitchen where every prisoner may see it. Failure to receive his proper rations is at once made the subject of a complaint by the prisoner to the Commandant of the prison camp, who seldom fails to remedy the matter. However, there are Commandants and Commandants; occasionally where a man shot all to pieces and with a case of bad nerves, or where a man naturally harsh or even cruel, has been placed in charge of a prison camp, unnecessary and illegal hardships may be imposed upon the Germans. To prevent this, or at least to make it as rare an exception as possible, I made frequent and unexpected visits to prison camps in all parts of France, and my observations were reported to Ambassador Sharp and to the State Department at Washington, and by them to Ambassador Gerard in Berlin.

Often in some mysterious way reports would reach the German government that its prisoners in such or such a place were being barbarously treated, and then our Paris Embassy would receive a "hurry-up" call to make an investigation. For example, one day in December, 1916, we received through Ambassador Gerard a *Note Verbale* saying the German Foreign Office was informed that some two hundred German officers immured in the fortress at Brest were being most inhumanly treated. It was stated that the walls of the fortress, fifteen feet in thickness, were damp and covered with fungi; water trickled down from the ceiling upon the prisoners' straw

sleeping sacks, making sleep difficult and life a painful burden. Berlin was told that unless speedily removed from this damp dungeon these unhappy officers would all lose their health and many would lose their lives. Such barbarities could not be permitted and unless at once discontinued reprisals would become necessary: a similar number of French officers, prisoners in Germany, would be thrust into the most unsanitary dungeon that could be found in the Empire or in any of the Empire's allies.

Such was the substance of the German Foreign Office's communication which we were desired to make known to the government of the French Republic. Before taking the matter up with the French Minister for Foreign Affairs obviously the first thing to do was to go to Brest and learn at first hand the conditions there. Accordingly, grabbing my heavy rug to keep out at least a little of the cold in the freezing French railway cars, I summoned a taxi to take me to the Gare Montparnasse, and soon was speeding across France to Brittany's bleak, wind-swept coast. Travelers who have traversed France only in the tourist season, in spring or summer, will have little realization of what such a trip means in the dead of winter, particularly in war time when coal costs $80 a ton and when even the slightest degree of heat in railway coaches and hotels is considered a luxury not to be thought of. A fifteen-hour railway journey in America involves no hardship, or at least none on account of the cold. On the contrary, the discomfort most often found when traveling in America results from the way in which the cars are overheated.

But there is no overheating in France in winter and during this war. Normandy and Brittany, lovely enough to look upon in summer time, had no charms for me on that long journey to Brest. The cold was penetrating, inescapable, and was made worse by the dampness. A cold rain beat all day against the window of my compartment, and when late at night Brest was reached, and I drove to the Hotel Continental, the room

given me was as damp and cold and depressing as a tomb. There was no fire in the hotel and had been none for months, except in the kitchen stove. As I hurriedly undressed and got into bed—the only place where there was even half a chance to get warm—I thought with pity of the German officers in the gloomy fortress of the Château d'Anne. If I suffered so in Brest's best hotel, what must be the fate of those unhappy men immured in a dungeon with walls fifteen feet thick and dripping with humidity so great that fungi grew on the sides and ceiling as in a subterranean cave?

Next day investigation proved that my sympathy was entirely wasted. It was true that the walls were very thick, ten feet at least. They were built in the thirteenth century when thick walls were the fashion as a protection against the puny cannon of that uncivilized age. But within those walls I found not a bit of dampness. Red-hot stoves kept the casemates warm as well as dry and electric lamps gave abundant light. The quarters of those German officers were warmer and dryer than the room in which I had slept at the Hotel Continental. After satisfying myself of this fact, visiting all the casemates, feeling the walls and bedding with my hands and finding no dampness, I asked both the French Commandant and the German prisoners how Berlin could have gotten such a report as that which had brought me hurrying across the whole width of France?

"Monsieur," said the Commandant, "I have long since ceased to attempt to explain the false reports Berlin sends out to the world."

"Do you think Berlin knows that this report about the Château d'Anne is false?" I asked. The Commandant's reply was an eloquent shrug of the shoulders; that shrug and the look which accompanied it said as plainly as words could have done that he did believe Berlin knew the report to be false; indeed, had the Commandant ventured to speak freely, I believe he would have said that Germany herself invents such

reports in order to justify her own harsh treatment of French prisoners. I myself do not believe this; I think it probable the Berlin Foreign Office did receive the report which had been transmitted through Ambassador Gerard to us in Paris, for on numbers of occasions I myself have caught German war prisoners writing letters to their families at home telling them tales of incredible cruelty on the part of their French guards, tales which I personally knew to be untrue. For example, one German, although located in one of the best prison camps in France, a camp well drained, with wooden barracks heated by stoves and lighted by electricity, wrote his wife in Munich that he was being slowly tortured to death, that he was half starved and never expected to get back to Germany alive.

When confronted with this letter, its falsity manifest in face of the prisoner's excellent physical condition and in face of the physical condition of the camp, so excellent as to be seen at a mere glance, the mendacious German merely grinned and squirmed and twisted his cap in his hands; no amount of questioning elicited from him a reason for his conduct. Was the fellow moved merely by a foolish spirit of egoism? Did he seek sympathy? Did he wish to appear when he returned to Munich as a hero snatched from the very jaws of Death? This may be the explanation—or it may be that the German government's policy is to have prisoners spread reports of barbarous treatment in order to keep alive the hatred of the German people for France, and also to discourage German soldiers from surrendering. The German soldier who thinks that being captured by the French means plenty to eat, a warm barracks to sleep in and safety from shrapnel and shell may feel like giving up the fight a good deal quicker than the soldier who is made to believe that capture will mean slow death through cold, dampness and starvation!

Whatever the explanation, it is a fact that in no case did I find conditions as bad as Berlin said they were; and seldom, indeed, did I find them bad enough to warrant any real con-

demnation. The Germans with whom I talked in the Château d'Anne said they were as content there as they could be in any prison; some of them had been previously confined in other camps and these said they preferred the Château d'Anne because, although its walls and floors were of stone, the big stoves kept them so dry and warm! And yet Berlin threatened savage reprisals on the French officers in its hands because of the "dampness and fungi" on the walls of the casemates in the Château d'Anne!

Of course Berlin was informed of the true conditions at Brest, and it is to be hoped our report prevented a great wrong being done to several hundred unhappy French officers in German prisons. Only a hope can be expressed, for soon after my visit to Brest America severed diplomatic relations with Germany and since then not much reliance can be placed upon such scraps of news as filter out from Berlin to the rest of the world. America's entry into the war was inevitable, but it was a great blow to the thousands of war prisoners whose welfare was the care of our diplomats abroad.

INTRODUCTION

By Edouard de Billy,
Deputy High Commissioner of the French Government to the United States.

Mr. Lee Meriwether, Special Assistant to the American Ambassador to France in 1916, 1917 and 1918, noted from day to day with ready pen his impressions—thanks to which the literature of the war is enriched by a delightful book which it has been a joy for me to read, and for which I am glad to write these introductory lines.

Mr. Meriwether visited the German and Austrian prison camps in France in the name of the American government, which at the beginning of hostilities had offered to ascertain for the belligerents how their prisoners were treated. During a rigorous winter he traveled throughout France, going from place to place in unheated trains, staying in hotels whose temperature was glacial, in order to carry out his researches. A task, assuredly, but a fascinating task because if it permitted the American Diplomat to make sure that the prisoners of war were being well treated in France, it also gave him opportunity from North to South, from East to West, in her great cities, in her straggling villages, in her rural districts, to see France at war. And at contact with the Nation, valiant beneath her wounds, heroic in her resistance, the traveler felt a clutching at his heart!

A profound and sincere emotion gushes forth from every page of this Journal. This emotion makes of it a book that moves, a book that one can not relinquish once it is begun, and that one closes with regret, not without several times having felt one's eyes wet with tears. Now it is the word of a

peasant expressing the love of the people of France for their country, their absolute confidence in her victory, which Mr. Meriwether renders with respectful emotion. Now it is a visit to the wounded, heroic in their sufferings. Now it is the arrival of soldiers on leave. A few days later it is their departure for the front—all these tableaux are soberly traced, full of sorrowing pity for the victims of the war, full of admiration for its heroes! Elsewhere it is France at work—deep in its mines, or in the war factories, or in the great gun works at Creusot. Again it is a visit to the front—to the martyred cities, Rheims, Luneville, Herimenil, Gerbeviller, with the recital of German atrocities by witnesses still vibrant from the crimes of yesterday.

As the recital advances one feels the growth in the author of indignation against the aggressor, and of love for France. In one paragraph written before the United States entered the war he says:

"I try to *feel* neutral as well as to be neutral, but the thing can't be done. The Germans themselves just won't let me be neutral!"

Mr. Meriwether's experience has been that of many of his compatriots. As soon as they grasped the truth their hearts were touched, their consciences cried out and America entered the war!

Hostilities are now ended. The world is returning to peace. But we must not allow ourselves to forget, above all we must not allow our natural pity for the living, victims of their own crimes, to surpass our just pity for our own dead, victims of the criminals! Let us not be led to hate. But let us conserve in our memory the knowledge which the war has given us of the mentality of a nation whose victory would have been ferocious; and which in defeat has forgotten nothing of its deceptions, nothing of its wicked ambitions.

Let us remember also those who have aided us. Mr. Meriwether recounts that one day, visiting a school that had been

opened at Nancy for the children of refugees, he asked the theme of the French composition at which some of the little girls were working. He was given this:

"The help American children are giving the children of France and how we should feel toward them."

The whole of France, which has remembered, as America has remembered, will keep in its memory, and will teach to its children, the theme of the composition of the little pupils of Nancy!

Edouard de Billy

PART I

THE WAR DIARY OF A DIPLOMAT

Bordeaux, Sunday Night,
August 6, 1916.

THE *Lafayette* is at last alongside her dock. After eight days at sea, the last two in the war zone with nervous passengers glimpsing U-boats every hour or two, everybody is hungry to tread *terra firma* again, but as we are forbidden to go ashore until morning all of us have lined up against the steamer's rail to look down upon the lively scene below. War doesn't seem to have hurt Bordeaux; in fact, it is now a livelier place than ever, for with its own commerce is combined that of both Havre and Cherbourg. Those cities are too close to the U-boat bases to be now in favor with steamship lines, whereas Bordeaux, sixty miles inland on the Garonne, is beyond the reach of German airplanes and submarines.

This morning while still at sea our last lifeboat drill gave everybody a creepy feeling. At the signal "Abandon Ship" each passenger put on his belt and rushed to his appointed place on deck beside a lifeboat. The fat passengers looked fatter than ever, with their bulky belts strapped about their middles; the lean ones looked more forlorn than ever, and everybody seemed solemn—that is, everybody excepting the ship's crew and officers. They took the grim drill like the rest of their work, as merely a routine duty on the sea; but to the rest of us, unaccustomed to U-boats and mines, it was a stern sort of business and we were not ashamed to confess relief when early this afternoon the *Lafayette* made a sharp

turn to the right and entered the Garonne. For the next six hours we steamed slowly up the river between two rows of vine-clad hills dotted here and there by picturesque châteaux and by big signs which made us think of wedding parties and banquets—for those signs one sees on the banks of the Garonne bear the names of the fine wines that figure on the menu cards of festive occasions, St. Estephe, Château Lafitte, Château d'Yquem, etc.

After eight days on the ocean it was pleasant to have the last six hours of the voyage not only safe from U-boats but also charming because of the lovely scenery. While gazing over the ship's rail at mile after mile of vineyards, all in the pink of condition like so many carefully made gardens, it was hard to realize we were looking upon a land that for two years has been convulsed by war. One would not suspect that the monster War was abroad in the land but for one thing—the presence in the fields of only women, boys and old men. Of young men we saw not a sign. In France women are not allotted the heaviest tasks while friend husband smokes a pipe in the shade—as is often the case in Germany. The presence of women in the fields, and the absolute absence of young men, tell a tale, and so, despite the calm, peaceful beauty of the scene upon which we gazed to-day, we realized we were looking upon a war-stricken land.

Bordeaux,
August 7.

Although anxious to reach Paris a delay has enabled me to see something of Bordeaux, and the drive I took this afternoon was worth taking. In addition to miles of handsome streets—bustling with life, no signs of war, soldiers conspicuous by their absence—and in addition to a number of handsome monuments, in particular a lofty column erected here to the Girondists of the Revolution, my cabman, or rather woman, showed me the bell tower of St. Michel's church,

beneath which is a gruesome sight—forty men and women who died centuries ago but whose bodies are in marvelous state of preservation owing to the singular quality of the soil on which stands this ancient tower. For several hundred years these bodies lay in the ground beneath the vault of the church; then one hundred and seven years ago they were exhumed and stood against the circular wall of the vault where they now are, their skin, hair, eyes and tongues so well preserved it is hard to believe they have been dead for more than a few years. Before the war tourists visited these weird reminders of the vanity of all things human, but since August, 1914, the tourist tribe in Europe is as extinct as the Dodo. And so it was that my approach to St. Michel's Church to-day was almost a sensation. The old custodian of the vault rubbed her eyes and seemed to doubt her senses. When she found I was not a vision, and that my German guide-book did not prevent me from being an American and a friend of France, she cheerfully agreed to light her lantern and conduct me down the winding stone stairs to see her "treasures."

"Voila, Monsieur!" she exclaimed, poking her finger into the mouth of one of the standing bodies and pulling out its tongue. "See how lifelike it is! If the poor man were alive he could talk to you very well. You may see for yourself, Monsieur, his tongue is quite unspoiled!"

Verily, the good dame seemed to regard those ghastly things as her personal pets. What an unhappy fate! To be stood up against the wall of a dark vault and have your breast poked in, and your tongue pulled out, century after century, in order to show morbid tourists how well preserved you are!

Paris, Tuesday Night,
August 8, 1916.
(At the Hotel Mirabeau.)

Coming through France to-day the country looked as peaceful as it did Sunday along the banks of the Garonne—on

both sides of the train endless fields cultivated to the last degree and beautiful as so many gardens. As in the Garonne vineyards, so in these fields the workers were either women, boys or old men; the only men we saw who were not old were the sentries guarding the various bridges between Bordeaux and Paris. Evidently the job of feeding France is being left to the women, and apparently they are making good; at any rate, few as are the hours since my arrival, I have been here long enough to know that one can dine better and cheaper in France than in the United States, notwithstanding every able-bodied Frenchman is in the trenches and the country has been convulsed for two years by the most frightful war in history. For instance, on the wagon restaurant coming up from Bordeaux to-day (that is what the French call a dining car), from the *hors d'ouvres* clear through the soup, fish, vegetables, chicken, lettuce salad to dessert and nuts—everything tasted good. And the cost was only four and a half francs, 68½ cents (the franc is now worth only 17⅛ cents). You can't get such a dinner in an American dining car at any price, and if such dinners were served the price would surely be several times 68 cents.

In Bordeaux, also on the train, and again in the railway station on arriving in Paris an hour ago, I saw this sign:

"TAISEZ VOUS! MEFIEZ VOUS!!
LES OREILLES ENEMIES VOUS ECOUTENT!"

(*Be silent! Be distrustful!*
Enemy ears hear you!)

Before 1914 Americans in France were received with open arms; they are still so received, provided they are *known* to be Americans. But the theory over here now is, every man is guilty until his innocence is proved. It isn't safe to start a conversation with strangers; you may be talking to a spy,

and if you are not, the person you address will surely suspect you of being a spy until something more than your word has transpired to convince him that you are a loyal friend of France.

On arriving in Paris all the passengers, with the exception of myself, went straight to the Préfet of Police to get a "Permis de Sejour." Because of my diplomatic passport I need not go, but the manager of the Mirabeau advises me to go anyway for the reason that many gendarmes do not know about the immunity enjoyed by Embassy officials. He says I may go for months without being molested, then some fine day when I least expect it, perhaps at a café, or while entering a theater, a gendarme may approach and say: "Votre Permis de Sejour, s'il vous plait." By no manner of means will he forget that "s'il vous plait," but if it doesn't please you to produce your permit to sojourn in Paris, then it will be prison for you! No doubt the Embassy would get me out of prison, but as I do not wish to be locked up for even a limited time, I shall see the Préfet to-morrow.

Paris, Sunday Night,
August 13.

When I arrived in Paris last Tuesday I was impressed with the changes wrought by the war; that was because I arrived in the night. In the daytime the Paris of 1916 is pretty much the Paris I knew before the war—there are the same miles of busy shops, the same crowded boulevards, the same confusion of motor busses and taxicabs that rush madly about, making the crossing of a street only less dangerous than assaulting the German trenches! The other day while shopping in the big Louvre department store it was hard to elbow a way through the aisles, so dense was the jam of men and women intent on making purchases. But at night—ah, then the traveler sees a sad change—everything is so dark, so deserted, so still! It used to be said of the Café de la Paix that he

who sits long enough at one of its little sidewalk tables will see every friend he has. Alas! The Café de la Paix is no longer an international tourist clearing house. You may still go there for dinner or for a drink, but no longer may you sit there till the wee sma' hours of the morning gazing upon an ever changing and ever growing crowd of men and women from all parts of the world. The Paris cafés are required to close at 9.30 p.m.—*clock* time; that really means half-past eight, so that almost before night begins the city is dark and people go to bed because there is no other place to go. The German lines at Noyon are only sixty miles away and airplanes can fly those sixty miles in half as many minutes; that is one reason why Paris is darkened. The other reason is to save coal. A big tin hood overhangs the top of each lamp post and throws the light direct to the ground around the base of the post; you can see the base of such posts as are lighted, but that is about all you can see and so for the duration of the war the night life of Paris is as quiet and as exemplary as that of a New England village.

Paris,
August 14.

I AM living in lodgings on the Rue Richepanse where Robespierre lived during the Reign of Terror; from my windows I can look out on the place across the narrow street where Danton lived, and around the corner on the Rue St. Honoré is the church in front of which Napoleon planted his cannon and mowed down the soldiers of the Sections in 1794. Amid such surroundings the French Revolution seems much nearer and more real than it did when I was at home in St. Louis. Last night while reading Lamartine's vivid pages describing Robespierre's doings at the very time when he occupied this room I looked up from the written pages almost expecting to see the "Sea-green Incorruptible" walk in, hang up his hat and make himself at home. He has often done so in this ancient stone house on the Rue Richepanse; the worn places on the

winding wooden stairs were made by Robespierre's feet—that is, in part. The stairs, like the house, are nearly four hundred years old and those worn places have been made by the feet of countless thousands of men and women who have long since become mere shadows, phantoms, as I soon shall be, without a resting place even in the memory of any of the living. But one of those who trod those stairs, Robespierre, will always be remembered—not with love, not even with admiration. But he will be remembered for many centuries to come and so I shall remain here for a while for the sake of him whose spirit hovers over my bed where he slept during those awful nights of the Terror, but I know I shall not be able to stand it long. "Atmosphere" is all well enough for a month or so, but in the long run a bath counts for more than historical memories.

Paris, Sunday,
August 20.

My landlady's son, Monsieur P., a youth of twenty-five returned to-day from the front at Verdun where he was wounded. He calls himself an "Intellectual" Socialist but the strenuous life he now leads gives him no time for politics. He breathes and lives and thinks only of war. At déjeuner to-day he told me of his experience with a spy who had been caught telephoning the Germans from a farm house. At the moment of the capture the French were in retreat. There was no time to hold a court martial so the spy was bound on top of a cannon and on this grim vehicle was carried back to the rear. There, behind the new lines, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be shot the next morning.

"Do you know, Monsieur," said young Lieutenant P., "I summoned that man into my tent and told him his life would be spared if he would but answer my questions, but not a word would he speak about that telephone or the information he had given the Germans. To all my questions he would only reply: 'Monsieur, put yourself in my place: would you be-

tray your secrets to the Germans were you to fall into their hands?' What answer could I make to that? Mon Dieu! It was a frightful situation. I could not help respect the man and pity him."

"And did you spare him?" I queried.

Lieutenant P. looked at me in surprise.

"Of course not," he answered. "I pitied him, but I performed my duty. Two poilus conducted him from my tent. At the edge of the grave that was dug for him I questioned him again. He merely smiled and shook his head. That was the end. A moment later he tumbled into that grave, the dirt was piled over him and we moved on. It was a tragedy, Monsieur, but war is one great tragedy."

Lieutenant P. spoke rather slightingly of the English.

"Though they outnumber us we guard three kilomètres of front to their one," said he. "Do you know why?" I told him no, and he added: "Because they wish to keep their army fresh. They leave the hardest, most dangerous work to us so that when all of us gather around the peace table they will be the strongest, they will have the largest armies and thus will have more to say in dictating the terms of peace. The English talk of coming into the war to save Belgium. Bah! What hypocrisy! They came into the war to save themselves. They are utterly selfish."

"Aren't the French a trifle selfish, too?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" demanded Monsieur P.

"Why," said I, "simply this: that self-preservation is the first law of Nations as well as of individuals. France would not have entered the war had not her safety, perhaps even her existence, been threatened. No nation ever did go to war unless it had some national interest at stake. Lacking such an interest, would it not be criminal for the President or King of a Nation to lead his people into a war?"

Lieutenant P. was just enough to say that this view had not occurred to him; he admitted, now it was presented to him,

that perhaps he had done England an injustice. Certainly, without England's fleet on the side of the Allies Germany would long since have won the war; had she stopped with giving her fleet England would be entitled to the thanks of Civilization. But she did not stop with her fleet; she raised an army of four million and her far flung battle lines now extend to every continent on the globe. No one knows better than Germany the meaning of all this; no one knows better that Sea Power, like gravity, works constantly by day and by night, building up, refreshing, invigorating the country which has it, while slowly strangling the country which has it not! For fifteen years Napoleon was the master of Europe; his will was supreme from Madrid to Moscow. But when his feet touched the shores of the sea there, always facing him, always unrelenting, implacable, stood his unconquered and unconquerable foe, Great Britain! Further to remove Lieutenant P.'s unjust conception of the part England has played in this gigantic contest, I read to him the following paragraph from a recent editorial in Maximilian Harden's *Die Zukunft:*

"How can you deprive England of her strength? . . . Britain is not even suffering yet. . . . London's face has shown no fear; her ships sail regularly to and from America. English traders are now serving some of our clients, and look forward to have them all. England does not need to give up anything, and she can barricade all the roads by which we could fetch raw materials for our industries.

"There is the story—Sea Power! Germany's magnificent armies batter down opposition east and west, but new armies appear, freshly equipped. The enemy obtains food, but Germany can not obtain it.

"The Allies carry on commerce and are making part of the money consumed by the war, but Germany has no commerce and is making no money; she is taking the sinews of war from her own vitals while the Allies draw upon the world.

"If something could be done to break England's sea power Germany could breathe freely again. Armies could be rested

and refreshed and re-equipped. Food and money would flow in. But time works with deadly certainty against Germany while England holds the seas."

This has ever been the story of Sea Power. The Southern Confederacy fought against great odds with a heroism that has never been exceeded in the history of war. But the oceans were closed to the Confederacy and so half a century ago the South, like the Germans to-day, had to draw from her own vitals the sinews of war. On Sunday, April 2, 1865, while worshipping in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Jefferson Davis received a note from General Lee saying he could not hold his lines more than twenty-four hours. The Confederate president stole quietly out of the church, went to the Capital and while clerks hurriedly packed up the government papers Jeff Davis penned a proclamation telling the people that the Army of Northern Virginia, now that it could operate on purely military lines without the necessity of defending Richmond, would inevitably defeat the enemy and bring Victory to the South! Nine days later Lee surrendered and three weeks later Davis was a prisoner in a Fortress dungeon!

Query: If a President will issue a glowing Victory proclamation within nine days of crushing defeat, what may not the Kaiser say up to the last minute before he meets *his* Waterloo? It may be that the Allies will tire and accept an inconclusive peace; it may be that England won't make the sacrifice she did in her twenty years' implacable war on Napoleon. But my guess is that she will, for if she doesn't, if by hook or crook Germany is allowed to "get away" with her policy of bullying the world, England will cease to be an Empire; she will sink into insignificance as a third rate island.

Paris,
August 21.

LUNCHED recently with Ambassador Sharp who lives in a palatial home at No. 14 Avenue d'Eylau. Mr. Sharp told

me his coal bill last winter was over $2,000, and at that the house was not kept warm. What with the cost of coal, the high price of living, the numerous entertainments he feels called on to give, etc., it costs Mr. Sharp some $25,000 a year, over and above his Ambassador's salary ($17,500) to represent the United States in France. Many people think our government ought to furnish its ambassadors a residence in the capital to which they are assigned, together with a suitable allowance for maintenance and entertainments. The English Ambassador in Paris occupies a palace owned by his government and he lives in almost regal style. In the opinion of some, this splendor impresses a foreign government and is one of the things that gives supremacy to British diplomacy. Other people, however, say that nowadays an Ambassador is merely a man at the end of a cable, that he acts merely as an intermediary to present to a foreign office the views his government cables him to present. Also some people point to the work done by several of our early ministers abroad—notably by Benjamin Franklin who lived in a modest little house not five minutes' walk from the palatial mansion occupied now by Ambassador Sharp. The Spartan simplicity practiced by Franklin did not prevent him from doing his country great service in France.

Ris Orangis, Saturday night,
August 26, 1916.

I AM writing these notes by the dim light of a tallow candle in a quaint old Inn, after a day replete with interest, pathos and tragedy; for my mission here was to inspect a hospital full of wounded soldiers just arrived from the front. The sight of those poor pieces of wrecked humanity made me shudder, but strange to say, *they* were not shuddering; they were not even gloomy. Despite their broken faces, their missing limbs, their sightless eyes there was not one of them but seemed absolutely cheerful!

In the hospital I was met by Mrs. Gertrude Clapp, head of the American nurses, who accompanied me through the various wards. I found every detail of the great hospital was being looked after with the most intelligent and painstaking care, but no amount of science and sanitation was able to prevent my heart from sinking within me at the sight of so many brave men so frightfully, so uselessly suffering, crippled, mangled! One mere boy, barely 21, had received several terrible wounds while performing a deed of special heroism for which he had been decorated; the bright piece of ribbon was taken to him by his commanding officer and it brought tears to my eyes to see that brave lad struggle up on his pillow so that he might salute his colonel.

"Restez tranquille, mon enfant," said the officer; and there was a suspicious moisture in his eye, as he stooped down and kissed the boy on both cheeks, then pinned the ribbon on his breast. The colonel made a little speech in which he told how gallantly the boy had behaved and how proud France was of him; this brought a happy look into the poor boy's eyes and a faint smile to his tired lips, but it did little to console the desolate mother who stood weeping at the foot of the bed. The doctors knew the boy would never leave his bed alive and so they had sent for his mother to tell him good-by. She was a plain woman of the people but on her tear-stained face was a look of nobility, of unutterable but calm, uncomplaining misery that I shall never forget. She was proud of her boy; she was glad he had proved himself a hero; perhaps she was even willing that he should die for his country. For oh, how the French do love their beautiful France! But neither the honor nor the thought that she had done her duty by her glorious country lessened that poor woman's suffering. Within an hour after we stood at that bedside and saw that piece of bright ribbon pinned onto the wounded hero's breast the brave boy ceased to breathe. He had paid the supreme sacrifice for land and liberty, for honor and civilization, and his weep-

ing mother was escorted back to her empty, desolate home—another of War's innumerable victims.

A *blessé* with whom I was allowed to talk only a few moments was a youth even younger than the one above mentioned, a boy of only 19 whose leg had been amputated the day before. He was not sorry to have sacrificed himself for France; his only regret, he said, was that he could fight no more. I thought the feverish light in his burning eyes indicated that he might be suffering, but when I asked him if he felt pain he said: "No, not a bit. The only thing that worries me is the itching of my foot. I want to scratch it but can not because it is in the foot that has been cut off!"

While cheerfulness was the rule, still some there were who seemed overwhelmed by the suddenness and completeness of the wreck of their lives. To be well, vigorous, all the future a beautiful golden promise, then in an instant to become but a piece of broken, crushed humanity, the future black as night, without a single ray of hope—that, indeed, is a thing hard to be borne and the wonder is, not that some give way to sadness, but that any can bear bravely such overwhelming misfortune. A few of the badly wounded began crying when I approached their bedsides, and some turned their faces toward the wall. Their spirits as well as their bodies were crushed; they were beyond consoling and it seemed as if their one wish was that death should come quickly and relieve them from their suffering. One young officer with whom I spoke had been laying there on his back since September, 1915, a whole year, his wound obstinately refusing to heal. The whole of his right thigh had been torn to pieces by shrapnel shell. God! If monarchs and statesmen who make war could see its fruits *before* they take the fatal step it probably would never be taken at all.

The American nurses seem to have endeared themselves to the wounded soldiers; the nurses can't speak French, but for all that they make themselves understood and they are so

smiling, so gentle, so cheery, the soldiers seem to adore them. The moment Mrs. Clapp entered a ward every man who had any strength turned his head toward her and smiled and their eyes spoke as plainly as words the gratitude they felt for what she and her sister nurses were doing. That the nurses take a genuine interest in their unfortunate charges is shown by a letter I received recently from one of them about the conditions at Ris Orangis. In the course of that letter Miss C. said:

"One can not help taking a warm personal interest here. Last night we received a fresh lot of wounded from Amiens and some of them are in a shocking state and very tired from their journey. One poor fellow has lost his thigh, it having been shot away. Another has a large hole in his forehead; I do not know how he escaped death. Still another has half a dozen wounds in his back, the result of a bursting shell.

But the one who most interests me is a beautiful 19-year-old boy who received a head injury that has caused partial paralysis of the right side. I do not know if it will heal, but I asked Dr. Alba this morning as a special favor to look after this boy. Dr. Alba, our orthopædic surgeon from New York, has accomplished some very wonderful things here and I have hope that he may do something for this poor boy. He promised me to do what he can, so I am hopeful and happy. I have to run away when the boy turns his big, pathetic eyes on me. He seems mutely to ask why this awful thing was done to him. I hate war, and I hate the men who caused it and hope it will soon end."

Moret sur Loing, Sunday night,
August 27.

I CAME here from Ris Orangis to get away from the horrors of the hospital there, and to visit my friend John Terry and his wife who are spending August in this wonderfully picturesque old town which in happier days before the war was a Mecca for the artists of Paris. In the little dining-

room of the Inn de la Palette where I am writing these notes I see many reminders of those artists who are now gunning for Germans instead of making beautiful pictures; for instance, on the door there is a landscape painted by a noted artist, while on the wall above is a hunting scene in the Forest of Fontainebleau, both paintings contributed gratis to the little Inn as a token of the artists' appreciation of its cosiness and cheer. Mine Host is off to the War, but he left his wife behind him and John tells me she prepares such bountiful luncheons and dinners that it is hard for him to realize France is at war and that the fighting front is only sixty miles away. I am prepared to believe this, for to-night the good woman not only served me the things specified on the regular menu but insisted that I tell her my special "favorites" and then proceeded to serve them, too. When thus amplified by my "specials" (pigeons on toast) the dinner also comprised vermicelli soup, fried eggs and ham, green peas and caramel pudding. As I am paying only six francs, $1.03, for full *pension* (Dinner, room, breakfast and luncheon) it can not be said that war prices at the Inn de la Palette are high.

Paris,
September 3, 1916.

Word has come from Ambassador Gerard in Berlin that the German government wants us to investigate the condition of the prison camps in Corsica. The German Minister for Foreign Affairs says he is informed that the German prisoners of war in Corsica are being barbarically treated and if they are not better treated it will be His Majesty the Kaiser's painful duty to take a similar number of French prisoners in Germany and submit them to a similar rigorous treatment. Evidently there is no time to be lost and so, for the sake of the French prisoners in Germany as well as of the Germans in Corsica, I'm off for Nice to-morrow. At Nice Surgeon Major J. R. Church and Captain Marlborough Churchill of the

United States Army, and Hastings Morse of the Paris Embassy, will join me to sail Thursday for Bastia. Even in normal times the journey from Paris to Bastia is a tedious one; in these war times it is also dangerous, for the steamer out of Nice, being always crowded with soldiers either going to Corsica on a furlough, or returning from one, are the special targets of the U-boats. They fairly swarm in that part of the Mediterranean and even if they miss you, or are beaten off by the ship's guns, still is the voyage too exciting, too nerve-racking to count as a pleas' e trip. But without thought of pay, or even of thanks (s' far Germany has given us neither) America has undertak n this task of looking after the Down-and-Outs, after the prisoners of war. And so I must be off to Corsica notwithstanding I well know that even while on a German mission Germany will do her best to send me to the bottom of the sea.

Nice, Wednesday,
September 6.

THE round trip ticket, first class, Paris to Nice costs $21 and the distance is 680 miles each way; the fare from St. Louis to New York, one way, is $24* and the distance is a thousand miles, or 360 miles less than the round trip between Paris and Nice. To offset this cheaper railroad fare in France I had to pay twice as much for my sleeping car berth and then got only half as good service as one gets in an American Pullman. The berth from Paris to Nice, 680 miles in eighteen hours, costs $10; a berth from St. Louis to New York, 1,000 miles in twenty-eight hours, costs $6, with Sambo, the porter, included. And Sambo is an institution you certainly do ap-

* Railroad rates in the United States have rapidly risen since this entry was written; the rate now (August 1918), St. Louis to New York, is $46.60 for railroad ticket and a berth in a Pullman. The former cost was $30.00, so that the increase in 15 months of war is more than 50 per cent. There has not been as large an increase in France after four years of war.

preciate once you have in his place the porter of a French sleeping car. The middle-aged Frenchman supposed to attend to my wants on the way to Nice was too busy reading war news to polish my boots, carry my hand bag or render any other service than to make up my bed, and even that he did in most slovenly fashion. But he was not too busy to expect, nor to take, the tip which I gave him at the journey's end.

Sharing my compartment as far as Marseilles was a bald Frenchman. His confidence in whipping the Bosch and in France's regaining Alsace and Lorraine was supreme. "It may not be this year, Monsieur," he said. "But it surely will be some time. We will never make peace until the wrong of 1870 has been righted."

"The Germans are powerful," I suggested. "They are still on French soil. What if it proves impossible to push them back?"

"Bah! It will not prove impossible," exclaimed the bald Frenchman. "You must remember, Monsieur, we were not preparing for fifty years for this war as were the Bosch. In 1914 we were not ready, but now that we have been forced to make war we are building a better war machine than our enemy's. In two years we have already equalled him; in another year we shall surpass him. And then on to Berlin!"

I have talked with many men in France and all, from the high officers down to the poilus in the trenches, from rich civilians down to the poorest cobbler or village baker, talk as did my bald traveling companion. All are sublimely sure of victory. This spirit is worth a dozen army corps and explains in part the victories of Verdun and the Marne. By all sound rules of war the Germans should have won those battles; their superiority in both men and material was overwhelming—but such was the *spirit* of France that the apparently impossible became possible and the Potsdam pirates' plan of world dominion was shattered, let us hope forever!

At eight o'clock this morning, an hour before we were due at Marseilles, we went forward to the Wagon Restaurant and in spite of the very crowded condition of the train were served without a moment's delay an appetizing and inexpensive breakfast. On an American train that is crowded one has to stand out on the dining car's platform, hungrily watching the diners within, and rushing in to seize the first chair that is vacated. In France there is no need to make such a display of bad manners; there are several services in the dining car, each service at a different hour. You choose your service and are given a pink ticket which entitles you to a seat provided you claim it within five minutes of the time noted on the pink ticket. Last night I selected the eight o'clock breakfast service and this morning on presenting my pink ticket to the Steward of the Diner I was at once given a seat opposite a gorgeous looking Oriental who bore a striking resemblance to Edwin Booth as Othello; he had piercing dark eyes, dark olive skin, short black beard parted in the middle, a turban on his head, jewels on his hands and around his waist a broad, brilliantly colored sash into which was thrust a regular arsenal of pistols and daggers!

As I looked out of the corner of my eye at this savagely picturesque fellow, wondering where was his Desdemona, a dainty and remarkably pretty piece of femininity entered the car, advanced to our table and sat herself beside Othello. She was Parisian to the core and so I could not help wondering what trick of Fate had linked her to this fierce Algerian. With his own hands he made her numerous butter-thin sandwiches spread heavily with jam, and the drink served her was very thick and very sweet chocolate. I could picture how much of her sylph-like form would be left after five years of such diet—but then, no doubt long before five years elapse this oddly matched couple will have separated. When I asked my bald Frenchman, after Othello and Desdemona had left

the car, who they were, he shrugged his shoulders and answered disdainfully:

"I do not know his name. I only know that he is one of those Algerian grafters who has been to Paris to get his blood money."

"What do you mean by blood money?" I queried.

"That fellow is paid for letting other men shed their blood for France," exclaimed my companion. "He takes good care of his own skin; you will never see *him* at the front. But he lets his men go and so he has been to Paris to get his pay."

"And his men," I asked. "What pay do they get?"

"Four sous (four cents) a day, the same as our French poilus. That is all they get for risking their lives, while for letting them fight their chief gets hundreds of thousands of francs."

When the train pulled into the great Marseilles station a group of distinguished officials was waiting on the platform, and such bowing and scraping I never saw before. Othello surveyed the French officials with their silk hats and red sashes with a lofty, detached manner and suffered himself to be escorted to the waiting automobiles. Desdemona fell demurely behind, accompanied by a bevy of maids and companions, and altogether it was as interesting and theatrical a scene as one sees on Belasco's stage.

Morse of the Embassy and Major Church and Captain Churchill of the U. S. Army have wired they will be here in the morning.

Bastia, Corsica, Sunday Night,
September 10, 1916.

The S. S. *Pelion* was both small and crowded, consequently only one tiny cabin was assigned to our party of four. Morse, who had wired for a *cabin de luxe,* was comically upset when he saw our small, dirty quarters; the lack of even a wash

basin or chair, the presence of suggestive vomit bowls, the lack of sheets on the beds—all these things made Morse feel that Fate had a grudge against us. The two other members of my party, both soldiers with experience in Cuba and the Philippines, smiled at the woe-begone expression of my youngest and most inexperienced colleague, but in truth they liked that dirty cabin no more than did young Morse, so we resolved to spend the night on deck.

As the *Pelion* steamed out of Nice the scene on her decks was picturesque in the extreme; six hundred "Permissionnaires" were aboard, French soldiers returning from the trenches to spend six days with their families in Corsica; these were squatting about the decks, smoking cigarettes, telling camp yarns, singing lively barracks songs, all bubbling over with happiness at thought of going home again! And so, for an hour or two, the *Pelion* made up in gaiety and good fellowship what it lacked in comfort and cleanliness. After Nice's painted houses with their red, blue and green tiled roofs, faded away in the distance and the darkness of night descended upon us, the ship's officers went about cautioning every one to keep quiet and to make no lights, not even that of a cigarette. German U-boat commanders have sharp eyes and the striking of a match to light a cigarette may suffice to bring a torpedo crashing through the side of the *Pelion*.

One would think such ominous warnings might make men a trifle nervous, but the years of war through which Europe has been passing have made people Fatalists. When Death comes, as often he does, suddenly, destructively, killing a whole ship's crew in five minutes—well, all men must die; what matters it if it be sooner rather than later? Such is the mental attitude of the average man in Europe where Death is now so busy and so near. And so even in the silence and the blackness of that September night, around us the deep sea with its deadly submarines the *Pelion's* passengers were a

happy lot. The Permissionnaires laughed and chatted in subdued whispers, exchanged yarns about their adventures in the trenches and talked of the six glorious days they were about to spend with their wives and little ones.

On awakening at day dawn we were relieved to observe on either side of the *Pelion* a swift torpedo boat sent out from Bastia to convoy us during the daylight part of the voyage. Destroyers which make thirty miles an hour maneuver so swiftly that U-boats dread them, and keep at a respectful distance from them and from the ships they convoy. For two hours before casting anchor in Bastia's harbor we steamed slowly south along the Cape of Corsica, a superb view about us. In the distance were two islands celebrated in fiction and history—Monte Cristo and Elba—while close at hand lofty mountains rose abruptly from the sea, their summits crowned by ancient stone towers built in the time of the wars between Pisa and Genoa. Lower down on the mountain slopes were olive and orange groves in the midst of which stood beautiful stone villas, snow white and glistening in the morning sun. It was so sweet, so peaceful a scene that for the moment we forgot the mad world we had left only the night before and were almost able to think of mankind as being rational, instead of insane and bent upon tearing the world to pieces.

At seven o'clock, twelve hours after hoisting anchor at Nice, the *Pelion* made a sharp turn into Bastia's harbor and soon we were looking down upon an affecting scene—the homecoming of six hundred war-weary soldiers! From all parts of the island, from remote mountain sides as well as from nearby fields and villages, wives, mothers, daughters and children had come—many on foot—to greet their returning heroes! Such shouting, such crying, such a babble of voices I never heard before. And when at last the ship was warped alongside her dock and the soldiers had scampered down the gang plank, with what hugs and kisses were they greeted! They were men

returned from the Inferno of the trenches, and after only six days they would be going back to that Inferno, perhaps never to leave it alive. And so it behooved their women folk to give them a rapturous reception!

I saw one woman whose hair was sprinkled with gray but whose figure was straight and erect; her face with its classic profile, its nobility of expression would have become the face of a matron of ancient Rome. About her was a group of younger women and half a dozen children, all intently searching the sea of soldier faces on the *Pelion's* decks. Presently finding the face they searched they cried out "Voila Papa! Here we are, Sylvio!" And waved their gaudy handkerchiefs and cried and smiled all at the same time. The gray-haired matron spoke no word, but a lump seemed to rise in her throat and tears came into her eyes as her soldier son ran down the gang plank and crushed her in his strong arms. Home coming is always sweet, but never is it so sweet, so full of deep and tender emotions as when it follows a long absence in the frightful Hell of War!

The Cyrnos Palace's broad marble terrace overlooks Bastia's great public square in the center of which stands an imposing statue of Napoleon near a Band Pavilion surrounded by flowers and shrubbery and trees. Within half an hour after leaving the *Pelion* the four of us were seated on this terrace feasting the inner man on good things, and feasting our eyes on the charming panorama around us—the sea to our left, to the right massive mountains whose peaks towered up into the clouds, in front of us Bastia's gaudily painted houses and the open square with its marble Napoleon and its beautiful garden. And to us breakfasting in this fairy-like place came a courtly old gentleman, Monsieur Simon Damiani, a native of Corsica, yet an American for forty years past and at present representing the United States as its Consul in Bastia. When a very young man Mr. Damiani went to the state of Virginia, remained there long enough to become a naturalized American,

then returned to Corsica where he has resided ever since, one of the island's wealthiest and most prominent merchants. Having been advised from Paris by cable that we were due in Bastia Friday morning, he called to pay his respects to the "American Delegates" and to accompany us on our visit to the civil and military governors.

Although the morning was warm Mr. Damiani wore black gloves, as he explained, out of respect to our official dignity. We begged him not to bother about our dignity but with a deprecatory smile the courteous Consul declared he could not be so lacking in respect for the representatives of our great republic as to call upon them ungloved.

"But Monsieur Damiani," said I, "we want you to breakfast with us, and of course to do that you must remove your gloves."

I thought in this way to break the ice, but Corsican politeness is not a thing lightly to be dismissed. When I passed the omelette to the Consul he, with a self-effacing air passed it on to Major Church who handed it to Captain Churchill who gave it to Mr. Morse. Not to be outdone by the older members of the party, Morse handed it to me, and I again gave it to Mr. Damiani. And he was actually about to pass it a second time to Major Church when I said firmly:

"Mr. Consul, I insist that you serve yourself. The omelette is getting cold."

The courteous Damiani sighed and gently shrugged his shoulders. "Since you insist, of course. But Monsieur, it desolates me to do this thing. It is not right. I am at home here; you are strangers and should be served first."

Half an hour later we arrived at the headquarters of General Leddet. Necessary orders were given to admit us to all the monastery prisons, and to the other detention places, and we learned that tins of gasoline would be provided along our route so as to ensure a supply for our automobiles even in remote mountain districts.

By the time our next visit, that to the big Commandant of Bastia, was finished, the morning was gone and we returned to our hotel, not, however, before asking the Commandant, and also M. Guilbout, the Sous-Préfet of Corsica, to join us that night at dinner. Consul Damiani, of course, was also included, so that our first evening in Bastia was a festive one. The giant Commandant of Bastia with his flaming face and fierce mustaches kept us all enthralled by tales of the most extraordinary adventures in some of the world's wildest places—he has seen service in French China, in Madagascar, in Central Africa and some of his hairbreadth escapes rival those of Dumas' Musquetaires. When the burly Commandant paused between stories to drain a goblet of wine, Sous-Préfet Guilbout told us of his life in Normandy and of the battles in which he fought until wounds caused him to accept a civil post in the rear. Then, by a little persuasion Major Church and Captain Churchill were induced to tell something of campaigning in Cuba and the Philippines, so that all in all our first night in Corsica was one we shall long remember.

The Caserne Watrin, a massive fortress built centuries ago, stands in the outskirts of Bastia on a huge rock that rises straight out of the sea. From its windows and ramparts one may look twenty miles across the water upon Elba's cliffs where, in 1814, Napoleon used to stand and gaze longingly upon the island of his birth. A fifteen-minute walk through Bastia's narrow, tortuous streets brought Major Church and me to the great arched entrance of the ancient Fortress where an armed sentinel examined our papers, then told us to cross the draw bridge and pass through the inner gate to the Commandant's Bureau. Arrived there, we were received cordially and were told we might go anywhere and see anything, but that we could not speak privately with the prisoners.

In the Caserne Watrin, the Commandant chose to follow literally the War Department's new order, consequently my talk with the Germans within its massive walls was in the

presence of an interpreter. One of the Germans, in civil life Captain of a Hamburg-American steamer, had learned excellent English in New York and commenced to speak to me in that language, but the interpreter sternly commanded him to speak either in French or German.

The Fortress' casemates, enormous rooms forty feet long by twenty-eight feet wide, have lofty vaulted stone ceilings and each casemate has a large window that looks out upon the sea. But I found these windows screened with iron bars and their lower halves boarded up with half-inch thick wooden planks. Only by climbing up on a table could I look out of the windows, and so quite naturally those boards have been the cause of bitter complaint.

"They make the ventilation bad," said the spokesman of the prisoners, Captain Z. of Freibourg, "also they prevent us from seeing anything but our prison walls. Since it can do no possible harm to let us look out on the sea I pray your Excellency to intercede with the Commandant. Get him to remove these boards. It may seem a small thing to you, but to us who for years are doomed to remain within four walls it would be a very great thing could we see a bit of the world that lies beyond our Fortress prison."

This complaint seemed so well founded, I took it up with the Commandant and was surprised by the explanation he offered.

"Monsieur," said he, "the populace of Bastia is bitter toward the prisoners. Were the windows unboarded insults, perhaps even stones, would be hurled by the people at the officers looking out of the windows."

Before making a reply I climbed up on a table, looked down at the sea and judged it lay at least a hundred feet below me. Then, my eye following the line of the water, I noted Elba twenty miles away.

"Monsieur Commandant," said I, getting down from the table, "do you think your fears warranted? The people of

Elba are too far off to molest your prisoners, and the people of Bastia can not get near these windows unless they swim out to sea. Even in that case they would be a hundred feet below the windows. Under such circumstances, Monsieur, I must frankly say I can but report that the complaint of your prisoners is well founded."

The Commandant talked very fast and gesticulated with great eloquence, but the situation was really too obvious to admit of discussion and at length he agreed to have the boards removed. I am at a loss to guess his motive in ever placing them over the windows. . . . Each of the large casemates contains ten iron bed frames provided with rope lattice work upon which is spread an isolating blanket. A straw sack is laid on this blanket, then over the sack are spread two sheets and one blanket. A pillow completes the outfit. One end of the forty-foot casemates is curtained off so as to provide a small dressing room. In each of these little rooms are a wash stand, a pitcher, and shelves on which the prisoners put their belongings. Light is admitted through a large window looking out on the sea, and also through a big door opening onto a 90-foot court. On the whole I concluded the officers' sleeping quarters give no real cause for complaint.

An extra large casemate, 40x30 feet, used as a dining hall, is specially well lighted and is provided with sixteen tables with long benches sufficient in number to accommodate at one sitting the 120 officers at present confined in the Fortress. Their fourteen German soldiers who serve as orderlies were as servile in their demeanor toward those Prussian "Supermen" as if they were back in their slave barracks in Berlin instead of being here in Corsica as fellow prisoners. One of the casemates is used both as a library and a music room, and this caused complaint.

"We who wish to read, Excellency," said Captain Z. of Freibourg, "can't do so because of the noise the musicians make. They are amateurs and we think the Commandant

should let them play in the Chapel, which is used for religious services only on Sunday. Why not let the musicians play there during the week?"

I referred this request to the Commandant but he peremptorily refused it.

"Monsieur," he said gravely, "the casemate dedicated as a Chapel has been consecrated. It would not be right to permit its use for profane purposes."

My power in the premises is limited merely to recommendations; it is the Commandant's province to say what shall be done—unless I appeal to the Paris authorities, which naturally I do not do except in a case of gravity. From what I could judge, none of those Prussian prisoners is orthodox; none would be shocked by the suggested "profane" use of the Chapel, but the Commandant seemed to think it shocking and so the matter was dropped, much to the regret of Captain Z. and the majority of the prisoners who prefer to do their reading without the accompaniment of an amateur German band.

The officers' exercise place is in an inner court 90x48 feet; there is also a small exercise place on the flat roof of the Fortress whence one commands a superb view of Bastia, its harbor and the islands of Elba and Monte Cristo. When I commented on the marvelous beauty of the panorama spread out before us Captain Z., who accompanied us throughout our inspection of the Fortress, said sadly:

"Excellency, it *is* beautiful. But as the years roll by we are unable to think of the beauty of Corsican scenery. We think only of our homes, of our Fatherland. The sky over Freibourg is never as blue as it is here, but to me it is more beautiful and I long to see it again."

When one of the Prussian officers commits an infraction of discipline he is confined in a small casemate about as large as an ordinary room. I found this room lighted and ventilated, but the cell used as a punishment place for the four-

teen orderlies when they commit misdeeds has as its only window a narrow slit in the wall looking immediately down upon six latrines. When the cell door is closed the darkness is dense and the smell intolerable. I told the Commandant I thought this cell should be abandoned; the Commandant protested it was the only available place in the Fortress.

"As to that, Monsieur," said I, "I can not judge. But I am able to judge as to the sufficiency of this cell and I must tell you frankly it does not seem to me a fit place in which to confine a human being no matter what his crime. I must so report to Paris and Berlin, unless a change can be made."

Now, the effect of such a report would mean a row in both Berlin and Paris; the French authorities do not wish to invite reprisals upon French prisoners in Germany, consequently the big men in Paris are apt to make trouble for a Commandant whose administration of a prison camp is such as to provoke trouble. No doubt it was this fact that prompted Commandant B. finally to say he would do all he possibly could to remedy this objection. As the fortress is so crowded and so illy adapted to the making of any sanitary changes, I have included in my report this paragraph:

"Altho' the Caserne Watrin is an ancient fortress it is not unsuitable as an officers' prison provided these changes be made:

(A) Install stoves; despite the mildness of Corsica's climate the lofty vaulted stone casemates are damp and cold from November to March.

(B) Install sanitary latrines.

(C) Remove the prison cell from proximity to the latrines.

Unless these things can be done the entire Depot should be abandoned."*

*Note, November, 1916: Whether the Paris authorities deemed it impossible to install the suggested improvements, or whether for reasons of their own they wished to transfer those Prussian officers to another camp I do not know; it is a fact, however, that soon after my return to Paris the Minister of

At seven o'clock yesterday morning Major Church, Captain Churchill and Mr. Morse set forth for the monastery at Morsiglia, situated on a mountain at the northern end of Cape Corse, the long "finger" of Corsica which extends due north from Bastia toward the coast of France. For many miles the road runs along the sea, sometimes near its level, sometimes winding up dizzy heights, and always making wonderful turns, like the turn of a hairpin. But our expert chauffeur hardly slackened his pace for even the sharpest turns on the highest parts of the road. At first we shivered and our hair stood on end, but after a while, perceiving that the chauffeur knew what he was doing, we stopped watching him and enjoyed the marvelous scenery. At nine o'clock we reached a small prison camp on the mountain side; it consisted of a wooden barracks and several wooden sheds, one used as a kitchen, another as a canteen, another as a wash room, etc. A barbed wire fence incloses these buildings, which are occupied by Greeks and Serbians who told me they are badly treated; not that the condition of the camp warrants complaint; on the contrary, while the camp is primitive it is not unsanitary, the food is ample and nourishing, and the sleeping bunks are reasonably comfortable. No, what ails the Greeks and Serbians is that they are imprisoned at all; they declare, and no doubt truthfully, that they hate Austria. But they are Austrian subjects because of Austria's forcible annexation of Bosnia in 1908 and so legally, if not spiritually, they are enemies of France and as such are to be interned for the duration of the war. The "prison" of this camp is a shed the size of the average coal shed in the average citizen's back yard. When the Guard opened the door of this primitive

War issued orders for the transfer and thus was the gloomy old fortress again left to the silence and emptiness that had reigned within its walls for centuries prior to the day when the present World War sent Germans there to eat out their hearts in a dreary and apparently endless captivity!

prison at first glance it seemed empty, but, looking more closely, I saw a big, sleepy looking fellow perched on a shelf six feet above the floor engaged in the task of peeling potatoes. The Guard ordered him to climb down and do his work on the floor, but the prisoner didn't budge; he remained perched on his shelf, a grin on his face, his hands busy with the potatoes. The French Guard shrugged his shoulders, locked the door and then conducted me to the kitchen. "That fellow doesn't understand a word of French," said the guard as we crossed the yard. "If he did I wouldn't stand for disobedience like that. As it is, what can I do? Mon Dieu! It is not worth while to bother with him!" Such is sometimes the good natured French way of treating prisoners.

Resuming our journey, we climbed a high mountain until before us perched on a peak we saw Morsiglia's ancient monastery. It was not far away, but the road was so winding and so steep, even after the building seemed close at hand it required a quarter of an hour to reach it. As our automobile approached the monastery a great crowd came out to welcome us; to those hundreds of men who have been marooned in this remote spot for two years the coming of four strangers is an event, especially when those strangers are from the Paris Embassy of the United States, come to look after their interests and to better their condition if betterment is possible. The monastery of Morsiglia contains scores of small cells which once housed barefooted monks, but which now house German civilians of high and low degree, all of whom seem to take captivity very hard. A soldier's lot in the trenches is so unenviable that he sees little hardship in being taken a prisoner; in fact, Fritz being better off in even the worst French prison camp than in the German trenches, does not repine over captivity. It is different with the civilian who is thrust of a sudden from a comfortable, perhaps even a luxurious, home into a bare barrack, or perhaps into some ancient monastery upon a lofty peak on a desolate island! For in-

stance, the chief of the Morsiglia prisoners, a Dr. Fabian of Berlin, said to me:

"I left Berlin July 20, 1914, to take a holiday trip on a Hamburg-American steamer that was to make a yachting tour of the Mediterranean. In three weeks I was due back in my Berlin office, but here I am in this lonely place after more than two years. And only God knows how many more years I am to stay here!"

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Why, one fine morning as we were gliding along the Spanish coast a French man-of-war stopped us, told us war had been declared and took us to Marseilles. Thence I was brought here, and here I have been ever since. Nice ending, isn't it, for a three weeks' vacation trip?"

The central nave and the chapels of the Monastery Church at Morsiglia are also used to house prisoners; the floors, covered with straw sacks on which the Germans sleep, are none too warm and none too soft. Certainly the contrast between his Berlin home and his bunk in one of the little chapels must be painful to Dr. Fabian, who appears to be a man of wealth and social standing. The only prisoner I saw at Morsiglia who seemed thoroughly contented was a fat barefooted friar dressed in the garb of his order, a thick brown dress, a rope around his middle, straw sandals on his bare feet and a coarse woolen shirt covering his body. He is from a Bavarian monastery and owes his captivity to the fact that at the moment war was declared in August, 1914, he happened to be in France, having gone there for the pious purpose of paying devotion to the miraculous Lady of Lourdes. When I saw him in his 5x10 cell at Morsiglia he was tolling beads and fingering the leaves of the life of some saint, and no doubt is quite as well off as he would be in a similar monastery in Germany. Next to this monk's cell I saw a bespectacled young man studying chemistry; in the cell beyond him a pale-faced youth stopped playing on his violin to tell me how

great had been his hopes of becoming a virtuoso; he said that in 1914 the critics predicted he would rival the old Masters, then, without a day's warning, he had been seized and brought to this dirty, crowded, lonely building! "I have tried to keep up my music," he said, "I have tried hard, but it is useless. In this hole one can not keep up the soul of a violin!" With that the pale-faced youth resumed his playing, but it was easy to see that in truth there was no hope, no soul, in what he was doing.

The village of Pino, with an excellent inn, is only a few miles from Morsiglia; after inspecting the Morsiglia monastery and finding there no real cause for complaint we went to that Pino Inn for lunch, then we climbed another peak that rises a sheer 1,600 feet out of the sea to visit a Franciscan monastery where a hundred Germans are interned. Eight hundred feet directly above this Franciscan monastery at Luri is an ancient stone tower, where the philosopher Seneca is said to have spent the years of his exile after Nero banished him from Rome. Personally I think this is one of history's romances, but if I am wrong in this, then certainly Seneca must have been pretty spry to have chosen this place as his home; a mountain goat, much less a middle-aged philosopher, would find it a tiresome task to climb up to that tower. When Pisa and Genoa were rival republics Seneca's tower afforded a fine vantage ground for the side that happened to be inside of it. The tower commands a view of the Mediterranean on both sides of the island so that no matter from which direction an enemy may come he can be seen and signals given to the people in the valleys. In those old days when an enemy came in force the Corsicans climbed up the mountain to the tower, got inside it by means of rope ladders let down from the top—for there were no doors or windows in the tower, and once inside that massive stone structure only a long siege could dislodge them.

Among the internes at Luri is a Berliner, Herr Kurt Ger-

son, formerly of Gitschiner Str. 95 I, Berlin, but more recently of 38 Boulevard de Magenta, Paris. At the latter place he was earning up to the beginning of the war 75,000 francs a year as a Civil Engineer and Constructor of large factory buildings; here at Luri the Commandant has had Herr Gerson build a road up the mountain from the sea to the monastery; the road, as fine a piece of engineering work as one would wish to see, is nearly completed and Herr Gerson told me he will build no more roads if the Commandant does not pay him enough to enable him to keep his wife and child where they are now—in a little house on the mountain side six hundred feet below the Luri Monastery. So far Herr Gerson has been paid only the regulation amount of four cents a day; the privilege of slipping down the mountain side to his wife and child every night, instead of being made to sleep on a straw sack in the monastery, he deems compensation for the service he has rendered. Herr Gerson would gladly go on giving his skill for four cents a day, could the arrangement about his family go on, too. Unluckily, his savings—at least such of them as he was allowed to take out of Paris—are now exhausted; he has only a few francs left and his wife and child must leave the little house on the mountain side unless the Commandant will pay Herr Gerson enough to support his family. A civilian interne can not be forced to work, consequently I told Gerson I hoped to be able to do something for him, and I did on returning last night to Bastia. Sous-Préfet Guilbout, when the case was presented to him, agreed to allow Gerson a modest but sufficient compensation. In these days when every able-bodied man is fighting at the front it is not easy to find a skilled Civil Engineer. M. Guilbout can well afford to allow Gerson a small salary for the fine roads he will build up some very difficult mountains.

This (Sunday) afternoon at 4 o'clock Consul Damiani's automobile called at the Cyrnos Palace to take us to his villa

on the mountain side a mile out of town and 600 feet above the sea. From Mr. Damiani's terrace we saw the waves dashing against the rocks 600 feet below, while across the waters were the cliffs of Elba with their memories of Napoleon. The affair was supposed to be a tea, but the only liquids served on that lovely terrace were champagnes and liqueurs. Our Consul has a charming daughter and several sons, all "Americans," although all were born in Corsica, none has been in the United States and none speaks a word of English. Short as has been our stay in Bastia, already have we heard whispers to the effect that the Corsicans resent the way the young Damianis escape military service because of the legal fiction that they are Americans, their father having become a naturalized citizen of our country during a temporary visit there forty years ago.

Bastia,
September 11.

During her twenty centuries of history France has been both war-like and religious, a combination whence results the fact that on her coasts, in her valleys, on her mountain peaks from one end of the country to the other one may see ancient fortresses and still more ancient monasteries. As a consequence of the law concerning religious orders many buildings which once housed hundreds of pious priests or saintly nuns have been standing for years without an occupant. Naturally these ancient fortresses and monasteries possess no modern plumbing; it must be admitted that they are not ideal places in which to house large bodies of men, yet so great is the number of prisoners in France that the government is forced to use every empty fortress and monastery in the land as places of detention. Modern wooden barracks have been built in a great many centers, and more are being built every day; but these barracks barely suffice to accommodate the stream of new prisoners that is constantly flowing from the German lines over the top into France, consequently there is no present

prospect of the monasteries and fortresses being abandoned, a fact which has brought great gloom to the internes of a monastery which we visited at Oletta to-day.

One of the internes, A. K., a kinsman of Judge G., a St. Louis friend of mine, conducted me through the monastery; when we came to the church, the stone floor of which has been repeatedly upheaved by earthquakes during the course of many centuries, so that now the floor is undulating like the ocean's billows, Mr. K. exclaimed: "Look at this floor! Then look at the thin straw sacks that are laid on the floor for us to sleep on! Can you imagine yourself night after night, year after year, resting on such a bed? The rack of the Inquisition can not have been more sleep destroying."

Mr. K. said he lived in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria so that the contrast between his present and his former home adds to his despondency. "It was the merest chance that took me to France in July, 1914," he said. "God! How bitterly have I regretted that evil Fate! Had I waited only a week the news that war had been declared would have reached me and I would have remained in New York. But I started on my journey the last of July without a thought of war, only to find myself a week later a prisoner as I landed on French soil. Then came this horrible monastery with its undulating floors, its small, bare cells, its terrible monotony. Our only bath room is the dirty pool you saw out in the court. It is barely twelve feet long by ten wide, yet is the only place in which 200 men may bathe. The hog wallow on an American farm is not so bad as this pool!"

Here is a letter which one of the internes at Oletta handed me; he, too, lived in New York, and writes and speaks English better than he does German.

"Excellency:

We look to you with anxious expectation. Are you willing to open your heart to our never ending suffering? Shall you

be able at last to change our awful fate? We suffer more than criminals in a penitentiary, since for more than two years we have said good-bye to the world and to the habits and comforts which alone make life worth living.

The moral atmosphere, the dreadful uniformity of the days in this camp make a frightful impression on the brain and nerves. Our nourishment consists of soup, soup, always soup! I do not count the goat meat we receive four times a week, as it is not eatable; it is always tough and generally is stinking.

The latrines give forth an odor that is terrible, so terrible that one retains Nature as long as possible. They are never disinfected.

We feel we can not much longer endure these sufferings. We want to work in our professions in order to breathe, eat and sleep in a human fashion. We have confidence in the United States; we think your great republic will help us. It is a shame, a crime to keep us here."

I talked with the man who wrote this note and found him perfectly sincere in all that he had written. In fairness to the French administration, however, I must record my own opinion, which is that the conditions at Oletta are not half as bad as that unhappy fellow believes them to be; they undoubtedly are inferior to the home conditions of those Germans and Austrians, and they offer hardships in the details I have noted. It is the fact of being imprisoned at all that makes these internes bitter and dissatisfied. Unlike military prisoners, they have no work to occupy their minds; they have nothing to do all day long, year after year, but to brood over their misfortunes. And so quite naturally, but not reasonably, they have come to believe themselves very badly treated. The one thing which we did find absolutely unsuited for the purpose to which it was put was the prison cell. This was a mediæval dungeon, pitch dark, not a bit of ventilation and so small that one can neither lie nor stand straight in it; the unhappy prisoner must stoop when he is standing, and

bend up his knees when lying on the floor. "Monsieur le Commandant," I said, "punishment should be humane and I am bound to tell you that detention in this dungeon is *not* humane. If the Berlin Foreign Office receives a truthful description of this dungeon, if it learns that it is so small and so absolutely without ventilation that men have come out of it after only a few hours their legs nearly paralyzed, their lungs nearly asphyxiated—can you not imagine, Monsieur, what then would happen to some of your brothers who are prisoners in Germany?"

As Monsieur could imagine he immediately gave his promise to discontinue the use of this dungeon and to provide a sanitary place in which to confine violators of discipline. The depressing visit to Oletta lasted until night and had there been any place for us to stay we would not have ventured to motor over the mountain in the dark. As it was, we preferred a night ride to sleeping on straw sacks laid on a billowy stone floor. When half way to the summit, which had to be scaled before descending the other side to Bastia, our gas lamps burned out, leaving us in pitch darkness on a road that was both winding and narrow, and that on one side had a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. Under such circumstances it seemed best for one of us to walk along the edge of the road in front of the automobile and guide the chauffeur by constantly calling aloud to him. Even then it was a perilous journey, and a frightfully slow one, and we breathed a sigh of relief when after hours of this painful process we at last beheld the lights of Bastia and soon after were again at rest in the Cyrnos Palace Hotel.

Folelli, Corsica, Tuesday night,
September 12.

Willie the waiter served breakfast so early this morning that by half-past six we were ready to leave the Cyrnos Palace Hotel on our two weeks' tour of the island. Captain

Churchill and Mr. Morse went in one automobile toward the west and south, while Major Church and I in another machine started due south over the one part of Corsica that is level. The plan is for our two parties to meet at Ajaccio.

Twelve miles south of Bastia, Major Church and I had to leave level country and climb a steep mountain road in order to reach the town of Venzolasca, a weird, picturesque place, the stone houses of which look as if they were thrown haphazard against the side of the mountain. Entering one of Venzolasca's houses through a door on the street level, you naturally suppose you are on the first floor, but when you look out of the window on the opposite end of the room you may find yourself five floors above the back yard.

After visiting Venzolasca and Folelli we motored up into the mountains again, this time eighteen kilometers up a winding road through dense forests of chestnut trees to a "Chantier"—small work camp—called Carte Blanche, where a lot of German prisoners are engaged in cutting down trees and hewing out logs. We found almost hidden among the forest of chestnut trees a long wooden barrack in which the Germans sleep. I talked with a number of the prisoners and learned from them that while their work is hard it is in a location high enough above the sea to be healthy, and that they have plenty to eat and a comfortable place to sleep in. "Then," said I, "you have no complaints to make?" The big, burly woodchopper who acted as spokesman for the prisoners scratched his head a moment, then replied: "Well, of course, Excellency, we would like to have better wages." "Certainly," was my reply. "Four cents a day is not a big wage, but it is what your Government pays French prisoners in Germany, consequently there is nothing we can do for you on that score."

There has been a good deal of rain in the mountains during the last few days, and this made everything fragrant and pretty and green; but it also made the road dangerously slip-

pery and more than once on our return journey to Folelli we came near skidding off the road and dropping hundreds of feet into the adjoining canyon. To add to the danger M. Bezert, our chauffeur, is a man who talks with his hands as well as with his tongue. Even while negotiating a hairpin turn alongside a profound abyss, M. Bezert will suddenly take both hands off the steering wheel in order to shrug his shoulders and emphasize his remarks with gestures.

"M. Bezert," I implored, "please keep your hands on the wheel. I assure you I can understand what you say without seeing your hands."

"Oui, oui! Pardon, Monsieur!" exclaimed M. Bezert, but at the same instant up flew his hands again, for he simply cannot speak without gestures.

Cervione,
September 13.

Our first stop after leaving Folelli this morning was at Taglio. On leaving Taglio, a picturesque town 1,200 feet above the sea, M. Bezert said he could save some ten miles if, instead of returning to Folelli and taking the sea-level road, we took a short cut through the mountains. On securing from him a sacred promise not to take his hands off the steering wheel in order to shrug his shoulders and gesticulate, we gave our assent to his taking the short cut, and thereby had a lot of thrills and saw some of the wildest scenery in Corsica. On either side of the narrow road we were climbing lofty mountains towered up into the clouds; to our left, a thousand feet below us, rushed a foaming, boiling torrent. As we proceeded the gorge grew narrower and narrower; the mountains on either side came closer and closer together until finally it seemed as if soon there would be no place for the road to run between them. But we kept climbing up and up until at last the canyon stopped abruptly, shut in by a stupendous precipice over which tumbled a great waterfall. Obviously

there was no motoring through that waterfall or up that precipice, but right in front of the waterfall a bridge spanned the gorge, the road made a hairpin turn, and so presently we were on the other side of that profound canyon, our motor getting hotter and hotter as we reached higher and higher altitudes. The Devil's Bridge near Andermatt, Switzerland, is one of Europe's show places, but I think it less grand, less spectacular than this place to which M. Bezert took us in the upper reaches of the mountains of Corsica.

In an old monastery here at Cervione are two hundred German military prisoners who, I fear, are ruled with none too easy a hand. The Commandant, a French lieutenant who was shot all to pieces in the Battle of the Marne, has a bad case of nerves which sometimes spells trouble for the Germans in his power. I shall report him to the French Foreign Office and urge that this Commandant be replaced by one whose nerves are in better shape.

Before leaving Paris the Swiss Red Cross entrusted me with a sum of money to be distributed to the most needy civil and military prisoners, and at each camp I ask the Chef, or spokesman of the prisoners, to designate the four most needy men among their number, the men who have no money of their own and who receive none from their friends in Germany. In the beginning I feared this request might cause rivalry among the men, disputes as to who should be favored. This, however, has not been the case; so far there has been complete unanimity as to who most need help and when the four men are brought before me to receive the five or ten francs which I give them their surprise and gratitude are pathetic to witness. Ten francs is not a trifle to a prisoner who earns only four cents a day, hence I am coming to be looked on as a kind of Santa Claus. And to-day in the camp here in Cervione one poor fellow's eyes filled with tears and he was so grateful that he grabbed my hand, stooped over and kissed it!

Ghissoni,
September 14, 1916.

LEAVING Cervione early this morning we motored ten kilometers through a wild canyon to a mine containing arsenic and other deadly things used to produce asphyxiating gas. The mouth of this mine is on the side of the mountain several thousand feet above the bottom of the gorge, which is spanned by a steel cable. As the ore is brought out of the mine in big buckets it is swung on the steel cable and thus shot across the profound gorge to the opposite mountain, whence it is shipped to "somewhere" in France and finally sent over to the Germans in repayment for their gas attacks. The Germans began this barbarous gas business, for which it is said they are now very sorry, because their enemies have learned to beat them at their own game. The Allied armies' recent gas attacks have created havoc in the German trenches.

From the mine we again descended the mountain into the valley in order to inspect two camps concerning which the German Foreign Office has made particularly severe complaints —Casabianda and Travo. Casabianda has recently been abandoned, its 1,200 German prisoners having been taken elsewhere; so we motored south along the coast until we came to Travo, where are forty Germans, guarded by six French soldiers, working in a sawmill. Conditions in the mill, and in the barracks where the Germans sleep, are good except for one thing: neither the mill nor the barracks is screened against malarial mosquitoes which abound at Travo. Result: one-fourth of the Germans contract malarial fever and Major Church says the camp should be abandoned. I shall so recommend in my report. . . . To reach Ghissoni, where we are spending the night, it was necessary soon after leaving Travo to begin climbing the mountains again, and the bracing air, in contrast with Travo's enervating, malarial atmosphere, gave us ravenous appetites. We hesitated, however, even to ask for food in the villages through which we

passed, so squalid, so uninviting did they seem. But finally, hunger overcoming scruples, we drew up in front of an ancient, dirty-looking stone house and asked a slovenly woman who stood in the doorway if she could cook us some fried eggs and ham? She said she could, and bade us wait outside until she called us. As we waited, the view of the dingy old house with pigs and goats ambling in and out of its front door made us regret having stopped there. It was too late, though, to back out; we had given our order; moreover, we were really very hungry, so we sat in the automobile until the woman leaned out of the third-story window and called to us to come up there. With considerable misgivings did we pick a way among the pigs and goats in the hall and climbed the stone stairs leading to the upper floors; but once in the third floor room our misgivings disappeared, for there upon a table spread with a clean linen cloth was a big bowl of steaming soup that both smelled and tasted delicious. We fell to, feeling thankful that the woman had provided such excellent soup in addition to the ham and eggs we had ordered. Then, when the soup bowl was removed and we were getting ready for that ham and eggs, the woman made her appearance with a platter on which was a chicken baked to a beautiful brown and accompanied by two or three kinds of vegetables. Following the chicken came a rum omelette, hot and brilliant with the blue flames that danced all about it, and while eating this the odor of frying ham came floating from the kitchen through the open door of the room we were in.

"Monsieur Bezert," said I, "is it possible that that good woman, after providing us with this feast, is now going to bring us ham and eggs?"

Monsieur Bezert said he thought it was possible; we had ordered ham and eggs, consequently ham and eggs we must have.

"But Monsieur Bezert," I protested, "when we asked for

ham and eggs we did not anticipate a banquet. Do tell Madame not to trouble about ham and eggs."

Monsieur Bezert rushed out to the kitchen, but he was too late; the ham and eggs were already frying, and presently were set before us. Of course, after what had gone before, we could not eat any more—a fact which greatly astonished our worthy hostess, who had conceived the notion that ham and eggs must be a specialty with us, otherwise that we would not have so particularly demanded them. The soup, chicken and vegetables—part of the regular déjeuner served travelers—were followed by cheese, cakes, almonds, coffee and great clusters of delicious grapes. This feast, for it was a feast even measured by a big city's standards, cost the three of us nine francs, about $1.60. After this experience we shall not judge Corsican cooks by the dingy appearance of Corsican houses.

Two thousand feet above the wayside house where we were so pleasantly surprised by that Corsican feast the road reaches Ghissoni's level, and there M. Bezert put on a spurt of speed that soon landed us at this quaint old inn, the "Romainee," where we stay until to-morrow. The hour of daylight which remained after our arrival was utilized in walking still further up the mountain side to inspect a Chantier where ten Germans are engaged in building vineyard terraces. We found the sturdy fellows digging away to make level places on which to plant the vines. Near by was a stone hut in which the prisoners sleep. A bench was in front of the hut, and there we sat, looking down upon Ghissoni immediately below us, and at the magnificent mountain scenery all about us, while the French guard went off to fetch the ten prisoners. When they were lined up before us it required only a few questions to learn that they have no complaints, that their condition is in every way as good as that of native Corsicans engaged in similar work. One of the prisoners, however, said he thought he ought not to be interned at all. He was an Aus-

trian only because of Austria's illegal and forcible annexation in 1908 of Bosnia, and he hates Austria even more since he thus, against his will, became an Austrian than he did before 1908.

"My father, who remained in Bosnia," said this man, "has been imprisoned by the Austrians because they know he despises them for their wickedness in robbing the Bosnians of their liberty. And I, who happened to be in France when the war began, I am imprisoned by the French, whom I love, whose cause I should love to espouse, all because through the Austrians' conquest of my country I must now be called an Austrian. Is not that unjust, Monsieur?"

I said I thought it was unjust, but I could offer the poor fellow little hope of liberty; legally he is an enemy alien and the law does not distinguish one enemy from another. *All* enemy aliens are interned, and so this Bosnian, although in his heart an enemy of Austria, although his own father is imprisoned by the Austrians because the family is known to be in sympathy with France—in spite of all this, this Bosnian must remain a prisoner for the duration of the war!

Sartene, Corsica,
September 15, 1916.

Coming hither to-day from Ghissoni we motored through miles of chestnut forests until the altitude became too high for chestnuts, then gradually we came into the pine belt until we reached the Chantier of Marmano, in the heart of a dense pine forest, where ten German soldier prisoners are employed cutting down giant pines and hewing out huge logs sixty or seventy feet long. The Germans sleep in a stone hut near their work; their beds are made of leaves and straw, with three blankets to each man—not too much in that elevated place, 4,000 feet above sea level. A few weeks hence the French guard at Marmano says he will abandon the Chantier and take his prisoners to a lower level; at Marmano's

level there is severe cold and deep snow even as early as the latter part of October. Some miles beyond Marmano we reached the Col de Verde; a sign announced that the pass is 1,283 meters above the sea.

Our next stop was at Olivese, a picturesque old town on a rock 800 feet above the valley below. In the ancient Monastery of Olivese, a massive stone edifice standing on the edge of a stupendous precipice and commanding a wonderful view of the valley below and the sea beyond, are interned a hundred or so Germans. A card index is kept of all the hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war, so that the War Department in Paris can at any moment put its finger on any prisoner anywhere in France and give all the facts concerning him. Here, for example, is a card at Olivese:

"Johann Land; Student from Koeln; born Dec. 30, 1886; married May 6, 1911, to Katherina, nèe Dulkoski; three children; taken prisoner on the Marne, September 1914."

What does "Katherina, nèe Dulkoski," look like? And those three children, do they miss their father? Taken prisoner in 1914, two years ago; two years out of a man's life mean much. Johann Land, student from Koeln, will require all his philosophy to endure his fate with calmness. Looking through these human documents at Olivese brought to my mind visions of sad-eyed women in many a far-away German home—mothers waiting for sons who will never return, children waiting for fathers whom they will not recognize even if they do return, so long will this cruel, this insane war keep those fathers torn away from the families they love and long to be with!

Sartene, our next stop, one of the most interesting cities in Corsica, stands like most Corsican towns on a lofty peak, and commands a superb view of mountains, valley and sea. Its streets are narrow, its houses of stone are spotted and mot-

tled with age, its architecture is of the vintage of the year one thousand; I don't believe there is a building in the city that is less than 900 years old. Everything is so mediæval looking, Major Church says he won't be surprised if, on looking out of our hotel windows, we should see knights in armor with lances and with visored helmets on their heads. In truth, in this queer old place one has the feeling of having suddenly and mysteriously stepped back into some bygone century.

As usual, we found the Germans here housed in an ancient monastery, the garden of which overlooks the blue Mediterranean a thousand feet below. As we entered this garden we saw hanging over the stone parapet the prisoners' straw sacks which had been put there to be sunned and aired; if one of those bed sacks were to fall over the parapet it would drop nearly a thousand feet, but apparently none fall over—at any rate the prisoners throw the sacks and blankets over the parapet in a careless way as if they have no fear of their not staying where put. The Chef of the prisoners told us that the gendarme in charge of the detachment had been "short-changing" them in the matter of rations; that is, he kept some of the ration money in his pocket and bought fewer provisions than he was supposed to buy.

"Our work is very hard," said the prisoners' spokesman. "We break stones and build stone terraces, and that sort of labor can't be done on half rations, so when we saw our guard putting the money in his pocket instead of buying food for us we went on a strike. He threatened to shoot us; we answered we would rather die quickly by bullets than die slowly by starvation. Then the guard put us in cells. After a few days he came to the cells and said: 'Will you promise now to work?' Every man of us shouted: 'No. We will never work until you stop stealing our ration money and give us our food!' Then, Excellency, the guard surrendered. He agreed to let one of our men accompany him when he goes to market so as to see that he puts no more of our food

money in his pocket. And so we have no complaints to make now. It would have been different had you come here ten days ago."

The cells in which the striking prisoners were placed are in a fortress half a mile from the monastery; when we inspected them we found there only three prisoners—Germans who only two days before had tried to escape; they were captured within a few hours and for those few hours of liberty must now remain thirty days in the cells on a diet of bread and water. When the cell door was opened for us the three soldiers sprang from the floor where they were lying, clicked their heels together, brought their hands to their caps in a salute, then stood rigid and motionless as if they had been made of stone. Poor fellows! How they must long for liberty to take the desperate chances they had taken! They must have known they hadn't a chance in a thousand. Italy, the nearest land to Corsica, is fifty miles away—too far to reach by swimming; but even had they succeeded in getting to Italy they would still have been in an enemy land. Poor fellows! I can't help admiring their pluck, but their judgment is considerably below par.

Ajaccio,
September 18, 1916.

We have had two restful days in this quaint and charming old town which gave the world the most talked-of man since the time of Julius Cæsar; at every turn there is a reminder of Napoleon. The café where you sit at a table on the sidewalk to sip a drink and watch the passing crowd is the Café Napoleon; the street is the Rue Napoleon, and the town's largest and most beautiful public square is called the Place Bonaparte. In that square facing the sea is an equestrian statue of Napoleon and the four corners of the huge pedestal are adorned by life-size statues of his four brothers—all five Bonapartes are in Roman togas, a fact which to my notion

shows that the sculptor lacked a sense of humor. All the world knows the Napoleon of the cocked hat and gray military coat—but Napoleon in a toga! It is a preposterous conception.

In the twenty-foot back yard, which bears the name of Napoleon's mother, is a palm tree and an ivy vine grown from a sprout cut from the vine over the grave of Napoleon III. at Chiselhurst, England. In a little house facing this "Place Letizia" lives the custodian of the Napoleon birth-house. I rang his door-bell and the custodian, sensing a fee, lost no time in making his appearance, in his hand a big iron key with which he opened the door of the house where the great Emperor was born. The entrance is through just such a dingy, stone-paved vestibule as one sees in the houses of the poorer quarters of Genoa or Naples. But, arrived in the living apartments on the second floor, the visitor finds himself in decidedly pretentious quarters. The living rooms are large, that is, all except the one in which Napoleon was born; that, oddly enough, is a long, narrow, illy-lighted room. And the couch on which Madame Mère threw herself that eventful Sunday morning when she hurried back from church is the most uncomfortable looking piece of furniture in the house; the bed near by seems far more inviting, and one wonders why the couch was chosen. Was it because of the tapestry which covered it, tapestry picturing the heroic deeds of Achilles? The custodian assured me that the furniture of this room is arranged just as it was on August 15, 1769.

From the "birth" room we passed into a salon some forty feet long by twenty feet wide, and thence on into Napoleon's bedroom, the room he slept in as a boy and until he left Corsica as a young man. As I stood in that room gazing upon the furnishings, the bed, the night-lamp, the chairs which were Napoleon's daily familiars during the first fifteen years of his life, I almost fancied myself back in the eighteenth century. History seems so much closer, so much more intimate and real

when in the presence of relics like these. The room adjoining that Napoleon occupied was used as a business office by his father; the writing desk his father used stands now where it then stood, and near by is the Sedan chair which Bonaparte père bought for his wife after he was chosen as the representative of the Nobles to the Assembly that met at Paris; for the few years that he lived after his election to that Assembly the Bonapartes lived in some comfort; before that period they were among the poorest people in the city. To the neighbors accustomed to seeing the Bonapartes in shabby clothes, too poor to pay their grocer's bills, it must have been amusing as well as astonishing the first time they saw Madame Mère coming down that dingy alley in a Sedan chair. Madame Mère, however, had the last laugh, for, unlike the rest of her family, she did not "go broke" after Waterloo. Even when her son seemed most secure on the throne of France, even when he was giving kingdoms away as other men give six pences, Madame Mère had a feeling that it wouldn't last; she put huge sums of money in various safe places in Europe, and so, when she died sixteen years after Napoleon died in St. Helena, she left behind her a fortune of many millions.

When we arrived at Sartene a few days ago I discovered that my note book was missing; it contained all my notes regarding war prisoners, notes without which it would not be possible to make my report, so I immediately sent this telegram to the Commandant at Olivese:

"Veuillez expédier à Commission Américaine Grand Hotel Ajaccio livre notes oublié hier sur votre table. Vous expédions frais par poste."

Major Church said my French can be understood only by an Englishman, and that, anyway, I would never get my note book; he didn't believe I had left it at Olivese; but if I had, the Commandant had long since fed it to the prison goat.

As if this was not calculated to dishearten me, ever and anon on the journey to Ajaccio Major Church, apropos of nothing at all, would remark in his naturally deep and somewhat sepulchral voice: "Judge, you will never get your note book!" On arriving at the Grand Hotel this telegram was handed me:

"Commission Américaine, Ajaccio: Livre notes expédié demi heure après votre départ à Sartene avec ordre faire suivre par gendarmerie.

BRUNETTI,
Chéf Detachement, Olivese."

I silently handed this telegram to the Major; he read it twice, then boomed out again in a sepulchral tone: "Did I not tell you that you would never get your note book?" In truth, I now for the first time began to fear my croaking colleague was right; the book had gone to Sartene, but we had left before it arrived, and now even if it were forwarded to Ajaccio I feared it would find us gone. Morse and Churchill are to arrive to-night, and all four of us are to go to Piana to-morrow. The Major followed my line of thought and comforted me as usual by solemnly repeating that I would never get my note book. Then, just as I was ready to acknowledge he was right, a French soldier approached, saluted and said: "Vous etez le Commission Americaine, Monsieur?" I never regarded myself as a "Commission," nevertheless I replied "Oui"; whereupon the soldier saluted again and added: "Then, Monsieur, this must belong to you." And there once more in my hands was my precious note book! Major Church very handsomely acknowledged that the drinks were on him, and two "Demi Blondes," as the French call half liters of light beer, were forthwith ordered that we might celebrate my good fortune in proper style.

Piana, Corsica,
September 19, 1916.

At one o'clock Major Church and I arrived at Cargese, the little town perched on a precipitous peak rising out of the sea, where we planned to pause for "déjeuner."

Cargese, founded by the Greeks, still contains an old Greek church which visitors may enter for one franc, and near Piana are the "Calanches," the scenic wonder of Corsica, the one thing tourists must see even if they see nothing else. Accordingly, as quickly as we could get into dry clothing, we set out on foot to see this strange freak of Nature, which consists of a wilderness of peaks and crags, of gigantic obelisks of reddish stone that jut perpendicularly out of the sea to an astonishing height. Some of them are 1,700 feet high in the perpendicular, and then another 1,700 feet high at a sharp angle. One of the usual excellent French roads has been blasted out of the precipitous side of the Calanches, so that the traveler may reach in comfort even the wildest and weirdest part of that sea of crags. I thought myself venturesome when I sat upon the parapet lining the roadside, my legs hanging over the outer edge, below me a sheer drop of 500 feet, but young Morse with the enthusiasm, not to say foolhardiness, of youth actually climbed up on top of one of the smaller Calanches, a great reddish stone obelisk, the top of which was hardly four feet square, and the sides of which rose almost as sheer as the obelisk of Cleopatra in Central Park. Had he become dizzy, or had he stumbled, he would have been dashed to pieces hundreds of feet below.

While we were dining to-night in the inn at Piana there was brought to us an invitation from Sir Edward Boyle, of 63 Queen's Gate, S. W., London, to attend a Serbian entertainment nearby. This is one of the advantages of being here "officially"; the ordinary tourist does not receive such invitations. Sir Edward Boyle is head of the Serbian Relief Commission, and located in a large stone hotel on the out-

skirts of Piana are a number of Serbian men and women who were brought to Corsica from Salonika after they reached that city following their dreadful trek from their native land over the mountains into Macedonia.

Before the meeting ended Sir Edward made a little speech in French, in which he told the Serbians they were honored by the presence of the "American Commission"; he described the work we were doing and spoke feelingly of the aid America has given suffering Serbia. A tall Serbian with huge black mustaches, dressed in the gaudy costume of his native land, translated sentence by sentence as Sir Edward spoke. Then when Captain Churchill arose and replied in English, as none of the Serbians understood our language, Sir Edward had to rise again and act as interpreter. He turned Churchill's talk sentence by sentence into French; the black-mustached Serbian turned the French into Serbian, and thus in this roundabout way Churchill made those fierce looking men and handsome black-eyed women understand that we were glad to be with them, that we sympathized with them in their misfortunes, and that we hoped at no distant day they would expel the German invader from their beautiful country so that they might return to their homes again!

The Serbian men whom we saw to-night, though large in frame and bone, are unable to bear arms; they have undergone frightful sufferings, their nerves are shattered, and so they have been compelled to leave the army. Sir Edward told us they are all eager to fight again, that not one Serbian man of whom he ever heard has sought to evade military service. They hate the Germans with an undying hatred and never quit the army until absolutely compelled to. The women seemed frail, yet we were told that they each and all had made that epic trek last November over the mountains of Macedonia to Salonika. For hundreds of miles the way was covered deep with ice and snow; one little girl of fourteen who made that awful march told me that her mother dropped

dead on the roadside and was buried in the snow. She said scores of Serbians, overcome by the cold and by hunger, dropped dead every day that they were on that frightful journey. I asked how she had managed to struggle so far through the deep snow. "Oh, Monsieur," she replied, "it was necessary! After mama died there was no one but me left to take care of little Mirko!" And then I learned that a brother four years younger than herself had made that trek over the Macedonian mountains. This little Miss had flowers in her coal black hair and her eyes glowed like coals of fire; the gold braided jacket and white skirt which she wore gave her a romantic, picturesque appearance. In spite of the terrible tragedy of that journey last November, with its more than a thousand men and women dropping dead of cold and hunger, the child seemed happy—such is the blessed resilience of youth!

Ile Rousse,
Wednesday, September 20, 1916.

Leaving Piana early this morning we passed the Calanches and stopped for a few minutes to look again at those wonderful red obelisks, then continued over the road winding alongside the side of the mountain until we reached Calvi, ninety-two kilometers from Piana.

One of the interesting things I have noted in Corsica are the forests of cork trees. When I first saw acres and acres of trees with their barks stripped off, their trunks shiny and red, I was puzzled, but M. Bezert promptly explained that they were cork trees; the trunk of the tree, underneath its covering of bark, is always smooth and red, and the bark, once removed, does not grow back again for eight or ten years. A tree must be some twenty years old before it is ready for its first stripping, and even then the bark is of an inferior quality—is the kind that is pulverized and used for packing Malaga grapes, for making foot-mats and for the manufacture

of a kind of brick that is used to deaden sound. This "virgin" cork fetches a very small price, but the next stripping eight years later is valuable. As a cork tree lives for a century or more it is considered by the Corsican farmer to be as safe and as profitable as a government bond; every eight or ten years there is a crop of cork worth in its rough state $4 per 220 pounds. The merchants of Bastia buy the bark from the farmers, boil it in order to clean it—also in order to make it swell—then they sort it into three grades and ship it in bales to the Continent.

Corsica's population is under 300,000, yet her soldiers at the front number 50,000—more than one soldier to every half dozen of population! If America does get into this war, and if she adopts Corsica's ratio in raising an army, we will put *twenty million* soldiers under arms! It is interesting to note how absolutely French in sentiment are these Corsicans who in appearance and speech are as Italian as their kinsmen across the water in Italy. Had Germany annexed Corsica in 1769 would the inhabitants by now be heart and soul with the Germans? To the reproach that after half a century Alsace and Lorraine still hate their conquerers the Prussian autocracy replies that half a century is not long enough. Twelve years sufficed to change the South African Boers from bitter enemies to ardent friends of the British Empire. One hundred and fifty years do not seem to suffice for Germany to win the affection of the Polish people whom she robbed of their independence in the several partitions of Poland.

From the window of my room in Ile Rousse I look out upon what is not unlike a gigantic camel crouching in the sea; it is a narrow causeway extending half a mile out into the Mediterranean and terminating in a huge red rock; a hill in the middle of the causeway is the camel's hump, and two glowing signal lights on the red rock are the camel's eyes. The houses of Ile Rousse are painted in gorgeous colors; often the same house may present a variety of colors. The

first floor of a house may be owned by A, the second by B, the third by C, and so on; and if A, B and C happen to like different colors, then the several stories of the house will each be painted a different hue. The results, to a stranger's eye, are startling, but the people here seem to like their houses to present fronts painted all the colors of the rainbow. . . . Ile Rousse was founded by Paoli, Napoleon's inveterate enemy, and there is a statue of the patriot in the public square; even to this day there is a party in Corsica which stands by Paoli and reveres his memory rather than that of Napoleon. They are proud of the fame the latter's genius has bestowed upon Corsica, but they regard Paoli as the better Corsican patriot.

Ficajola, Corsica,
September 21, 1916.

We reached this place, high up in the mountains, after motoring over a fine military road that for miles is skirted by forests of olive trees. The twenty-five German military prisoners at this camp are engaged in agricultural labor and seem quite as well cared for as the free native labor. In fact, the Germans and the Corsicans work together in the olive groves; they live together in the farm buildings, and we could hardly have distinguished them from the Corsicans had it not been for the big "P. G." (Prisonier Guerre—war prisoner) painted on the legs of their trousers.

Major Church and Morse return from Ficajola direct to Bastia; Churchill and I will make a detour in order to inspect a camp at Lama.

Lama,
September 21.

This curious town is on a peak so steep it was all Churchill and I could do to reach it on foot. We left M. Bezert in the automobile on the road far below while we scrambled up the rocks in the face of a driving rain and fierce wind that at times

threatened to blow us back down the rocks into the valley. To make room for a town on this lofty, jagged rock portions of the precipice had to be blow off by mines of powder; on the shelves thus made on the side of the mountain stone houses were built, with narrow passageways between the houses to serve as streets. If provided with a big enough pile of bowlders, one man could stand at the gate of Lama and defy an army to enter; all he would have to do would be to roll the bowlders down on the heads of the enemy. That, no doubt, was the way Lama defended herself in the days when Pisa and Genoa were trying in their petty way to make hell on earth.

The Germans at Lama sleep in a stone house, part of which is composed of the living rock; the house's windows look down 1,800 feet into the distant valley below. . . . A sorry looking lot were those "Supermen" we saw to-day—but then even a Superman can't look "Super" when he is wet from head to foot, when water is oozing from every inch of his clothes! From such a rain as that which has been falling all day to-day there is no escape; even indoors the air is humid and wet, and so it was that those Germans to-day seemed a saddened and a chastened lot; they no longer expect Germany to conquer Europe and make foreign nations pay the cost of the war; their watchword has changed from "Nach Paris" to "Durch-halten!" "Durch-halten" is the word I generally hear now, when a prisoner gets a chance to say a word to me alone: "Can we durch-halten?" (Can we hold out?) Of course I refuse to express an opinion on that subject; I make it a rule not to talk with prisoners on the large issues of the war.

Bastia,
September 26.

After one day's rest in the Cyrnos Palace, reading mail that had accumulated during our tour of the island and writing

up my report, my three colleagues and I started on another tour of inspection. Two hours out of Bastia Churchill and Morse got out of the automobile, mounted mules (which had been ordered by telegraph) and started for the top of a lofty mountain to visit a camp of Turkish war prisoners. Major Church and I continued in the automobile as far as Ponte Nuovo, where we expected to find mules awaiting us; but our telegram didn't work as well as Captain Churchill's. No mules were awaiting us, and none were to be had, consequently Church and I were compelled to climb on foot the rugged, steep path leading to the little town of Castello de Rostino, slapped, as it were, against the side of a stupendous cliff 2,400 feet above the sea. Part of that climb was through forests of chestnut trees, part was along dizzy cliffs whence we had splendid views of the valley far below us; it was all superbly fine, but it was also excessively steep and rocky and fatiguing, so that it was with no little relief that we finally found ourselves at rest in an ancient inn stuck on the side of the mountain in the center of the village of Castello de Rostino. While waiting for the comely daughter of the proprietor to serve us our déjeuner I noted on a wall of the dining-room a framed diploma which read as follows:

Médaille de Sainte Hélène, 5 Mai, 1821.
Instituée par S. M. Napoleon III.
Napoleon 1 er
à ses compagnons de gloire, Sa Dernière Pensée! Sainte Hélène le 5 Mai, 1821.

Le Grand Chancelier de l'Ordre Impérial de la Légion d'Honneur certifie que M. Orsini Toussaint Marc, Sergent au 9 de Ligne ayant servi durant la période 1792 à 1815, a reçu la médaille de Ste. Hélène. Inscrit à la Grande Chancellerie No. 226,272.

It was signed and sealed by Napoleon III.'s Minister, but I could not decipher his signature. As a straw showing how

the third Napoleon made his putative uncle's glory serve his own ends this faded old certificate is interesting. Note its number, 226,272; quite a respectable army, and no doubt every one of those 226,272 "Companions in glory" treasured their certificate just as the worthy Sergeant Orsini Toussaint Marc did. Our host in that ancient little inn is a great-grandson of the brave Sergeant, who served under the first Napoleon from 1792 to 1815; he is firmly convinced that the great Emperor's "derniere pensee a Ste. Helene" was of his grandfather, and so, in some curious way that illustrates what a strange, complex thing is the human brain, he has come to fancy that *he* is a part and parcel of the Bonaparte dynasty. He told us France would have been well out of the war by now if only it had been an Empire under Napoleon instead of a Republic under a lot of lawyers! I reminded him that when France had Napoleon her troubles were as great as those she has now, and that they had lasted a great deal longer than even the worst pessimist believes the present war will endure. The worthy descendant of the brave Sergeant Marc, Napoleon's "Companion in glory," was not in the least feazed by my reply, but Corporal Paul Graziani, who was breakfasting with us, remarked gravely: "You are right, Monsieur. France is done with emperors. We admire Napoleon's genius, but we detest his despotism. Vive la République!"

It was late when we got back to Bastia from this trip to Castello de Rostino, with the result that midnight found Morse still pounding away on his typewriter in an effort to bring the reports down to date. The long motor ride and the climb of 2,400 feet up that rugged mountain made me quite indifferent to such a trifle as the clicking of a typewriter, but the occupant of the room above mine was not so sound a sleeper. About midnight I was awakened by a loud and indignant voice which was issuing from a window directly above mine.

"Monsieur Locataire! Monsieur Locataire!" cried the voice. "You are murdering my sleep. I beg you to stop."

But M. Locataire, who was Morse, kept on pounding the keys of his typewriter; I tapped on the wall that separated Morse's room from mine and said: "Morse, I don't know what Locataire means, but you are the only one here that is murdering sleep. Better go to bed, hadn't you?"

Morse said no, that the reports were not finished yet, and resumed his machine writing. Whereupon the irate Frenchman in the room above took the law into his own hands: "I will show you, Monsieur, that you cannot murder my sleep," he cried. Then we heard the door of his room close with a bang, followed by the noise of feet through the halls and down the stairs. I thought Morse was in for a fist fight, or maybe a sword thrust; that Frenchman seemed mad enough to commit murder. But he did not permit his madness to cause him to commit a folly; what he did had method in it: he went down to the first floor and cut off the electric light of the entire hotel! And so, perforce, Morse was forced to go to bed and let others go to sleep.

There is but one steamship company operating between Corsica and France and the military have precedence on the steamers of that company; civilians must give up their reservations if they are needed for soldiers or officers. When I went to-day to the company's Bastia office to get tickets for our party on to-night's boat a very busy, very indifferent and very haughty man behind an office grill said we could not have passage on to-night's steamer, nor on next week's either; not even deck space was left on either sailing.

"Monsieur," said I, "we are willing to defer to the military; we recognize their right to first service. But unless *all* your passengers are officers and soldiers we must insist upon having places on to-night's steamer."

The bored and haughty gentleman behind the grill gazed at me with a pained and tired air; plainly he was supremely

indifferent whether we were or were not willing to defer to the military. I started to explain that, although we were not in uniform, two of my party were officers of the United States Army, and that all four of us were in the diplomatic service, visiting Corsica for our government, not for our own pleasure, and consequently that we were entitled to precedence over ordinary civilian travelers. But the haughty individual behind the grill waved me away with a gesture of contemptuous indifference. "C'est fini—it is finished," he said. "And it is useless, Monsieur, to discuss the matter."

It was useless for *me* to say more to that obstinate fellow, but I knew of a way to move him and proceeded forthwith to use it. I went from his office straight to that of the Sous Préfet, Monsieur Guilbout, and told him what had happened, and it was a very much chastened steamship clerk who greeted me on my return to the company's office; the four tickets were ready, waiting for me. And so to-night we set sail for France.

Here is a leaf from the memorandum which I have attached to the report on my observations in Corsica:

"It may be disastrous to the welfare of many brave Frenchmen in German prisons if the impression is allowed to go forth that France mistreats her German prisoners, an impression which will go forth unless the German prisoners are permitted to talk with me freely and without fear of punishment, except in cases where their complaints are found to be untrue and prompted by malice. (This finding should be made by some other authority than the Commandant of the prison.) Some Commandants of their own initiative adopt the policy here recommended. For instance, when a prisoner at Camp du Maroc sent our Paris Embassy a letter alleging the gravest abuses in his camp, the Commandant did not punish that prisoner; on the contrary he requested us to make a painstaking investigation of his camp, which was done, with the result that it was found to be admirably

conducted; the German prisoners themselves said the report of abuses was utterly false, that they were well treated and had no complaints whatever to make. Result: The Commandant at du Maroc will not be suspected of mistreating his prisoners, even when a direct charge of bad treatment is made, until and unless our own investigation confirms such charge.

Conclusion:

1. Permit complaints to be made freely without punishment; where the Commandant feels that the complaints are at once serious and unfounded, let a special investigation be made by a representative of the American Embassy, a speedy report of his findings to be made (a) to the French Foreign Office, and (b) to Ambassador Gerard in Berlin.

2. The Corsican prison camps may be roughly divided into two classes: Those in the Highlands, and those in the Lowlands at, or near, the sea level. The latter, for the most part, are on the east coast where malaria is prevalent. At such camps as Folelli, Casabianda and Travo malarial fever is unavoidable. The mosquito which communicates malaria abounds in these localities and unless exterminated, as the yellow fever carrying mosquito was exterminated at Panama, malarial fever in the Alerian plain of Corsica must be expected. Apparently it is not practical to screen the prisoners from the mosquitoes, hence the

Conclusion: These Alerian plain camps should be entirely abandoned."

(Note.—In accordance with these suggestions the French government evacuated the camps mentioned.)

Monte Carlo,
September 27, 1916.

THE scene leaving Bastia last night will live long in our memories—nearly a thousand Permissionaires leaving home and returning to the front! And at least 2,000 friends and relatives crowded on the dock to bid those brave soldiers

good-bye! The thought that for many of those Permissionaires this was their last visit to Corsica, that many of them would be soon laying on the battle-field, their unseeing eyes staring stark at the sun, their bodies rigid in death—that thought produced a feeling of sadness and solemnity in all. It was a very different looking crowd from that which gathered a few weeks ago to greet the *Pelion's* Permissionaires just arriving from the front. . . . From the *Pelion's* upper deck as we glided northward along Corsica's eastern coast we saw Consul Damiani's white villa nestling amid its orange trees 600 feet above the sea, and far above the villa an ancient round stone Pisan tower. Then darkness began to settle down upon the face of the waters and all of the *Pelion's* human freight, soldiers, civilians and crew, stretched out on the several decks to await with what composure they could the dawn of a new day. In this submarine infested part of the Mediterranean no voyager goes to bed on shipboard; the chances of having to abandon ship during the night are too great to make it wise to get far from the open decks and lifeboats.

Although belonging to France, Corsica's customs laws are peculiar to herself, and one result of this is that tobacco is cheaper and better on the island than it is on the Continent. For example, the "Levint" cigarette which costs 80 centimes a box on the Continent costs only 55 centimes in Corsica. Major Church, who is an inveterate smoker, packed several thousand cigarettes into his bags and suit-cases; M. Bezert warned him that the inspectors at Nice, knowing the cheapness of Corsican tobacco, are on the lookout for smugglers, but the Major said "he would take a chance." The event proved it was no chance at all; it was a cinch. For the Major's bump of dignity is so well developed that he overawed the Nice customs men with a single glance. When they asked if he had any tobacco, Major Church answered loftily, "Yes; five thousand cigarettes." The customs people gave a start of amazement; they were unaccustomed to such frankness

and were about to open the Major's baggage to investigate when he waved them aside with a sweeping gesture. "Pardon, Messieurs," he said, "but we are of the diplomatic corps, and we are traveling officially."

The customs officials glanced at the Major's card, also at his passport "diplomatique," then with profuse apologies motioned the Major to pass through the gate into the city. . . . The trolley line from Nice to Monte Carlo is one of the most picturesque in the world—the car climbs up and down one hill after the other, always close to the sea and always either above or below some beautiful villa surrounded by wonderful flower gardens and luxuriant groves of orange and palm trees. Having some hours to wait for our trains, we came over to Monte Carlo where all of us except Morse have won enough money to pay our hotel bills for some days to come. Morse has lost seventy francs, ergo he does not find Monte Carlo as lovely as the rest of our party does. The Casino is a sad, sorry sort of place now, compared to the gay Casino of pre-war days. Only two gaming tables are in use; all the others are covered with a big, black pall-like cloth. And the men and women at the two tables which are still in use are a very different looking lot from the gorgeously dressed women and aristocratic looking men of other days. The contrast is so saddening, we shall be glad when the train from Italy arrives and we can continue on our way.

Cannes,
October 1, 1916.

CHURCH and Churchill returned to Paris from Monte Carlo, while Morse and I went to Nice and thence on the noon train to Annot, a small town in the valley of the Var, about eighty miles from the sea. We visited the "Camp de Faveur," which is located on the edge of Annot in a series of rambling stone buildings which, prior to the war, constituted the dormitories of a young men's college. As the name indicates, this camp

extends "favors" to its inmates; they may come and go without the presence of a guard, so long as they do not go a greater distance from Annot than three kilometers (about two miles). They may be accompanied by their families and, if they have money, may buy what food they like and cook it as they please. In many of the rooms in those old stone buildings we saw complete arrangements for housekeeping on a modest scale—a cook stove, domestic utensils of various kinds, cupboards filled with a good stock of provisions, etc., etc. The windows of these rooms look down upon the rushing Var below and across upon the steep mountain which rises into the clouds on the other side of the narrow gorge. For a summer outing both Morse and I thought it would be just the thing to camp out in one of these college buildings—cook for ourselves as we saw the German and Austrian prisoners doing and spend our days, as they spend theirs, in fishing, climbing the mountains, or lazily lolling under the trees in the garden alternately reading and looking across the foaming river Var at the magnificent mountains on the opposite side of the gorge. When I expressed this thought to Monsieur B., of Lyons, he shook his head sadly.

"Yes, Monsieur, it is beautiful here," he said. "In those happy days before the war I sometimes chose Annot as the place for my family in the hot days of August. But as a place to stay in year after year, and that, too, while your business is going to ruin—ah, Monsieur, *that* is very hard to bear, especially when one loves France as I do. It seems so useless to make a prisoner of one who is French in everything except the accident of birth."

Monsieur B. was born in Vienna, but his parents removed to Lyons when he was only six months old; he has lived in Lyons all his life, save those first six months; he does not speak a word of German, knows not a soul outside of France, is married to a French woman and has a son in the French army. But legally he is an Austrian alien enemy, consequently

must be interned as a matter of "reciprocity"—Austria and Germany set the rule and France feels bound to follow it. But she tries to soften the effects of the rule as much as possible by interning "enemies" of this sort in a Camp de "Faveur." Madame F., one of the internes at Annot with whom I talked, though born in Düsseldorf, has lived in France since she was a child; her husband, a Frenchman, is now at the front in the French army. Legally Madame F. is French, but, unhappily for her, she cannot produce her marriage papers; there is no doubt but that she lived for years with Monsieur F. as his wife, but whether with a legal marriage, as she alleges, or without such ceremony, as is often the case in France where the cost of getting married is excessive and many people do not care for conventions, cannot be definitely decided. As in such cases the benefit of the doubt is *not* given to one born in Germany, Madame F. finds herself for the duration of the war a prisoner. And, although in a Camp de Faveur, in beautiful Annot, with its grand scenery, its pure air, its superb location in the valley of the Var, she is none the less discontented and unhappy. Her last words to me as we were leaving were: "For the love of God as well as of justice, Monsieur, plead for me with the French government. Show to them that my heart is French, my husband is French, every friend I have is a son or daughter of my beautiful France. I dare say 'my,' Monsieur, for I left Germany at the age of six years. I know nothing of her land or her people. Why, then, am I to be kept here for God only knows how many years?"

I tried to explain that her internment resulted as a matter of reciprocity, but she swept the explanation aside with a bitterness and an impatience which, though illogical, was perfectly natural. "Because the despicable Boche do a wicked thing is no reason why noble, generous France should do the same wicked thing. It is not right, it is not just. I implore you, Excellency, to intercede for me."

I promised her I would do so, but I know it will be of no avail; the monster War is implacable, inexorable. It takes no note of individuals. Though millions of men and women are crushed with bleeding hearts to the earth, that monster goes his terrible way, a soulless Juggernaut that devastates and destroys every animate and inanimate thing that lies between it and its appointed goal! I know now, as well as I shall know then, what they will reply at the Foreign Office when I mention the case of Madame F.: "We are desolated, Monsieur, not to be able to allow this request. If Madame F. could prove that she is French by marriage—ah, what happiness would it not then give us to restore her to her home! But she has no proofs, Monsieur. We only know that she is German. And so, as a matter of reciprocity, to conform to the German action in similar cases, we have no alternative but to intern Madame F. for the duration of the war." Following this interview I shall communicate its purport to Madame F., and then the incident will be "closed." That is what diplomacy calls it; the dossier of Madame F. in my office in the Paris Embassy will show that the incident is closed; we have thousands of such closed incidents, and shall get thousands more. But Madame F. and the thousands of others like her—ah, their heart-breaking longing for home and freedom will not be "closed." The human heart can't be ticketed and disposed of like a diplomatic dossier; the suffering and misery caused by the mad ambition of a Kaiser and a military caste to rule the world are breaking hearts in every continent on the globe, and will go on breaking hearts even after the war is over.

From Annot we motored (in a machine rented from a citizen of the town) down the gorge over a superb road to Entrevaux, that wonderfully picturesque city which stands on a huge rock surrounded on three sides by the rushing river Var and whose fourth side is a precipitous rock that rises six hundred feet above the city. On the summit of that lofty

rock is a castle built by Vauban. Two centuries ago no doubt that castle with its massive walls, perched on top of a peak, was a place of some military value; to-day, however, it is of no military importance whatever. Even a small gun, as guns now go, could knock the Fortress of Entrevaux to smithereens, consequently for a century or more Vauban's creation has been untenanted, serving merely as a picturesque addition to the wild and weird panorama in which it is located. But since 1914 a lot of German officers have been housed in this ancient fortress, and so we went there to see how they are being treated. . . . Entrevaux' streets are too narrow for vehicles; our automobile was left on the other side of the narrow, foaming river Var while we crossed over a drawbridge, passed through a covered stone gateway and entered the quaint and curious town. A few minutes' walk through the two-yard wide tortuous streets brought us to the edge of the 600-foot rock and then began a climb which was almost as fatiguing as the 2,400-foot climb up the mountain to Castello de Rostino, so steep is the rugged path, so slippery are its rocks and bowlders. . . .

Our unheralded arrival at the top of the rock caused no little commotion; the armed sentinel at the fortress gate scrutinized our papers closely; they bear our photographs and are countersigned by the French Ministers of War and Interior and command all prison authorities throughout France and Corsica to open their doors to us and afford us every facility to inspect the condition of both prisons and prisoners. There was no gainsaying the correctness of our papers, nevertheless that sentinel's motto was "safety first." He summoned a guard and directed him to summon the Commandant; while awaiting that official Morse and I remained outside the fortress gate, glad of the chance to recover our breath and to look down upon the unrivaled scene below us—upon the mottled, moss-covered tile roofs of the ancient houses of Entrevaux and upon the towering mountains behind and before us, with

the foaming torrent of a river in the bottom of the gorge swirling around the huge rock on which Entrevaux stands as it rushes on its way to sea.

When the Commandant came to the gate, examined our papers and found them perfectly "en regle," the stern look on his face gave place to a smile and he greeted us cordially. "Enter, Messieurs," he said. "We shall be glad to have you visit every part of the fortress and to talk with our prisoners —of course, in the presence of our interpreter. You are aware, Messieurs, of the new rule in this respect?" We told Commandant G. we knew of the new rule that was made necessary by Germany's action, whereupon he declared impulsively: "Why need I follow such an example? We have nothing to conceal. Let my prisoners tell you what they wish; if they have any just cause of complaint I shall gladly try to remove it."

It was with this excellent spirit that our inspection of the fortress was begun and, as was to be expected under so broad-minded a commandant, we found the administration of the place efficient and humane. True, the quarters of the Prussian officers are not modern, consequently are not supplied with modern conveniences such as sanitary plumbing; the floors are of stone instead of wood, and the windows are screened with iron bars. But, given these conditions which are inherent in the nature of the place, we thought in all other respects the Fortress of Entrevaux quite suited for the purpose to which the French have put it. The spokesman of the prisoners said no one had any special complaint to make excepting a certain Captain B., who was undergoing a thirty-day cell sentence; the Captain, he added, wished to prefer his complaint to me personally. When I asked the Commandant if this would be permitted he smiled and said pleasantly: "Mais oui. Why not?" And forthwith directed an orderly to bring Captain B. from his cell to the office where we were sitting. In five minutes the prisoner stood before me—a tall,

handsome man with upturned blond mustaches, a long welt across his right cheek, made probably by a saber in a college duel. Clicking his heels sharply together, Captain B. brought his right hand to his face in a stiff salute, then stood motionless, rigid, erect as if he had swallowed a ramrod.

"Sie wollen mit mir sprechen?" (You wish to speak with me?) I said.

"Ja, Excellenz!"

"Proceed."

And thereupon the Captain related his grievance. He had been sentenced to remain solitary in a cell for thirty days because he had resented an insult offered to his country and his Kaiser.

"And you know, Excellenz," he continued, "as it was my right to resent such an insult, so it was not the right of the Herr Commandant to punish me. It is a violation of Kriegs Gesetz—(war law)—to punish one for doing that which it is one's duty to do."

"What was the insult?" I asked. "Who insulted your Kaiser and your country?"

Replies to this, and to other questions, developed these facts: Captain B. had asked Commandant G. for the field glasses taken from him the day of his capture during the Battle of the Marne. To this Commandant G. had answered he did not have the glasses; they had not been forwarded to Entrevaux. "In that case," Captain B. replied haughtily, "it is my duty to inform you, Monsieur, that your people have stolen my glasses. And, sir, as you know, people who steal are thieves!" To this Commandant G. had retorted: "What is a pair of field glasses compared with the millions the Kaiser has stolen from France and Belgium?"

Incredible as it may seem, this was the "insult." It did not occur to Captain B. that he himself had offered an insult to the French people by accusing them of stealing his glasses; or if it occurred to him, it did not matter. The French are

not supermen; an insult to them doesn't count. But to say that the Kaiser has robbed the people of France and Belgium seemed to this haughty Prussian officer a heinous offense. During our colloquy Commandant G. listened attentively, without, however, understanding a word, for we spoke in German. When I translated into French the grievance complained of by Captain B., the Commandant smiled and said:

"Be so good as to say to him, Monsieur, that I did not mean the Kaiser stole personally; I meant that his army stole money and goods, yes and jewelry, paintings, heirlooms, everything of value that they could carry away."

This, translated to the Prussian Junker, increased rather than lessened his anger; he continued rigid, erect, heels close together, his blue eyes cold as steel.

"Excellenz," he said, "the Herr Commandant has not mended matters. To insult my army is to insult my Kaiser; and to insult my Kaiser is to insult me. Therefore, I repeat, it is a violation of the articles of war to put me in a cell for resenting an insult."

To this when translated to him Commandant G. shrugged his shoulders and declared that not even for Captain B. would he speak a falsehood, which he would be speaking were he to say that the German armies had *not* plundered both France and Belgium. "I cannot allow the prisoner's reclamation," he concluded curtly.

"It is no more than I expected," observed Captain B. coldly when I told him the Commandant's decision. "But that does not alter the fact that an outrage is being done. It leaves one more account to settle when Germany imposes her will upon her foes."

With this his right hand again came to his head with a stiff salute, his body turned, still rigid as an iron rod, his heels clicked together again in that peculiar German military way, and off he strode to complete his thirty days in a cell.

It was all so absurd, so unnecessary. With only a modicum

of common sense Captain B. might pass the days of his captivity in comfort, if not in pleasure. But even in that fortress prison, perched on a peak high above the river Var, he is a Prussian and a Junker. And so he is as proud, as haughty, as unreasonable at Entrevaux as he was in pre-war days when elbowing common mortals off the sidewalks of Berlin.

PART II

Cannes, Monday night,
October 2, 1916.

THE contrast between the Camp de Faveur at Annot and the Camp de Discipline at St. Tropez is as striking as the names indicate; in the latter camp conditions are as stern and rigorous as they are easy-going and lenient at Annot. Only men of desperate or criminal character are sent to St. Tropez; and, once locked up in the gloomy old fortress on top of a hill overlooking the Mediterranean, the prisoners are watched by grim-faced soldiers who shoot to kill at the slightest effort on the part of a German to escape. Some of the Germans at St. Tropez are former convicts, some are deserters from the French army, others are classed as "Anarchists."

A prisoner with whom I talked had been a soldier of France's Foreign Legion; when Germany declared war on France, Fritz promptly skipped out, and, being caught, was court-martialed, found guilty of desertion in face of the enemy and sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment and to forty years' banishment from France. "Is life in the Foreign Legion very delightful?" I asked Fritz. He looked at me in astonishment as he answered, "No, that he had led a dog's life in the Legion." "Is then the pay so good?" I asked. "No, Monsieur, only four sous a day." "So, then," I added, "for a paltry four sous a day you risk your life, take frightful marches across the deserts of Africa. And then for nothing at all, not even four sous, you desert, you take desperate chances of death from hunger and thirst as well as from French bullets, and you land in prison for seventeen years. Why did you do it?"

"For love of the Fatherland," answered the German proudly, an answer which showed anew what a strange, what an inter-

esting thing is the animal we call Man. Fritz' desertion was not denied, his punishment was deserved. And yet I could not help feeling for him something akin to admiration and sympathy. . . . Although the discipline at St. Tropez is stern, even severe, it is not more so than seems necessary in the case of such men as are interned there, consequently Morse and I finished our inspection within a few hours and started back on the eighty-kilometer motor ride to Cannes; before seeing Corsica's wonderful scenery to-day's ride would have seemed to us extraordinarily beautiful, but nothing even in Switzerland surpasses the grandeur of Corsica's mountains, hence we did not go into ecstasies to-day as otherwise we might easily have done. For, in truth, few roads in Europe are more beautiful than that we have just traversed along the Mediterranean. On one hand was the deep blue water of the sea, on the other rose towering mountains on whose sides were beautiful villas surrounded by orange, palm and other tropical trees. . . . At one point on the road a hydroplane suddenly dropped out of a cloud and landed on the water below us; and a few minutes later our automobile had to draw to one side to let pass a regiment of Russian soldiers which came toward us with long swinging stride, the men singing as they marched a weird, somber Slavic song. Every man in the regiment seemed at least six feet one inch high; if they could only fight as well as they look what wonderful soldiers they would be! But they can't, which is why I hear many Frenchmen say they hope for the best, but fear the worst, so far as Russia is concerned.

Yesterday morning after our arrival at Cannes from Entrevaux, we took a motorboat and went to Isle Ste. Marguerite some miles off the coast, where a lot of Germans are interned in the same fortress which housed Marshal Bazaine after he was condemned for betraying France to the Germans, and where—long before Bazaine—the Man with the Iron Mask was imprisoned. The cell where this man of mystery

remained so long has a high-vaulted ceiling and a window that looks out on the sea; at one end of the room is a toilet stool which opens direct, without trap or other obstruction, upon the sea at the base of the rock sixty or seventy feet below. Commandant J. — told us that one day the Man in the Iron Mask dropped into the sea through this opening one of the gold plates used in his dinner service; the plate was found by a fisherman who, being honest, took it to the Governor of the Island. This latter, observing that a message and a name had been scratched on the plate, demanded of the fisherman if he could read. "No, Excellency," returned the worthy fellow. Whereupon the Governor told him he should thank God for being an ignorant man. "Could you read, fellow," said the Governor, "you would never live to see another day."

What a pity that that fisherman was not at once a reader and a liar! For, in that case, by lying he could have saved his life, and by reading what was scratched on that gold plate he might have solved a puzzle that even after all these years still mystifies the world. . . . Commandant J. —, now Governor of Isle Ste. Marguerite, is a grizzled veteran who once was in command of Corsica; he has walked all over the island of Napoleon's birth and was much interested in hearing of our inspection of its prison monasteries. "Tell me frankly," he said, "how my management here compares with the places you have visited?" I gladly complied with this request, as in truth my inspection of Isle Ste. Marguerite disclosed no matters worthy of serious criticism. Geofrey Wald, chief of the prisoners, before the war headwaiter of the Hotel Luxembourg at Nice, said the fortress now houses 222 Germans, 47 Austrians and 4 Turks, and that none has any special complaint to make. One big blond German begged me to intercede with Commandant J. — for a piano. "My career is gone if I stay here much longer without a piano," said the big German sadly. "Look at my fingers. See how stiff they

are becoming! I am, or rather was, an artist, Excellency. Is it possible the French wish to deprive me of my art as well as of my liberty?"

I felt sorry for the man, and I believe Commandant J. — is sorry for him, too; but the French newspapers have been raising a hue and cry about the way German prisoners are being "pampered"; stories have been printed saying that while the people of France are cold and hungry the Germans on Ste. Marguerite are warm and well fed, that they are given the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean as their home. "In view of this sentiment, Monsieur, it would not be politic at this juncture to have a piano brought to the island." So concluded the Commandant's reply to my submission to him of the big blond German's request, and when I translated it into German the poor fellow looked at his fingers a moment, then without a word turned and walked away, tears in his eyes. For in that reply he saw an end to his hope of becoming a great pianist.

After looking at the several rooms and the bastion where Marshal Bazaine was confined, and whence he often looked across the blue Mediterranean at the shores of the France he was never to step foot on again (when he escaped he went to Spain and died there), Commandant J. — escorted us down the steep stone stairs leading from the fortress to the sea, and he stood there waving us a bon voyage until our motor launch was well on its way back to Cannes. Queen Victoria made this town popular with the fashionable world, so did her son, Edward VII., to whom, in gratitude, the city has erected a monument near "Les Allees," as they call the marvelously beautiful park filled with rows of superb trees which is the rendezvous of all who visit Cannes. Edward is represented as a yachtsman, in sack coat, cap on his head and sea glasses in his hands; at the base of the statue is the marble figure of a beautiful girl in the nude. It is said that King Edward was fond both of yachting and of girls—a fact per-

haps not unknown to the sculptor who designed this memorial of him in Cannes. . . .

Quite a number of Germans are interned in the Château d'If, the island where the Count of Monte Cristo was imprisoned; I had intended stopping in Marseilles in order to visit these Germans, but a wire from the Embassy requires me to return to-morrow to Paris, consequently I cannot now renew the acquaintance with that historic and picturesque prison which I visited in 1885 on my first visit to Marseilles.

Paris, Sunday night,
October 8, 1916.

I HAVE just returned from the opera *Louise,* whose beautiful music is sung by France's greatest artists; the opera is kept open so as to cheer the people, especially blind soldiers who no longer may see the beauties of the world but who still can enjoy music and song. Scores of these unfortunates were there to-night, and apparently they were unmindful of their affliction—indeed, they seemed actually gay. But to me the sadness of seeing brave men so afflicted, so helpless, left little room in my heart to enjoy the beautiful stage setting or the still more beautiful music of *Louise.* Between each act everybody went out into the foyer where the blind soldiers promenaded up and down, led by ladies who laughed and chatted in a brave attempt to make them forget their misfortune. In leaving the opera after the performance ended I saw the blind soldiers being led away, to each guide four soldiers, who let their right hand rest lightly on the guide's shoulder as they followed him docilely out into the blackness of the great city. . . .

Although the war is more than two years old, food conditions in France seem no worse than in the United States. The other day when Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, of the Embassy, dined with me at a café on the Boulevard des Italiens dinner for the three of us, including a bottle of Saumur Mousseux, cost

27 francs—about $4.64. We had hors d'œuvres (sardines, anchovies, olives, radishes, etc.), roast chicken, fried potatoes, lettuce with egg and French dressing, cheese, coffee and wine. I know of no first-class restaurant in New York where so good a dinner may be had at so reasonable a price.*

Paris, Sunday,
October 15, 1916.

One really great good that the war has done for mankind is in the way of developing the science of surgery, especially plastic surgery. Operations are performed now which only a year ago would have been considered impossible; it is a common sight to see soldiers with new faces, faces practically made by the surgeons. Your nose or your jawbone may be smashed to pieces by a piece of shrapnel, but do not despair, the surgeons will patch you up so that you can eat and breathe just as well as before. You may not be quite so handsome, but that will be more than compensated for by the hero's mark that will be yours for the rest of your life, a mark worth having, judging by the consideration given everywhere to the soldiers who bear on their faces or bodies the evidence of sacrifice for France.

The French postage stamp bears the picture of a woman sowing grain, a fit symbol for this beautiful land which everywhere, even after two years of war, is a veritable garden. A woman fructifying the earth, sowing seed that the harvest may bring gladness and happiness to the sons of men! How much better is this than the ruin and desolation and despair that follow in the wake of war; yet some countries place on their stamps and coins the effigy of a King or Kaiser, a destroyer instead of creator of happiness for mankind. France may instead of creator of happiness for mankind. It is something to have an ideal, and every democrat loves France which

* Compare prices at this same restaurant in June, 1918 (see page 286).

honors woman fructifying the earth, France which carves on all its public buildings those grand words:

LIBERTY—EQUALITY—FRATERNITY!

In Paris one is struck by the fact that most of the men wear mustaches, and many wear bushy beards. "Only priests and waiters wear smooth faces," said a Parisian to me the other day. It is a matter of fashion. During our Civil War beards seem to have been the rule, if one may judge from the portraits of that period. . . .

The Callot sisters, Paris' famous dressmakers, have recently opened a three million franc establishment a few doors from the Hotel Alexandre III., just off the Champs Elysées, and recently I accepted an invitation to inspect the establishment. After observing and admiring a score of boudoirs, decorated in the tapestries and furnishings of different epochs—Louis XIV., Louis XV., the Empire, etc., etc.—the woman who acted as my cicerone asked if I wished to see the Manikins. I said, yes, thinking she meant to conduct me to the large salon where girls prance up and down in beautiful gowns before buyers who come from America and other foreign lands to see the latest Paris creations. But instead of taking me to the grand salon Madame conducted me to a dressing room where were a score of young women in various degrees of nudity. Some were just taking off their street gowns, others had already disrobed, still others had begun to don the gorgeous creations of the Callot sisters which were about to be exhibited in the Grand Salon. To me the situation as I entered that room and saw that exhibition of unadorned loveliness was embarassing, but the Manikins, after a casual glance at the masculine intruder, went on with their toilets as unconcernedly as if no man were within a hundred miles. Half an hour later I saw the same girls in the Grand Salon arrayed in finery that Solomon in all his glory would have envied—and perhaps in vain, for the prices charged for those gowns were exorbitant. I noted one that reached barely to

the knees and extended upward little, if any, above the waist; and on one side there was an opening from the knee to the waist, so that the amount of goods contained in the garment was almost negligible, yet the price was Frcs. 3,000. A fat, florrid faced buyer from New York who sat on the bench next to me fingered this gown, turned the Manikin around, poked her in the back and finally gave an order for the garment—to be sold, I presume, to a Broadway chorus girl; surely so extreme a cut will hardly be in favor with any one not in a ballet.

I lunched yesterday with a French acquaintance, M. Robert Le Griffon, who has recently returned from Revigny: while in that city, which was once occupied by the Germans but which the French have reconquered, a German airplane flew over the lines and dropped thousands of circulars addressed to the French people and aimed at arousing their fear and suspicion of the English. M. Le Griffon said the Frenchmen he saw picking up the German circulars did not read them through; after a mere glance they threw them on the ground and to emphasize their contempt for the boche, spit upon the message he had dropped down from the clouds. I was more curious and so read from beginning to end the circular which my friend kindly gave me as a souvenir: here is an exact copy:

Berlin le 26 Juillet, 1916.

"FRANÇAIS!

Vos aviateurs au moyen de lancement de bombes ont tué un grand nombre de civils, hommes, femmes et enfants dans ces dernières semaines, bien en arrière du front, en Allemagne.

Rien qu'à Karlsruhe le 22 Juin 1916 on a compté 48 morts, parmi lesquels 30 enfants innocents. Mulheim fut bombardé le 22 Juin, Fribourg le 16 Juillet, Kandern, Holzen et Mappach le 17 Juillet, Heitersheim près Fribourg, et Mulheim, le 22 Juillet.

Dans toutes ces attaques on a eu à déplorer des victimes, tant en morts qu'en blessés. Tous ces endroits n'ont pas la

moindre importance au point de vue militaire, comme chacun même n'ayant aucune notion militaire doit pouvoir s'en rendre compte en jetant un coup d'oeil sur la carte.

Le Commandant militaire Allemand a tout d'abord hésité à croire que le gouvernement Français et le généralissime etaient capables de se rendre coupables d'un tel acte de barbarie. Il avait pensé que vos aviateurs avaient pu se tromper dans l'éxécution de leur mission.

FRANÇAIS!

Vos aviateurs ne se sont pas trompés! Un hasard nous a permis de connaitre la source de ces crimes! Nous savons aujourd'hui sans qu'il puisse y avoir le moindre doute à cet égard qu'ils ont été commis *sur l'ordre exprès de votre gouvernement!*

C'est votre Président Poincaré lui-même qui a suggéré cet ordre et il n'a pas honte d'avoir prêté l'oreille a la basse instigation des Anglais!

Tout aussi bien que vous et nous, les Anglais savent que le peuple Français est las des sacrifices de sang que lui coûté cette guerre. C'est pourquoi il fallait chercher un moyen pour attirer de nouveau la colère et la haine contre l'Allemagne. Y-avait-il pour cela une meilleure manière que de faire bombarder vos villes paisibles par des escadres d'aviateurs Allemands?

Eh bien! Pour arriver à ce but les Anglais ont conçu le plan diabolique de faire bombarder Karlsruhe et d'autres endroits paisibles loin du territoire des opérations militaires. Le Président Poincaré, aujourd'hui esclave de l'Angleterre, et qui tombera aussitôt que vos drapeaux auront été roulés, se fit l'instrument sans conscience de cette action.

Voilà le plan tel qu'il fut conçu; et n'oubliez pas que c'est un plan Anglais!

L'Allemagne fait la guerre aux armées Françaises, elle ne la fait pas à la population civile, aux femmes et aux enfants. Elle espère que ces explications suffiront pour empêcher de la part des escadres Françaises de nouvelles attaques barbares de ce genre. En cas de recidivre l'Allemagne se verrait obligée de prendre des mesures semblables afin de se défendre.

Mais vous saurez alors, Français, que cet esclave de l'Angleterre, M. Poincaré, sera responsable du sang répandu par des victimes innocentes, et que c'est la barbarie Anglaise qui nous aura obligés à apporter la destruction et le deuil dans vos villes, loin en arrière du front!"

Translation:

"Berlin, July 26, 1916.

Frenchmen:—

By dropping bombs your aviators have killed a great number of civilians, men, women and children, in the past few weeks behind the front in Germany. At Karlsruhe alone on June 22 there were 48 deaths of which 30 were innocent children. Mulheim was bombed June 22, Freibourg July 16, Kandern, Holzen and Mappach July 17, Heitersheim near Freibourg and Mulheim July 22.

In all these attacks there have been both dead and wounded. None of these localities is of the least importance from a military point of view, as any one with even the least military sense must see with a mere glance at the map.

At first the German military command hesitated to believe that the French government was capable of such an act of barbarity; it supposed that your aviators made a mistake in the execution of their mission.

Frenchmen! Your aviators made no mistake! Chance has enabled us to learn the source of these crimes. We now know without the least doubt that they were committed by the express order of your government!

It is President Poincaré himself who conceived that order and he has not been ashamed to lend an ear to the base instigations of the English!

The English know as well as you and we that the French people are tired of the sacrifices entailed by this war, hence it was necessary to find a means to arouse anew your anger and hate for Germany. And what better way could they invent than cause your peaceful cities to be bombed by German squadrons of aviators?

Well, in order to accomplish this object the English con-

ceived the diabolical plan to cause bombs to be thrown on Karlsruhe and other places far from the field of military operations. President Poincaré, now a slave of England's, who will fall from power just as soon as your flags have been furled, made himself the conscienceless instrument of that scheme. That is the plan he conceived! And do not forget that it is an English plan.

Germany makes war against armed Frenchmen; she does not war against the civil population, against women and children. She hopes these explanations will suffice to prevent further barbarous air attacks by French aviators, but in case such attacks are repeated Germany will find herself obliged to defend herself by adopting similar measures. But you will then know, Frenchmen, that it will be that slave of England, M. Poincaré, who will be responsible for the blood which will be shed by innocent victims! You will know that it is the barbarity of the English which will have forced us to bring destruction and desolation to your villages far behind the front!"

Five hundred years ago when the English ruled this part of France and burned poor Joan of Arc at a stake in Rouen it required heroic effort on the part of the French to make them go home. There is now fifty times as big an English army in France as there was half a thousand years ago, but to-day no sensible Frenchman fears that the English will stay a day longer than is necessary to thrash the Boche. Germany, however, woefully ignorant of the psychology of other nations, thinks by such silly circulars as the above to set the French against their English ally. . . .

To-day I saw the holes made by a German bomb in the wall of a building near our Embassy; our Ambassador, who happened to be passing when the bomb came tumbling down from the sky, had a narrow escape. This, however, was some time ago. Of late the French seem to have been able to keep the German Taubes from reaching Paris. As soon as one crosses the lines flying west a swarm of French airmen rises

up to meet it, with the result that since January, 1916, no German aviator has dropped any bombs upon the capital. Last Sunday while dining at my friend Terry's on the Avenue Victor the siren sounded and all of us jumped to our feet and rushed to the window. Quick as we were, the French avions had already risen in the air from their field across the Avenue Victor, just outside the city's wall, and it was a beautiful sight to see them spread out in fan shape and disappear in the east on their way to intercept the Germans. When the siren sounds Parisians are supposed to take refuge in the cellar, but such was our confidence in these French aviators that we resumed our places at the table and calmly finished our dinner. Half an hour later the signal sounded that the danger was over, and we knew that the Boche had either been brought to the ground or forced to fly back beyond his own lines. . . . While Paris thus seems immune, air raids over London are increasing in frequency and intensity.

It so happens that a friend of mine was in London early in August: on the night of the third he was at a theater performance and instead of seeking refuge in the cellar, when the siren sounded he in common with the rest of the audience rushed out onto the street to see the sight. "Our chief, if not only, emotion," he said, "was that of curiosity. And verily it is well worth while to witness a Zeppelin raid—what with the huge arms of light piercing the heavens, the roar of anti-aircraft guns, the exulting shouts of the multitude when the search lights find the Zepps and the great airship is clearly seen in the fierce white lights,—*that* is a thing long to be remembered!

"But what of the danger?" I queried.

"Oh, nobody thinks of that. Why should they? The odds are all in your favor. For instance, this raid of August 3d killed and wounded only 87 people. That, of course, is regrettable, but in London, with its six million population more

people are injured every week by motor buses and automobiles."

And this was the raid which the German people were told killed 15,000 people! . . .

From the London *Times* of September 27, 1916, I note an account of the first visit of "War Brides" to British prisoners interned in Switzerland. Torn from their husbands in August, 1914, these wives have been widows for two years; and now at last, Germany having sent the prisoners to Switzerland because they are totally disabled, their wives may visit them—*if* they are financially able to do so. Somebody wrote the *Times* it would be a graceful thing to enable the women to visit their husbands; the suggestion was acted on, a fund was raised and the first batch of women went to Switzerland a few weeks ago; for 14 days they remained with their husbands at the Château d'Oex, then returned to England. Both on the going and the returning trip they were looked after by the Red Cross; they were met at Havre and supplied with hot coffee and warm coats and blankets for the cold ride through France; and, arrived in Switzerland, they were given comfortable quarters with their husbands. One can imagine the joy of those meetings after the two past frightful years during which those women had not heard from their husbands and had given them up for dead. Verily war does arouse some of the noblest as well as the basest feelings known to the human heart. Heavily taxed as they are, the people of England voluntarily tax themselves still more to help put a little sunshine, a little gladness into the lives of others. The *Times* announces that money will be raised in sufficient sums to send to Switzerland all the "War Brides" whose husbands have been allowed by Germany to become interned in the mountain republic, and the Red Cross has agreed to look out for the physical welfare of the voyagers as they pass through France. The Red Cross never misses a chance to do good.

Paris, Wednesday night,
November 1, 1916.

To-day, along with the President of France and some 200,000 Frenchmen, I went to the cemetery of the Père La Chaise, this being the day which the French people dedicates to the memory of its dead, *le jour des morts!* On this day graves are covered with flowers, even though they are not remembered at any other time: it seemed as if all Paris was streaming to its cemeteries. Each one was filled with people and the Père la Chaise was so crowded, only with difficulty could I wedge a way through its maze of narrow streets in quest of the monuments I wished to see. On the Avenue Principal, to the left just after entering the main gate, is the grave of Rosinni; the great composer died in 1868 and for a while his body rested under the monument which bears his name, but in 1887 it was removed to the city of his birth, Florence, Italy. Near the Rosinni monument is that of Alfred de Musset, who in his will asked his friends to plant a willow over his grave so that it could always weep for him, and so that he might hear the rustling of its leaves. His friends, as poetic in feeling if not in expression as he, planted the willow at the head of his grave and there it stands to-day, its leaves rustling in the cold November wind for De Musset to hear, if only the spirits of the dead have power to listen. . . . A short walk brought me to Alphonse Daudet's grave, and nearby to the tombs of three of Napoleon's marshals, Massena, Lefebre and Grouchy, he whose slowness at Waterloo changed the course of history. Marshal Lefebre's plot comprises 23 square meters of ground and an inscription on the monument records that his remains are to stay buried in that plot "in perpetuity." Père la Chaise is so crowded, unless one is a marshal, or very rich, one can't stay there long; the average grave is rented for only five years. After that term ends, out you go unless more rent money is forthcoming. Two square meters "in perpetuity"

cost 1,000 francs; the fifth and sixth square meters cost 2,000 francs each; the more ground you buy in perpetuity the higher the price per square meter; the object is to discourage you from taking up too much space after you are dead. . . . Not far from the three marshals is a beautiful white monument erected in memory of poor Ney, whose body was brought here after he was shot to death in the fosse of the Luxembourg by French soldiers whom he had led to a hundred victories on a hundred battlefields. . . . Another interesting tomb is that of La Vallette with its bas relief showing the Frenchman in his prison changing clothes with his wife so as to escape the guillotine on which the Terrorists had condemned him to die; the ruse succeeded and La Vallette lived to a ripe old age, not dying until forty years after the Revolution, in 1830. Other interesting tombs I saw to-day were those of Balzac, Cambacérès and Siéyès (Napoleon's co-consuls), Junot (Napoleon's marshal), and Walewski (Napoleon's son), who sleeps in a large mausoleum.

Interesting as were the tombs of these great Frenchmen, a tomb which possessed for me even greater interest was Oscar Wilde's—a great block of gray stone on one side of which is carved the winged figure of an Assyrian in a crouching, flying attitude—a weird, uncanny thing, quite in keeping with the strange being in whose memory it was made. On the back of the huge block of stone are these words:

"Born October 16, 1854; Died, fortified by the sacraments of the Church, November 30, 1900, at Hotel d'Alsace, 13 Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris.

> And alien tears will fill for him
> Pity's long broken urn;
> For his mourners will be outcast men,
> And outcasts always mourn."

In small letters at the bottom of the pedestal are the words:

"Given by a lady as a memoir of her admiration of the poet. . . . Designed by Jacob Epstein."

On the grave lay a single bunch of fresh flowers; were they, too, "given by a lady?" By her who erected this costly monument? What romance lies hidden behind that huge block of stone and under that modest bunch of flowers which I saw to-day at the grave of Oscar Wilde? . . . Some weeks ago, happening to be on the Rue des Beaux Arts, I paused to look at No. 13, the Hotel d'Alsace where the poet died sixteen years ago. It is a shabby, dingy street and No. 13 is a shabby, dingy house. What a place to witness the friendless, unattended, lonely last moments of one of England's most miserable and most gifted men!

Only less touching than Wilde's tomb are the graves in Père la Chaise of the German prisoners; "les tombes des prisoniers allemands se trahissent par leur nudite." True; dying in an alien land, far from their homes beyond the Rhine, these Germans alone have no flowers over them on this, the one day of the year, when all other graves, however humble, are sure to be remembered.

Paris, Friday,
November 3, 1916.

Word has come from Berlin that German prisoners at Rouen are being badly treated. The Note Verbale, a memorandum of the alleged bad treatment of the Germans by the English and French, is sent by Mr. Gerard to our Minister to Switzerland, Mr. Stoveall in Berne; Mr. Stoveall sends it to the Paris Embassy and when I complete my investigation of the conditions complained of, my report will be sent in the same roundabout manner to Berlin. That our work does great good can hardly be doubted; it is having a humanizing effect upon even the most callous Commandant of the most remote prison camp. Russia has interned Germans in eastern Siberia, but distant as is that part of the world from Petrograd representatives of our

Embassy in that city are in the habit of dropping into those Siberian camps at the most unexpected moments in order to see how the Russians are treating the German prisoners. The fact that such visits may be made at any moment has an excellent effect in deterring Commandants from giving way to bad temper or bad nerves and mistreating the men in their power. . . . The Germans at Rouen may be badly treated; if so, I shall tell the truth about it. But there are two good reasons for believing that Berlin has received false reports: first, the French seem disposed of their own free will to be humane and kindly; second, even were they not a kind, humane people, they would not mistreat German prisoners, knowing that I, or one of my assistants, would make the fact known to Berlin and thus invite reprisals upon Frenchmen in Germany.

Rouen, Saturday night,
November 4, 1916.

When Beamer (my wife) and I rolled into Rouen in our roadster before the war a sleepy octroi officer at the city gate asked if we had anything to declare; we said "Rien," whereupon the octroi man said "Allez", and into the city we went. It isn't that easy to-day. Being in the war zone, no one may enter Rouen without a military pass and at that you are considered a spy until you prove you are not one. At the railway station, on arriving to-day, my two assistants (Dr. Mullen and Morse) and I had to run three gauntlets. First a French officer took us in hand; after telling him our history (including the maiden names of our mothers), an English officer cross-examined us; after him a Belgian officer quizzed us. And not until all three of these inquisitors were convinced that we were really from the American Embassy were we allowed to pass through the gates and take a taxi to our hotel.

Rouen is a different place from that which Beamer and I knew before the war. Then it was quiet, almost sleepy; to-

day it is about the busiest city in France. And it is more English than French. At every corner stands a big Englishman in uniform, the letters "M. P." on his sleeve. "Member of Parliament?" said Morse to one of the big fellows. "No, military police," answered the Englishman without cracking a smile. There are many thousand "Tommies" in Rouen, some of whom occasionally get a bit too gay—"lit up" as the boys say. And then these big M. P. fellows take the Tommies in hand; the French have nothing to do with punishing an English soldier for misbehaving.

The last time the English were in command in Rouen they were unwelcome visitors; the sight of an English head in Rouen 500 years ago was the signal for firing a French bullet. To-day the sight of the English arouses French enthusiasm. Rouen's shops look like London's; English goods, English styles are seen everywhere and English Tommies are on every street arm in arm with French lassies with whom they can't exchange a word that either understands; but for all that both seem thoroughly pleased with the situation. No petty barrier of race or language can keep Youth apart!

After dinner to-night we went to a "Revue" at a theater on an island in the Seine, opposite our hotel. The theater was crowded with English, French and Belgian soldiers and the air was thick with tobacco smoke, but we endured the discomfort for the sake of seeing those soldiers and learning a little about their way of forgetting the horror of the trenches. On the stage there were several really good vaudeville acts, including some pretty and almost naked girls, but these, though applauded by the soldier audience, did not arouse as much enthusiasm as did a tableau representing the poster which one now sees all over France, the poster showing a *poilu* with uplifted hand, rifle slung over his shoulder, rushing forward, the joy of victory in his eyes as he cries:

"On les aura!" ("We'll get 'em!")

The tableau was an excellent representation of this poster,

the soldier looked exactly like the one in the picture and the audience literally howled its approval. There was no need of a paid Claque to-night; the soldier audience seemed to enjoy even the poorest numbers of the Revue, nevertheless the Claque was there; and it operated in an open, matter of fact way that to us was surprising. The leader occupied a balcony seat near and just above the stage. When applause was desired this leader waved his hand, as an orchestra leader waves his baton, openly and unashamed. And when he thought the applause had lasted long enough, he waved his hand again and instantly the noisy tumult ceased. It was all done openly; the entire audience could see the Claque leader and his docile applauders; but, apart from Morse, Mullen and I, nobody appeared to think the proceeding either strange or absurd.

Rouen, Sunday night,
November 5.

This morning on finishing coffee and adjourning to the reading room of the Hotel de Paris we found there Captain Georges Gromaire who in civil life is Professor Gromaire of the Lycée Buffon, 189 Rue de Vaugirard, Paris, author of a number of critical literary works; but for the duration of the war Captain Gromaire is Aide to Col. Fleury, Commandant of this military Region, and we speedily found him to be a very cultured, amiable gentleman. He took us first to the Hotel de la Poste where our luggage was left, then the big Renault limousine whirled us across the Seine to the English camp on the outskirts of Rouen. Col. Catell, Commander of the English camp, received us cordially and told us to stay as long as we liked and see as much as we wished. Acting on this invitation, we went from one end of the camp to the other; we inspected the dormitories and kitchens, the bath houses and latrines, talked with the prisoners alone and tasted the food served to them by ten German prisoner cooks. Not only did we find none of the evil things mentioned by Berlin,

but in the opinion of Dr. Mullen, Morse and myself Col. Catell's camp is even more sanitary and more humanely managed than ordinary. The wooden barracks are heated by stoves and lighted by electric lamps; the sleeping bunks, raised eighteen inches above the wood floors, are provided with straw mattresses and blankets; the grounds around the barracks are drained by subsoil pipes; the food not only complies with the convention between Great Britain and Germany, but in addition to the stipulated amounts agreed on by the two belligerents Col. Catell gives each of his prisoners half a pound of meat a day—more than many German peasants were accustomed to having even before the war. I asked if the Berlin government was treating English prisoners to this extra, or to its equivalent; Col. Catell smiled sadly.

"I fear not," he said. "According to the reports we get our poor fellows do not receive even the amounts of food agreed on. However, no doubt that is because food is becoming scarce in Germany."

The quarters of the "Tommies" in small tents, eight men to the tent, contain no bunks, no mattresses, no stoves, no electric lights; the soldiers sleep on the wooden floors of the tents with only such warmth and comfort as are afforded by a couple of army blankets.

"Col. Catell," said I, "were I obliged to stay here I certainly should prefer to be one of your prisoners rather than one of your soldiers. Conditions being what I have noted, why does Berlin say such bad things about you?"

Col. Catell smiled. "Come this way and you will understand," he said. I followed him to his office where, heaped upon a table, was a pile of letters. "My prisoners are engaged in loading and unloading ships on the Seine," he explained. "Their one effort is to smuggle into the pocket of some neutral sailor a letter to people back in Germany. Generally my watchful Tommies catch them in the act; the result is such piles of letters as you see here. But sometimes Fritz

gets his letter into a Dutch or Danish sailor's pocket when my guards aren't looking and then there finally reach Berlin such reports as that which brings you here. Read some of these letters and you will see what I mean."

The first one I read was from a prisoner to his wife in Germany. An English guard had intercepted it as it was being passed to a sailor on a Dutch steamer. Here is a translation of the letter:

"Dear Lena:

I must bid you good-bye. You will never see me again. They are slowly starving me to death here, and torturing me besides. They make me sleep in pools of water. I am wasted to a skeleton and am so weak from rheumatism and cold that I want to die.

Good-bye, dear Lena; never forget what these English swine have done to me. I should love to see you once more but that can never be, as I can never leave this frightful (schrecklich) prison alive. So good-bye from

Thy HERMANN."

My look of indignation as I read this letter amused the British Colonel. "Tough, isn't it?" he said, "to have them write like that when we try to treat them so well."

"Tough?" I repeated. "It is villainous. What can prompt men to write such falsehoods when they know the terrible reprisals their lies may bring upon innocent prisoners in Germany?"

"They don't think of that," replied the Colonel. "Often their only idea is to pose at home as martyrs. The other day the Censor brought me a letter written by one of my Tommies to his wife in England. He began with the usual camp gossip, then a dash followed by: 'Excuse me, Mary, for being so disconnected, but a bomb fell near my tent just now and killed poor Bill Jones.' Then more camp gossip, then another dash followed this time by: 'Excuse me again, Mary, but the bullets are flying so thick I can hardly hear myself think!'

When that fellow was brought before me I sternly demanded why he wrote such stuff back to England when he knew that the German lines are nowhere near Rouen and that no bombs have fallen here since the beginning of the war. Tommy squirmed and twisted and didn't want to answer, but I kept after him and at length he said in a shamefaced way: 'Well, sir, of course, sir, I had to make it a bit interesting for the old woman at home!' Now, that may be all that ails Hermann; Lena wouldn't have much sympathy for a husband that lives in a warm, electrically lighted house and has more and better food than she has at home in Germany. But after reading such a letter as that you have just seen, when Hermann finally returns to his home across the Rhine he would be greeted as a hero snatched from the jaws of death. This is my guess as to the reason for the fellow's lies, although no doubt his government encourages such letters. You see, if the people in Germany knew how well we treat prisoners they wouldn't hate us so, and their soldiers would surrender more readily."

We had luncheon in the British officers' mess room—a bowl of beef-potato soup, Bully beef (corned beef, Americans call it), bread, cheese and wine. It tasted good but Col. Catell said he believed we would not care for it after a year or two. No doubt the Tommies do get tired of Bully beef, but it is satisfying and nourishing and the soldiers seem to thrive on it; I haven't seen one of them who doesn't look hard as nails. . . . Lieutenant Wood, Col. Catell's interpreter, sat next to me at luncheon;—a keen, alert officer who once lived in Boston and speaks with an American rather than an English accent. During the meal he said:

"We English have made an awful lot of mistakes in the past two years, and it's not our fault that we haven't been bally well licked before now. But we are like you Americans of whom some one said you try your best to go to the devil but the good Lord just won't let you. Every time you get

on the edge He pulls you back to safety again. Our luck, not our sense, has pulled us through, but we certainly had a narrow escape. At one time after the first battle of Ypres it seemed all was over. The Germans had us beaten."

"But now?" I queried.

"Oh, we've turned the corner," replied Lieut. Wood smiling. "It is friend Fritz' turn to worry now. He has stopped talking of our contemptible little army." On the way from Col. Catell's camp to the French prison at Biesard we motored across a bridge over the Seine and for two miles passed between mountains of boxes containing ammunition for the British army. Hundreds of motor trucks streamed along the road loaded with supplies just taken out of steamers on the Seine, destined for the English Tommies at the front. We saw ships from Norway unloading lumber; others from the Argentine carried frozen beef; from American ships automobiles and motor trucks were being unloaded—an impressive object lesson in Sea Power! Despite Germany's U-boats here were ships coming from all parts of the world with supplies for the French and British armies, whereas apart from two lone voyages of the Submarine *Deutschland,* carrying on the two trips less than an ordinary tramp steamer, Germany is unable to get any over-sea supplies whatever.

An unofficial visitor can sooner enter the gates of Paradise than the gates of a camp of prisoners of war, but the papers we bore, viséed by the French Minister of War were an open sesame for us. On showing them the armed sentinel in front of the twelve-foot high gates of Camp Biesard saluted, stood to one side and without delay permitted our limousine to pass through into the great hollow square of the camp. The barracks form three sides of the square, while the Seine forms the fourth; a high barbed wire fence runs around the entire place. The "Adrian" barracks provided by France for prisoners of war are built of wood in sections 100 feet long by 25 feet

wide. The parts are standardized so as to be quickly assembled; after a big battle a quantity of the parts is rushed to the desired point and within a few hours quarters are ready for any number of new prisoners. To-day the Biesard camp contained 1,198 men but to-morrow 360 more are coming and so when we made our inspection to-day we saw French soldiers busy assembling the parts of several new Adrian barracks. Each barrack contains two rows of two-story bunks; that is, one bed is placed four feet above the other. In the center between the two rows is an aisle provided with long tables and benches. Electric lamps light this center aisle and the prisoners use the tables not only to dine on but for playing cards, writing, etc.

As we entered one barrack a prisoner band was playing on home-made, or rather prison-made, instruments; the frame of the big bass violin was made of thin boards taken from a macaroni box; the violin keys were cut out of bones from the kitchen. A cold November rain was falling outside; in contrast with the drear exterior that barrack with its lively music, its red hot stoves, its hundreds of prisoners crowding around to listen to the music, seemed a very cheerful place, indeed. Judging from the looks of those Germans they were not sorry to be prisoners instead of soldiers in the trenches with bombs and bullets raining about their heads!

In Biesard's kitchen we saw eleven German cooks standing beside as many huge caldrons; the cooks ladled out soup into the tin bowls of the prisoners as they filed by, and so expert were they, the line did not halt—it moved slowly, but continuously, so that the twelve hundred men were served in less than half an hour. As each man passed out of the kitchen he went to his barrack and there ate his dinner of steaming soup, bread, coffee and water. The soup, filled with potatoes and beef, tasted good to me, but no doubt after two years I would have as great a distaste for it as some of the prisoners told me they have. But none said the food was insufficient

in quantity or that it lacked nourishment; in fact, the excellent physical condition of the 1,200 men is obvious even to a layman. Dr. Mullen, who closely examined the camp's health records as well as the men themselves, says he is astonished to find among so many men so few cases of sickness, and those cases of so trifling a nature.

In the library at Camp Biesard, containing 1,000 books, I noted a German reading the life of Helen Kellar; another was deeply absorbed in a German work on *Watt and the Steam Engine*. A number of the men were studying French books. The day being Sunday, all prisoners were in the camp, some listening to the band, others mending their clothes, still others writing letters. They are permitted to write two letters and four postal cards per month. On week days the Germans unload coal from steam ships on the Seine nearby—a very dirty work; complaint was made that the number of douches is insufficient; as every one of the 1,200 men must strip at night on returning from work and stand under a douche in order to wash off the coal grime, and as the camp now contains only four douches, the complaint seemed warranted, so I urged the Commandant to install at least a dozen more, which he agreed to do; he also accepted my recommendation that the present allowance of one pound of soap per month per man be increased.

Biesard's prison cells in wooden sheds are each 6x8x10 feet high; a small hole in the roof admits light and air, also water when it rains, which it does about every day during the winter. We found only one cell occupied—by a prisoner undergoing a 30-day sentence for attempting to escape. He is permitted to leave his cell once a day for one hour in order to bathe, exercise, etc. One day a week he receives the regular rations; the other six days he gets nothing but water and a half ration of bread, i. e., half instead of a whole pound. Prisoners are allowed to receive packages from home. They appoint their own committee to manage the receipt and delivery

of all gifts sent them and no package is opened until its owner is present. While we were in the receiving room to-day we saw one parcel opened, the contents of which seemed pathetic —a dilapidated pair of old shoes into which were stuffed a small piece of cake and a handful of dried apples!—what a pitiful offering! but it was the offering of love, perhaps of a wife, or an old mother. At any rate, the man to whom it was sent could not have looked more delighted had the gift been of great intrinsic value; he hugged the shoes close under his arms and grinned happily as he walked away, the envy of his fellows who had not even such a gift to remind them of home and loved ones across the Rhine.

The dining-room of the Hotel de la Poste to-night was crowded with English officers; there were only a few French; next to our table sat the members of the Swiss Commission, doctors who visit all the prison camps in France and recommend for internment in Switzerland all prisoners whom they find to be totally disabled. As Switzerland without work is preferable to France with forced labor, naturally many claim to be disabled who, in truth, are quite fit for work. It is the disagreeable duty of the kindly looking doctors to whom we were introduced just now to say no to malingerers and to pass only those really entitled to their recommendation. I have frequently been importuned by German prisoners to use my influence with the Swiss Commission. Some have even offered me large sums (to be paid by relatives in Germany) if I would get the Swiss doctors to pass them into Switzerland. Naturally, I have told such prisoners that I have no influence with the Commission, and that I would not use influence in such a way even if I had it.

Rouen, Monday night,
November 6, 1916.

This morning Captain Gromaire took us to a prison camp at Grand Aulnay, five miles down the Seine, in the direction

of Trouville. The superb road is lined on both sides by tall trees whose leaves are a vivid red and gold, and so swiftly did we fly, in fifteen minutes we found ourselves at our destination, a farm seven centuries old. Over the door of the main farm house a stone tablet records the fact that the house was erected in the year 1195—seven hundred and twenty-one years ago! Yet it seems as solid, as serviceable as if it had been erected last month.

The farm buildings, all of stone, are ranged around a hollow square and in one of them, a huge barn 150 feet long by 36 wide, with a steep gable roof 40 feet high, we found 186 straw mattresses on as many wooden bunks. In the center of this big barn is a large stove; at one end of the barn is a small stove, but so big is that barn, so lofty is its roof that the fire of the two stoves seems to produce no heat at all. It is a dark, damp, cheerless abode, but the Commandant says it is the best he can do; coal is too scarce and too costly to give the prisoners more fires, and so the poor fellows have a hard winter before them. . . . In other of the stone houses around the hollow square of Grand Aulnay are 437 more beds, so that the camp contains in all 623 inmates. Commandant M. permitted me to talk alone with Herr Hess of Darmstadt, the prisoners' spokesman, and from him I learned that there are two causes for complaint.

"What are the things you complain of?" I queried.

"Excellency," replied Herr Hess, "we think a change should be made in the manner of marking our clothing. Why would it not suffice to sew on the back of our coats a red cloth bearing the letters 'P. G.' (prisonier Guerre)?"

"That would not do," I replied. "An escaping prisoner could easily rip off the piece of red cloth."

Herr Hess admitted the justice of this objection and after thinking the matter over said:

"Well, at any rate, if holes must be cut in our coats the openings should be filled up with some substantial stuff. At

present although the slit made in our great coats is three inches wide and ten inches long only a flimsy cotton cloth is used to fill in the opening; and that, Excellency, means cold and rain and snow to chill us and sicken us and perhaps even to kill us."

I told Herr Hess I would take up this complaint with Commandant M., then asked what was the other thing he wished me to consider.

"The question of baths," said he. "Until the weather became cold we bathed in the Seine, but for the past six weeks that resource has not been open to us; it has been too cold and wintry."

"Are there no douches?"

"No, Excellency."

I took up both complaints with the Commandant; concerning the cutting of holes in the back of overcoats he said that is done only in the case of civilian coats; the German military coat identifies itself. "But, M. Commandant," said I, "the prisoners' spokesman says the military coats are also cut."

"Un mensonge"—(a lie), returned the Commandant, shrugging his shoulders. I translated this to Herr Hess; he said nothing, but continued to stand erect, at attention, respectful as became a prisoner. "Well, what have you to say?" I demanded. "Why did you tell me the military as well as civilian coats are mutilated?"

"Because they are, Excellency."

"But the Commandant says they are not."

Herr Hess made no reply; he continued to stand erect, dignified, respectful. I was puzzled; Commandant M., not speaking German, did not understand our conversation. Presently I said: "Can you show me a *military* great coat that has been mutilated?"

"Gewiss—(certainly), if the Herr Commandant will permit."

When I explained matters Monsieur M. gave his con-

sent and Herr Hess left the room, returning in a few minutes with a German military overcoat cut precisely as he had described—in the back just under the collar was a slit three inches wide by ten inches long; and the cloth used to cover this opening was thin, flimsy cotton stuff wholly unfit to keep out either cold or rain. The Commandant's face flushed and he expressed great surprise; he said it was a case of some subordinate misunderstanding orders and certainly it would not happen again. Then I mentioned the matter of baths. "From the nature of their work—unloading coal from barges in the river—the men need baths as a matter of health as well as comfort; but Prisoner Hess states that no one has been able to bathe since it became too cold to swim in the Seine."

To this Commandant M. gave no reply other than a shrug of his shoulders and a hopeless look in his eyes, as if to say: of what use is it to answer such lies? At that moment Morse and Dr. Mullen, having completed their inspection of the Camp, came into the office where the Commandant, the prisoners' spokesman and I were holding this conference. To my amazement, the first thing they mentioned was the Camp's bath house—"Quite the best bathing arrangements we have yet seen," said Morse. "The douches are in a new building erected specially for the purpose; over the concrete floor is laid a wooden rack and there is a fine flow of both hot and cold water." After what Herr Hess had told me, this was stupefying; I asked Morse to repeat what he had said; when he had done so and I was certain I was not dreaming, I sternly demanded of Herr Hess why he had preferred such a complaint?

"Because, Excellency, what I have said is true; none of us has had a bath for six weeks."

He was very respectful, but very firm; not a word of his complaint would he retract or even qualify. If I were not a lawyer, in the habit of sifting contradictory testimony in an

effort to get at the bottom of things, this question of the baths at Grand Aulnay might have remained a puzzle; as it was, after more questions propounded to Commandant M. I decided to inspect the bath house myself, with the result that I found it to be all Morse said it was, with the one important exception that it contained no water! The pipes have not been installed, so a five-gallon can was rigged up in such a way as to let water flow when Morse opened one of the spickets! Of course Morse had kept the faucet open only a moment, consequently had not guessed that there was not water for one bath, much less for 623, the number of Germans who need a douche every night on finishing their day's labor on the dirty coal barges.

It is in truth hard to get plumbers; mechanics of every kind are scarce, and I do not doubt Commandant M.'s statement that he has done his best to get the water pipes installed, and that they will be installed at the earliest possible moment; but it would have been better to say this frankly in the beginning, rather than resort to a shifty trick to mislead me. The fact that an excellent bath house has been built shows that it is not the French policy to deprive prisoners of necessary sanitary arrangements; it is evident that the authorities *want* to install proper bathing facilities; that they have not done so is due solely to delay in finding plumbers. Under such circumstances I can not see that the situation at Grand Aulnay calls for adverse criticism and shall so state in my report. . . . From Grand Aulnay we motored to Camp Lavesseur where are 1,304 military prisoners housed in the usual Adrian barracks and engaged in the work of unloading coal from barges on the Seine. Our inspection was not finished until nightfall and as we were leaving the scene was one worthy of Turner. Our acetylene lamps threw a dazzling glare on the prisoners as they came marching through the gate of the Camp; their bodies, black with coal dust, their faces grimy, their hair matted and dirty—all stood sharply

silhouetted against the blackness of the night, thrown into bright relief by the glare of our lamps. We lingered to see those "supermen"—1,300 of them—march up to the douches and with the aid of soap and water become white again; then, still guarded by French soldiers, they marched into their barracks, passing the kitchen on the way and getting, each of them, a big piece of bread and a jug of steaming meat soup. When the last man had passed through the door into his barrack, we entered so as to observe them at supper. The instant we appeared in the doorway the noncommissioned German officer in command of that barrack cried: "Achtung!" And instantly every prisoner sprang to his feet, saluted and stood at rigid attention; they stand thus as long as visitors remain, so as we did not wish their supper to get cold, we quickly withdrew, and motored back to our own supper at the Hotel de la Post.

Rouen, Wednesday night,
November 8.

YESTERDAY morning Captain Gromaire came to our hotel at nine o'clock, as usual; and as usual there was a steady downpour of rain as we climbed into the limousine and started on the day's inspections. It has rained every day since our arrival in Rouen and they tell us we may expect rain every day until Christmas. The first visit yesterday was to the Quai de France in the city's outskirts; although we found there 1,256 Germans our visit was a short one. The spokesman for the prisoners said they had no complaints. After luncheon we motored to St. Aubin Epernay, a factory building which before the war housed French soldiers but which now contains 1,635 German prisoners. While Morse and Dr. Mullen looked the place over I conferred with the chief of the prisoners; he reported that the Commandant governs the depot kindly and supplies their wants adequately, consequently our visit was soon ended and we were back in Rouen in time to receive

Col. Catell, whom I had asked to dine with us at the Hotel de la Post. About the harshest thing he said of the Germans was that they are not "good sports," they "don't play the game fair," etc. . . .

This morning our first visit was to the camp at Oissel, 9 kilometers from Rouen up the beautiful valley of the Seine. There we found a fifteen-foot high barbed wire fence surrounding several acres of courts and barracks and patrolled by a number of sentinels with fixed bayonets and loaded guns; but there was no Commandant to receive us. A corporal conducted us inside the inclosure to the "Bureau," whither after some delay came the Commandant with his head swathed in bandages, profusely apologizing for keeping us waiting; he said he had been detained because of the fact that he had just been obliged "to kill a couple of Chinamen." The Commandant said this in so matter of fact a way I fancied it was meant as some sort of a French joke, but it proved to be a mere statement of fact; war causes men to change their sense of proportions.

Just beyond the Oissell stockade is a detachment of 300 Chinamen, brought from China to do the rough work of leveling the ground, digging for foundations, etc.

"These fellows," explained the Commandant, "have villainous tempers; as a rule I let them fight it out among themselves, but occasionally when things become serious I interpose. When I did so this morning the two rascals stopped fighting each other and turned against me. I had to kill them; it was either their life or mine. But for that, Monsieur, I should not have detained you. It took the doctor some minutes to bandage my head."

Of course this explanation was accepted; a Commandant who has to wait to kill a couple of Chinamen can hardly be punctual in receiving visitors. . . .

Ten kilometers further on we stopped near Motteville at the farm of M. Lebegue, where ten Germans were at supper

with the farmer and his family. Another run of ten kilometers brought us to the dairy farm of Mme. Kampan, an energetic woman who owns thirty cows and employs a dozen German prisoners of war to help her milk them and run the farm. Mme. Kampan pays the government 80 centimes per day for each prisoner, in addition to providing them with food and lodging. Of the 80 centimes paid to the government the prisoner gets 20, so that the daily wage of a war prisoner in France is his food, lodging and a little less than four cents a day. As we arrived at Mme. Kampan's the milk was being run through separators; the cream flowed into a bucket on one side while the skimmed milk ran into another bucket on the other side. On a shelf were stacked a row of cakes of newly made butter. It was all so "homey," the prisoners seemed on so friendly a footing with their French companions, it was hard to believe that they were deadly enemies of the good woman who employed them.

The farms visited to-day have been so far apart that we did not get back to Rouen until late to-night; the regular dinner was over, but an omelette and mutton chops were prepared for us, and while disposing of them a few moments ago there was handed to us a Paris newspaper with Hughes' picture and the announcement that he won yesterday with 300 electoral votes sure and 20 more probably his when the full returns are in. The paper is jubilant over Wilson's defeat—which prompts me to marvel at the situation, for the Berlin newspapers to-day are jubilating, too. Berlin and Paris rejoicing over the same event! One would sooner expect the lion and the lamb to rejoice together, but that is what the world is witnessing to-night. Germans hate Wilson because he has not, in violation of neutrality, prevented munitions from being sold to the Entente Allies, while Frenchmen —if they do not hate our President, at any rate strongly dislike him because he has not entered the war on their side. It will not be possible for Mr. Hughes to please both countries

that are to-day rejoicing over his success; which one will he disappoint, France or Germany? My guess is that his foreign policy will not materially differ from President Wilson's.

Rouen, Thursday night,
November 9.

This has been a strenuous day; although it was midnight when we got to bed last night, this morning found us up so early that Boots had not yet cleaned our shoes; hence we went down in muddy ones and hunted all over the hotel before we found a garçon to give us coffee and rolls. Captain Gromaire was waiting for us, calm, fresh, untired—I doubt if anything short of an earthquake would discompose this courteous, philosophical Frenchman. Our first stop was at a sugar mill where 70 Germans help keep France provided with sugar. We saw a train load of beets pull in on a switch track running through the mill; hung over the cars was a big hose which shot a stream of water down upon the beets, washing them off the cars into a trough alongside the train; a stream of water in this trough carried the beets on to their appointed destination, the mill, from which after various processes they emerged in the shape of sugar. The Germans working in the mill said they are glad to be there, that it is the warmest, most comfortable place in France. . . . A hundred yards from the sugar mill runs a swift brook which divides Normandy from Picardy; we crossed this brook and at two o'clock arrived at Treport on the sea coast—in summer a famous resort. All in all, the 200 Germans may be considered lucky fellows to be interned at Treport instead of fighting in trenches. . . . Just above this camp at Treport, on a white chalk cliff 300 feet high, is a great white building looking down on the sea. Before the war pleasure seekers filled that building; now it is filled with wounded Canadians. All over Europe one sees summer resort hotels converted into places for trying to bring back to life and health the hundreds of

thousands of men whom the Monster War has tried to crush and destroy. . . .

We have now completed our inspection of prison camps in and dependent upon Rouen and in not one of them have we found such evil conditions as Berlin complained of. It is to be hoped our report will stop Berlin's wicked talk of reprisals.

Paris, Sunday,
November 12, 1916.

I HAVE changed my lodgings—too much "atmosphere," too little sanitary comfort at my Robespierre home on the Rue Richepanse. At Mme. Chalomel's where I now am, near the Place Victor Hugo on the Rue Copernic, my room looks out on a charming little garden; there is an electric lamp by my bedside (on the Rue Richepanse I had only the same sort of lights that Robespierre had—tallow candles) and, blessed thought! There is a bath! I am fortunate to have read Lamartine's *Girondists* on the Rue Richepanse; reading his history in the room where Robespierre lived, my windows looking out on the corner where that other great figure of the Revolution, Danton, lived—that, of course, made Lamartine's pages more vivid than ever; nevertheless, I am glad to exchange all that "atmosphere" for electric lights and a bath. At 8.30 a. m. Marie Louise, a comely rosy cheeked maid, brings to my room chocolate, bread and butter; at 12.30 p. m. I return from the Embassy, a short ten minutes' walk, for déjeuner consisting usually of an omelette, a mutton chop, potatoes, cheese, "comfiture" (a sweet preserve) and wine; at 7 p. m. there is a dinner even more elaborate than the déjeuner, and the charge for all these good "eats" and for my room is only eight francs a day ($1.38).

Mme. Chalomel's place before the war was a popular "Pension" for Americans; now I am her only American guest, and of other guests she has very few—two Armenian ladies, a French lady and a French Abbé who has been drafted and

appears at table opposite me in his soldier's uniform. The Armenian ladies' home is in Constantinople, but in July, 1914, they came to Aix les Bains for the cure, where war overtook them and they have not been able to return to Turkey, and will not be able to return for nobody knows how many years. "Is it not frightful, Monsieur?" said one of these Armenians to me at déjeuner to-day. "I expected to be gone from my home only six weeks, and so, of course, did not come prepared to remain for years; my clothes, my children, everything I love is in Constantinople, but I can not go to them, I can not even hear from them. Surely, Monsieur, you must admit this is frightful!"

The little French woman who sits to my left during our meals at Mme. Chalomel's is very quiet and very sad; it was some time before I got her to tell her story but when told it seemed even more pathetic than that of the Armenians. Late in July, 1914, Mme. D. left Paris for a short visit to her parents in Lyons; then like a peal of thunder from a clear sky war burst upon the world: ten days passed before Mme. D. could find a way to go to Paris; on arriving there her husband was gone, mobilized in the army. And that is all that she knows *certainly* about him. Two years ago the War Department sent her Monsieur D.'s wrist tag accompanied by a letter stating that the tag had been found on the battlefield and that "presumably" he was dead.

"Sometimes, Monsieur," she said, "I think it would not be so bad if I *knew* that he is dead; it is the uncertainty that is so hard to bear."

"But is there really any uncertainty?" I asked. "Is not the finding of his wrist tag evidence that Monsieur D. died on the battlefield?"

"Ah no, Monsieur," replied the little woman sadly. "The tag proves nothing at all, as a friend of mine has learned to her sorrow. Her husband's tag was picked up on the heights near Verdun two years ago. Marie thought surely Joseph

must be dead, so last September she married again. Can you blame her, Monsieur? Joseph had been gone two years. But a month ago a letter came from him; he is in a fortress in Germany and now what poor Marie is to do the good God only knows."

Verily even the small by-products of war are horrible.

Paris, Saturday night,
November 11.

This afternoon I called a taxi and, after half an hour's fast driving, arrived at the other end of Paris beyond the P.L.M. Gare to inspect a French school for blind soldiers. From the outside one would not suspect the character of the place: when my taxi stopped before a big stone building, for all the exterior indicated it might have been a factory. But on passing through the front door I found myself in an open garden around which are a number of rambling old structures containing scores of large rooms in which all manner of trades and arts are taught the poor fellows whom the Monster War has robbed of their sight. Some are learning carpentering, others shoe making, others broom making, still others are acquiring the art of making bead-chains and some of this work that I saw is not only beautiful but wonderful; I can not understand how a blind man can know just when to use a different colored bead, but they do. The chains they make, woven in many different colors and patterns, seemed to me as perfect as if the makers of them had possessed the use of their eyes. After walking through building after building I was shown into a large audience chamber where all the blind soldiers, several hundred in number, gathered to hear music and recitations rendered by some of the greatest artists in France. One, a celebrated actress from the Théâtre Française, read selections from Molière which elicited enthusiastic applause from her sightless hearers. Another artist, a great singer, after singing several operatic selections, went among the sol-

diers and took their hands, pinched their ears, patted their heads and said "Mon brave garçon, how glad I am to be able to give you a little pleasure. You are doing magnificently. You do not know how proud France is of you!"

It was an affecting sight; I was not ashamed of the tears that came to my eyes, nor was I alone in showing emotion. All in the room seemed to be swallowing lumps in their throats —that is all who were not blind. They, the soldiers, were not sad at all; smiles were on their lips and the pleasure they showed while France's great artists sang and read to them was as evident and as genuine as the pleasure which children show at their first Christmas pantomime.

Almost, but not quite, as depressing as the visit to the school for blind soldiers was my visit yesterday to the Canadian hospital at St. Cloud; there on the race tracks, in the grand stand, in the Jockey Club, in all the buildings where in happy peace days I have seen the gay world of Paris assemble to enjoy itself, are now gathered the wrecks and pieces of men. I saw one poor fellow so swathed in bandages, only his eyes were visible, but they burned like two coals of fire—German shells had mangled the poor fellow's body but they had not conquered his soul; when I spoke a word of encouragement to him he made no spoken reply—his face was too mangled to permit him to speak,—but he nodded his head and the added sparkle in his eyes showed that he heard and understood. . . . In front of the Grand Stand, on the paddock just beyond the race course, lay a wrecked aeroplane; above, only a few hundred yards up in the air, circled round and round over my head two planes; the telephones at the front had just sent word that German aviators had crossed the lines going in a westerly direction and those two sentinels of the air were on the alert to give the Boche a warm welcome in case he came over St. Cloud. . . . The nurses, doctors and help, as well as the patients, in the race track buildings at St. Cloud are all from Canada; as I sat in the Director's room

sipping a cup of tea, everybody about me talking English, it was hard to realize that I was in France and not in Canada; the world war certainly is mixing up the nations of the earth in a wonderful manner.

Paris, Tuesday night,
November 21.

In the Montmarte region of Paris, at No. 16 Rue Fontaine, is a building which before the war was used as a Spanish theater; the stage is still there, so too are the gorgeous chandeliers, candelabra and gilded boxes. But the orchestra seats have been removed and in their place are now long tables at which impecunious artists and "Intellectuals" (writers, reporters, etc.) may dine, and dine well, for sixty centimes (11c). The use of the building was given by Mme. R., wife of an officer of the Metro (Paris' Subway), and in addition to this gift, Mme. R. in the outset of the work brought her own servants and herself superintended the cooking and serving of the dinners. The so-called "Intellectuals" have been harder hit by the war than any other class; laborers and skilled workmen have received increased wages. But poets, painters, writers not only have received no increase in their income, they have seen their incomes disappear altogether and many of the poor fellows faced starvation before Mme. R. began this worthy charity—a charity so skilfully conducted that it has not the appearance of charity. The long-haired artists of the Montmartre Quarter enter the old Spanish theater with a feeling of self-respect; are they not going to pay for their dinner the same as a millionaire pays for his at the Tour d'Argent? Yes, of course. The only difference is, the millionaire pays a good deal more than his dinner is worth, while the Montmarte artist pays a good deal less than the dinner he gets would cost anywhere else in Paris. The soup, omelette, roast chicken and salad, vegetables, wine and coffee served for sixty centimes in the former Spanish theater

would cost elsewhere, even in a second rank restaurant, at least six francs. To-day when I paid for my déjeuner I handed the cashier ten francs and said "keep the change." Mr. T., a millionaire American, who has made his home in Paris for some years, handed the cashier a thousand francs with the same remark; that is what enables the long-haired artist to get his déjeuner for sixty centimes. Well-to-do-persons are welcome, but when they come they are not expected to count their change. I asked Mme. R. if she was not often imposed upon. "What is to prevent persons from coming here who look poor but who are well able to pay the regular price for their meals?"

Mme. R. replied with a smile that sometimes persons of that type do come, but they never return.

"We know the artists of this quarter," she said. "We can detect a make-belief in a moment, and we do not hesitate to tell them to begone. Your veritable artist is proud; it was hard at first to get him to dine here. He knows, of course, that his sixty centimes barely pay for the bread we serve. Yesterday one of them whom I had personally to beg to give us his patronage, and who has been coming now for a long time, when he finished his déjeuner handed the cashier a five-franc note. 'Keep the change,' he said with a wave of his hand when Mme. B. started counting out to him four francs forty. 'But Monsieur!' protested Mme. B., 'our price is sixty centimes.' 'I know, Madame,' returned the artist, 'but I beg you to do me the favor to use the change for those who are less fortunate than myself.' And away he went with the air of a grand seignior.

We learned later that he had just sold one of his paintings for twenty francs, doubtless the first sale he has made for a year."

When funds begin to get low Mme. R. sends to well-to-do people a note like this:

"Les Repas des Artistes,
16 Rue Fontaine.

L'Oeuvre du Repas des Artistes rapelle à ses nombreux amis
que le Déjeuner du Mercredi
subsiste toujours, et que leur aimable présence à la table du Comité est accueillie avec un vif plaisir."

It was this letter that took me to the Rue Fontaine to-day and I felt well repaid for going; if my presence was a "vif plaisir" for the Committee, certainly it was a "vif plaisir" to me to watch those long-haired hungry artists, most of whom looked exactly like the artists of caricature on the stage—flowing fluffy ties, velvet coats, beards and mustaches, and long, thin hands with fingers well manicured in spite of their poverty. . . .

Havre, late Tuesday night,
December 5, 1916.

No sooner do we settle one of Berlin's troubles than something else goes wrong—or is claimed to go wrong. My report on the Rouen camps quieted the German Foreign Office for a moment, then Herr Zimmerman took his pen in hand and sent Ambassador Gerard another Note Verbale. This time he said his compatriots in Havre, Caen and other coast cities of France are being badly treated and that unless they are cared for in a humane manner a good many thousand French prisoners in Germany will wish they had never been born—or words to that effect. And so it is that I have just arrived in Havre, accompanied by Surgeon Major S. H. Wadhams of the U. S. Army. We came here to the Hotel Normandie where Beamer and I stopped on our motor trip before the war, and as I stood on that landing a moment ago I could see my sweet Beamer standing there in that happy day before the war—the contrast between the present and the past made my heart sink. What would I not give, what would not mankind give for power to bring back the past! Surely, knowing what we

now know, not even the ambition-crazed military party of Prussia would start a war if the world could only go back to 1914 again.

Havre, Wednesday night,
December 6.

Admiral Varney, a kindly, amiable old gentleman, received us cordially, said he would do all in his power to facilitate our mission and directed one of his men to take us to "Les Abbatoirs" in Havre's outskirts. There we met Commandant Douille, in charge of all the camps in and near Havre, and he escorted us through Les Abbatoirs, Havre's great stock yards and market which are now used as quarters for 3,179 German military prisoners.

On the way back to the Hotel Normandie our automobile stopped near one of Havre's great basins where several thousand German prisoners were busily engaged in unloading steamers that had come from all parts of the world laden with supplies for the English and French armies. From one ship frozen beef from the Argentine was being taken, from another men were unloading lumber, from a third huge cranes were hoisting out of the holds American motor trucks. While gazing upon this animated, this interesting scene, I observed a few yards away a stalwart German on whose face was a look of bewilderment. He had just come down, along with a squad of newly captured prisoners, to the banks of the Basin and seemed dazed at what he saw. And presently tears began to trickle down his cheeks. "What is the matter?" I queried, surprised at seeing tears in the eyes of a soldier. The fellow answered my question by asking another one.

"Where are all these ships from?"

"From all parts of the world," I answered. "But tell me, why are you crying?"

Then the poor fellow explained what ailed him; in common with all the rest of the Germans, he had been told, and until that moment he had believed, that in the great naval battle

off the Skaggerack on May 31, 1916, the British fleet had been annihilated. He had supposed that France and England were being blockaded; then all of a sudden there was brought to him the crushing knowledge that his government had deceived him, that Germany's fleet, not England's, had fled to port for shore gun protection, that Germany, not England, was being blockaded, that both France and England were receiving supplies from all parts of the world, while grass was growing in the streets of Bremen and Hamburg! No wonder this prisoner was stunned. And it would have been difficult to believe his story if I had not already seen evidence of the manner in which Prussian autocracy blinds its dupes. For example, within a month after the battle off the Skaggerack *Fliegende Blaetter,* Munich's well-known humorous journal, published a cartoon representing a stalwart German with a spear in his hands, slaying a sea serpent labeled "British Sea Power." In the picture's background was a ship loaded with bales of goods and underneath the cartoon was the inscription: "Germany's Commerce Going to the Seven Seas!"

Although published in a humorous paper, that cartoon was not meant as a joke, nor was it received as one by the German people. On the contrary, they believed what they were told; the schools of Berlin, Dresden and other large cities were closed to allow the children to celebrate Germany's great naval "victory" and the newspapers of the Empire nominated the Kaiser "Admiral of the Seas!"

Havre, Thursday night,
December 7.

At nine o'clock this morning an English military automobile called at the Hotel Normandie to take us to the British War prisoners' camp just outside the city where 1,479 Germans are engaged in the work of constructing dock buildings and unloading ships for the French government. The French pay the English 75 centimes (about 13c) per day per prisoner;

of this sum the German gets 20 centimes, while the balance, 55 centimes, is used by the English to help pay the cost of the prisoner's upkeep. When we drove up to the camp a file of English soldiers, bayoneted rifles in hand, stood at attention; and as we passed through the gate the soldiers fell in line behind us. Then, on proceeding to inspect the various buildings, that file of soldiers followed us everywhere; it surrounded us as we entered a barrack, and when we emerged through the door at the further end of the building, there with arms presented, waiting for us, were those same soldiers. It got on my nerves and finally I asked Col. Wright, the officer escorting us, if it was necessary for us to be guarded.

"Dear me, no," returned the Colonel, smiling. "That is a guard of honor." I explained that it made me uncomfortable to feel that I was giving so much useless trouble to so many men, whereupon the Colonel smiled again as he said: "They don't mind it in the least. On the contrary, it is a diversion for them to escort the representative of the American Embassy. But I shall dismiss them, if you wish."

The rest of our inspection was performed with less ceremony. Although there were no unfavorable conditions requiring detailed attention, yet so large is the English camp that lunch time found our work still unfinished and Col. Wright urged us to "take pot luck" in the officers' mess. "If you insist," he said, "I'll be glad to take you back to your hotel, where no doubt you will get a better déjeuner. But we should like to have you in our mess."

Of course we accepted this invitation, and although the bully beef and potatoes served us were not as appetizing as the dainty dishes of the Hotel Normandie, we counted ourselves fortunate, for it was a treat to meet those cultivated Englishmen and to see how calmly, how uncomplainingly they bear the evils of this insane war. All of the officers with whom we lunched are educated gentlemen, most of them are men of wealth, some of them are lords; all have been accustomed to

the luxury which wealth and high station in England confer. Now, and for the past two years, they have lived in a fashion that would not be borne in peace times by a self-respecting laborer—sleeping in cold, wind-swept barracks, living on bully beef, cabbage and potatoes, cut off from Society and social pleasures—yet withal cheery, content and hopeful! When I asked Captain B., one of the younger officers, what he thought of the Germans he answered:

"Oh, Fritz isn't a bad lot. But, of course, it's a bally shame he went and turned the world upside down as he did. It makes things so beastly uncomfortable, don't you know."

"But *you* didn't have to go in," I said, so as to draw him out; Captain B. eyed me with manifest surprise. "England was safe on her side of the channel," I continued. "Your navy controlled the sea; had you remained neutral Germany would not have bothered you."

"There's no knowing what Fritz wouldn't do," exclaimed the Captain. "And anyway we couldn't leave little Belgium in the lurch. I would rather live in this barn and eat bully beef the rest of my life than stand for such work as Fritz did in Belgium."

That is the sentiment expressed by every Englishman with whom I have talked; they don't expect the war to last long, but they mean to keep on the job and "get" the Kaiser, even if it takes as long as it took them to "get" Napoleon! . . .

Caen, Saturday night,
December 9.

We spent a busy day in Havre yesterday, visiting more German prison camps, and inspecting the great steel works (the Trefilories) where 10,000 Frenchmen work in the mills, and where a large number of Germans are employed in the construction of new buildings. The steel company now makes shells in prodigious quantities, so that many more factory buildings are required. . . .

The small steamer which plies between Havre and Caen is only three hours in the open sea and we purposed taking it until we got down to the Quai this morning; then we took the ferry to Trouville instead, for not only is the Caen steamer a small, unseaworthy looking tub, but out there in the estuary of the Seine we saw projecting above the surface of the water the smoke funnels of several steamers and the masts of two schooners. "How happens it," I asked the skipper of the Caen steamer, "that so many boats are sunk out there in the mouth of the Seine?"

"They were not sunk out there," answered the skipper. "They were torpedoed on the sea outside and tried to make a run for the docks, but couldn't quite do it, so they went down out there in the river."

Major Wadhams and I held a hurried consultation; we are not afraid of submarines, oh, no! But as we looked at the funnels of the steamers and the masts of the schooners projecting up out of the Seine the thought occurred to us that we might reach Caen quicker by taking the ferry to Trouville and motoring thence to our destination. The ferry lay alongside the Caen boat and within five minutes after our talk with the skipper our grips were out of the Caen boat and onto the ferry and we were on our way to Trouville instead of on that dinky Caen boat offering a tempting target to the Kaiser's pirates of the sea. An hour later, half frozen, we stopped at the Inn of William the Conqueror and there forgot our discomforts as M. Gemoie, the host, gave us steaming hot coffee, a delicious omelette, toast and home-made preserves, served on a table in front of a blazing log fire!

I showed M. Gemoie a full page illustration of his Inn accompanying the account of my visit there in *Seeing Europe by Automobile*. The picture shows Beamer standing by a quaint well in the garden of the court and I fancied the fact that I had enthused so over his Inn would please this worthy Norman. Perhaps it did please him, but it did not excite him.

Too many authors have sung his Inn's praises for M. Gemoie to care what my modest pen may say of it. Conducting me into the "Chambre du Roi"—a great room where centuries ago France's kings dined when they stopped at this, the then half-way house between Normandy and Brittany,—M. Gemoie pointed to a dozen or more books scattered about on top of a long table that is carved and rich with the dull dark coloring that comes only with the years of centuries.

"Voilà, Monsieur!" he exclaimed. "Regardez les livres! They are only a few that tell of my Inn."

After that I said no more of my modest tribute in *Seeing Europe by Automobile*.

Arrived in Caen, and our grips deposited at the Hotel d'Angleterre, we drove up a steep and narrow road to the Château du Caen, a marvelously picturesque castle dating from the time of William the Conqueror, now used as a prison for 400 Germans. The Commandant of all the prisoners of war in this military region is a wiry little colonel sixty-six years old who was wounded in 1870 and who, therefore, as he told us, is not able to go to the front now. His age alone seemed to me sufficient reason for seeking service behind the firing lines, but Col. Bayze declared with evident sincerity that he would be at the front if it were not for the wound in his knee.

While I stood at one of the Château's upper windows, looking down upon the city of Caen spread below me a German approached and asked if he might speak to me. "Gewiss—(certainly). What is it you wish?" I asked.

"Excellenz," he said, "we should like permission to read some French newspapers, especially now that they contain good news for us Germans."

"What do you mean?" I queried. "What good news for you do the French newspapers contain?"

"We are not allowed to see the newspapers," replied the prisoner. "Nevertheless, there comes to us some knowledge

of what they say and we know that the news from Roumania is good."

Alas! From a German point of view this is only too true. Poor little Roumania seems in a fair way to be crushed by the Prussian Colossus. . . . I asked the prisoner why the reading of French newspapers had been forbidden. "Because," said he, "the Austrians are jealous of us, especially those who only became Austrians when Bosnia was annexed in 1908. When the newspapers report French victories these traitors cry 'Vive la France!' Of course that angers us true Germans and it is true that we sometimes have tried to beat a little sense and a little patriotism into the Austrians' heads. It is for that reason that the Herr Commandant forbade us reading the papers any more."

"And he was quite right," said I. "If you can't keep the peace among yourselves it is his duty to remove the cause of the disturbance."

"Gewiss—(certainly), Excellenz; and I do not ask that the papers be given to those traitorous Austrians who make the trouble. If the Herr Commandant will but let us true Germans have them we will give our word of honor not to let the Austrians read a line of them. That will prevent the least trouble from occurring."

The unconscious self-revelation which this man displayed was interesting; so, too, was the light he threw on the feeling existing between Germans and Austrians. Of course, I refused even to refer his request to the Commandant, whereupon the prisoner said in a tone the dominant note of which was triumphant pride: "Very well, Excellenz. We are prisoners of war and must submit. But though they keep their newspapers from us they can not keep from us the knowledge that the Fatherland is conquering its enemies. We can afford to bide our time, Excellenz!" And with that he brought his hand to his cap in a stiff military salute, then turned on his heels and walked away.

Caen, Sunday night,
December 10.

Commandant Bayze called for us this morning at eight o'clock with his military limousine and drove us to Monderville, 4 kilometers from the city, to inspect a new camp that is barely finished. In a great square 400x500 feet, inclosed by a high barbed wire fence, are nine long wooden barracks in which are quartered a thousand war prisoners, mostly Austrians and Czechs who were captured by the Servians in the first year of the war; when later Germany overran Servia and the army of that little country retreated over the mountains into Macedonia it carried thousands of prisoners along with it. For a while these prisoners remained in Greece, then they were taken to Italy whence recently they were brought to France; by the time they get back to Austria in comparison with their experience Ulysses' wanderings will seem commonplace.

Normandy has been a pastural country for twenty centuries and is still noted for its apple orchards, its splendid cattle, its fine dairies, its delicious milk and butter. But a change seems imminent. The steel mills at Monderville are being built not only because iron ore has been discovered hereabouts, but also because there has been found a fine vein of coal, the same vein which in England has made that country rich and powerful. The vein dips under the channel and reappears in Normandy and so in a few years this part of France, instead of being sweet and clean and peaceful, may be busy with the dirty work of coal mines and blast furnaces. Col. Bayze says that the iron ore here is 62 per cent pure, as compared with only 54 per cent for the ore of the same vein in England.

When we entered the Camp at Monderville this morning the guard of "honor" drawn up to receive us was a pathetic sight, not a man of them was less than forty-five, and they were of all sizes, fat and lean, short and tall, and their worn, rusty old uniforms looked as if they were ready for the rag man.

But from the eyes of those soldiers shone an unconquerable spirit; Col. Bayze called them "Mes enfants" (my children) and they called him "Mon Commandant!" That is a thing which instantly strikes an observer in France—the fatherly attitude of officers toward their soldiers and the affection which the men seem to have for "Mon Commandant." Captain Le Rasle, an Aide of Col. Bayze who accompanies us on our trips about Caen, bears on his left arm a gold "V," which indicates one year of service at the front without leave; on his right arm are two gold "V's," which indicate that he has been wounded twice; when the "Guard of Honor" saw these V's on the Captain's sleeves their eyes glistened and they cried, "Vivre notre brave Capitain!"

In Germany under similar circumstances German soldiers would not do such a thing; but if they did commit such a breech of discipline it would be the guard house and bread and water for them. Here the enthusiam of those soldiers, too old to fight at the front, fit only to guard prisoners in the rear, caused only a smile and a pleasant word from the Captain. Speaking of his year at the front Captain Le Rasle said:

"We capture few German officers for the reason that they stand behind their men and *drive* them forward; being in the rear, in case of defeat the officers have the best chance to escape. With us an exactly opposite custom prevails. Our officers *lead* their men and so when a charge fails the French officer, being in the front, is the first to be taken prisoner."

Speaking of the war of 1870 Col. Bayze remarked:

"Had England said to Germany in 1870: 'You must not take Alsace and Lorraine!' the course of history would have been changed. But at that time England, fearing France, not Germany, kept silent and we were thrown into Russia's arms, with the result that Germany, in order that she might keep the provinces stolen from us, made an enormous increase in her armaments."

I asked Col. Bayze if France had abandoned thought of re-

gaining the lost provinces. His eyes gleamed and his reply came swiftly and clearly:

"No, Monsieur. Now that in her greed to get more of our dear France Germany has attacked us, now that she has forced this frightful war upon us, we shall never make peace until the crime of 1870 has been undone!"

As showing the spirit of France this talk with Col. Bayze seems worth noting. . . . One Prussian prisoner at Monderville complained that he was being treated as a private soldier. "Well, are you not a private soldier?" I asked, observing that he wore a private's uniform. He explained that, although he was a private at the time of his capture, two months thereafter he had been granted an officer's commission. "And that," he added, "makes me an officer with the right to be treated as such." When this was translated to Col. Bayze he said that under the regulations commissions as officers are not valid unless issued within thirty days after capture. The Prussian, who understood French, exclaimed:

"Das ist eine Luege!" And, as if that were not bad enough, he added in French: "Ce n'est pas vrai!" . . . "Put that man in a cell for fifteen days," ordered the Colonel. And off the haughty Prussian strode, accompanied by a "sawed-off" little French soldier who barely came up to his shoulder and was old enough to be his father. Had that Prussian said: "You are mistaken, are you not, M. Commandant? I think the limit is sixty, not thirty, days," he would not now be in a cell; it might even be that his commission would be recognized and that he would be accorded an officer's privileges. But he thinks himself a "Superman" and that his captors are a lot of miserable little Latin monkeys; the accident of war has placed him temporarily in their power, but he does not admit that as any reason why he should abase himself before them, or even why he should be polite to them; soon the Fatherland will conquer France, then over the good wines and the good dinners of the restaurants of Paris he will forget

the indignities which mere accident has enabled his contemptible foes to heap upon him! Such are the feelings of the Prussion prisoners with whom I have talked, and I have talked with scores of them in all parts of France and Corsica.

Fifteen kilometers from Monderville we visited 200 Germans who work unloading trains of coal at Moult-Argences. Leaving Moult-Argences ("Much money" in old French) we motored to the village of Argences where we had déjeuner at a dear little Inn with the rather magniloquent name "Hotels de Normandie et du Grand Cerf."

Half an hour after leaving Argences on the way to Périers, 40 kilometers distant, the motor went wrong; it was too cold to sit still in comfort, so we all got out of the limousine and went ahead on foot, expecting the chauffeur to fix his motor in a few minutes and then overtake us; we marked off the kilometers, however, with no sign of our limousine coming after us, until finally we walked into St. Pierre-sur-Dives, eleven kilometers from the place where the motor had broken down; the chauffeur did not make his appearance until we had thoroughly inspected St. Pierre's queer old houses with ancient arches and gable roofs covered with moss grown tiles; at one corner of the town square stands a noble Gothic Abbey with three fine towers, relics of an ancient Norman edifice. As we stood looking at those towers suddenly from within the Abbey came the deep, full tones of an organ and then a crowd of black-robed women came forth through the doors, on their faces a look of sorrow mixed with hope and exaltation. They were the mothers, sisters and widows of fallen heroes; we uncovered our heads as they passed, as an act of homage to those who have given to France that which is more dear than their own lives—the lives of their fathers, sons and husbands!

At Périers we found 200 Germans working in an enormous quarry; by their sides labored as many old Frenchmen and a hundred or more sturdy Norman women; but for their high

cheek bones, and the "P.G" on their clothes, we could not have distinguished the prisoners from the free men—all were working together on apparently equal terms and in good fellowship with one another. In a compound near the deep quarry is a barrack 225 feet long by 28 feet wide, heated by five stoves and lighted by fifteen oil lamps; fifty feet distant from this long barrack is a two-story stone house with nine beds on each floor. As we entered this house the rich voices of a male choir singing a German folks song fell on our ears; our appearance was the signal for the Feldwebel's usual "Achtung!", followed by all the prisoners standing rigidly at attention and staring straight before them. But I begged the Feldwebel to have his men continue their song and after a moment's hesitation, as if finding it difficult to believe that the representative of the American Embassy could waive the ceremony with which military regulations required that he should be received, he gave the necessary order, and presently I was having what the Germans call "eine ganz gemuethliche halbe stunde"—a perfectly "homey" half hour. The men had good voices and once I had made them feel at ease they seemed to take delight in displaying their musical talent; when at length, after listening to half a dozen really sweet songs, I turned to leave them they followed me to the door and bade me good luck and God speed. "Good luck and God be with *you,*" I returned. "You are prisoners now but some time, though we know not when, the war is bound to end and then, men, you will go back to your homes across the Rhine and once again be with your wives and children. The best I can wish you is that God may hasten the coming of that happy day!" . . . The engine which furnishes the power to crush the stone from this great quarry, which is centuries old, also furnishes heat and hot baths, so that these quarry workers enjoy a luxury unknown in these days of war to even the majority of residents in Paris.

Caen, Monday night,
December 11.

Our forenoon to-day was spent in visiting a great military hospital in the outskirts of Caen; of the hospital's 1,200 beds only 500 are occupied, and of these 500 forty are German prisoners not yet recovered from their wounds; this is the "dull" season. Once winter is over and big fighting begins, every one of the 1,200 beds will be occupied by a piece of bleeding, suffering humanity. A red-cheeked nurse whom I addressed in French answered in English with a strong Scotch accent; she comes from Inverness. I asked how she happened to be in this out of the way place, far from Scotland, and even far from the English lines in France.

"My brother was killed on the battle-field two months ago," she said, "and mother died when I was a baby. So father is all I have left. He is fighting in Flanders. I came to France so as to be near him. This is as near as they will let me stay, but if father is wounded they promised me I might go to his hospital and nurse him."

All she has now! The girl spoke quietly, simply, in a matter-of-fact way; but it was easy to see that she spoke with great feeling, that she is haunted with the fear that her father will also make the supreme sacrifice and that then she will be quite alone in the world. . . . In the next room I entered after talking with this Scotch girl from Inverness lay a dying soldier. Over his head hung the bauble with which he was decorated yesterday. The nurse told me the poor boy—he is barely twenty—struggled to raise himself on his pillows so that he might salute the officer who came to honor him, but he was too weak; his head sank back on the pillows and after pinning the *croix de la guerre* on the young hero's breast the Colonel leaned over his bedside and kissed him on both cheeks. A smile parted the boy's lips even as his eyes closed. "And, Monsieur," concluded the nurse, "they have not opened since. For eighteen hours he has been un-

conscious. The doctor says he has but a few more moments to live." At the foot of the bed stood a middle-aged woman silently crying—the boy's mother! She had been sent for, from her home near Grenoble, and stood there in hopeless despair awaiting the moment, almost come, when she, too, would give her best beloved boy a victim to the insatiable monster War!

Before starting for May-sur-Orne, after déjeuner, Col. Bayze took us on a stroll through Caen and pointed out some of its sights, not the least interesting of which is Charlotte Corday's house on the Rue St. Jean not far from our hotel. The roof is very steep and from its sloping sides peep a number of quaint dormer windows; the ground floor is a jeweler's shop; Charlotte's room was right over this shop. A girl was leaning out of the window of this room as we stood across the street looking at the house, just as Charlotte probably leaned out of that same window the day before she went to Paris to kill Marat in his bath. The house itself leans so far out over the sidewalk I thought it must be in the way of soon falling down, but Col. Bayze laughed and said it had been leaning over the street for several centuries and probably will continue to stand a little longer. . . . Caen-sur-Orne—Caen on the river Orne; that is the city's official name, but the Orne would scarcely be deemed a creek in America. Insignificant, however, as is this tiny stream, it has been widened and deepened so that boats of considerable size come up from the sea laden with supplies. In America we do not make as much use even of such mighty rivers as the Mississippi as in Europe are made of petty streams like the Orne in France and the Neckar in Germany.

Nancy, Sunday night,
December 17, 1916.

On arriving in Paris I found a note from the Ambassador saying he wished me to accompany him on a special mission

to Lorraine. His train left the Gare St. Lazare soon after mine came in, thus giving me little time to rest up. But the discomforts of that journey were forgotten once I was with the Ambassador and his party on the way to Nancy. In addition to Mr. Sharp's two sons we have with us Mr. Edward Schuler, Paris representative of the Associated Press, and M. André Chevrillon, who is not only a nephew of Taine, the noted writer, but is himself a French author of brilliant reputation and attainments. Amid such a company one does not stop to think of physical discomforts; moreover, the train to Nancy was well heated and the dining car service was excellent. Even on trains going into the war zone the French do not overlook the important matter of eating; on no dining car in the United States can one get a better dinner than that yesterday on the train to Nancy, and none so good can be had at the modest price we were charged—five and a half francs (97¢), including a bottle of wine.

Our train was due at Nancy at 7 p. m., but a great movement of troops has been going on; troop trains, one after the other, were given the right-of-way, so that instead of arriving at seven o'clock it was midnight before our train rolled into the station at Nancy. Late as was the hour a committee of distinguished men was awaiting us; the General in command of this sector had remained at the station until ten o'clock, then—not feeling well—had gone to his room, leaving M. Mirman, Nancy's celebrated préfet, to present his apologies and respects. Ambassador Sharp not only accepted the General's apologies, but expressed his regret that anybody had so inconvenienced himself as to remain at the railway station until midnight to receive us.

"Your Excellency," said M. Mirman, one of France's statesmen and orators—sent from Paris to Nancy in 1914 when it was thought the city would be captured by the Germans and when a "big" man would be needed as préfet—"your visit is too great an honor for us to permit you to enter Nancy

unattended, no matter what the hour of your arrival. We know after so long a journey you and your party need refreshing; automobiles are waiting outside and dinner will be ready by time you have rested a moment at your hotel."

The nice part about it is, these French make you believe they really mean it; it cannot be possible that M. Mirman and the distinguished officers who formed his reception committee *liked* to wait five hours in a cold railway station. But they did like to make the American Ambassador feel at home in Nancy, hence they had waited for us. After a rapid drive through the pitch-black streets of the city to the Grand Hotel on the Place St. Stanislas, and after ten minutes to freshen up and remove the stains of travel, we were conducted to a private dining-room where was served us an excellent dinner. On arriving at midnight in New York or Chicago one may expect to be able to get a good dinner, if so inclined; I confess, however, we were surprised to find equal comforts in a French city that is now, and that for two years has been, under the fire of German guns!

This morning at nine o'clock, after finishing the "pettiest" kind of a *petit déjeuner* (the midnight dinner robbed us of appetites) we entered the military limousines waiting in front of the hotel and were whirled off to see the forests and fields where was fought in 1914 the great battle of the Grand Couronné de Nancy. From the high hill of Leomont whence on those August days two years ago the French General directed the movements of his army, we to-day looked down upon the scene of that fierce struggle and had it explained to us by Commandant Thomasson, who stood on the hill by the General's side during the battle. "There in yonder wood," said this officer, pointing to a small forest in the valley half a mile away, "the carnage was frightful. For three days was that wood bitterly contested; there was hand-to-hand fighting; the men dodged behind trees; he who leaned forward to see through the forest risked having his head shot away or

a bayonet thrust through his body. The French pushed the Germans back. Then Bavarian reinforcements came up and we were pushed back. But we never gave up that forest; to the edge of it, yes, Messieurs, they pushed us back to the edge. And then our brave poilus refused to budge another inch! Steadily they pressed forward, and at last the wood was ours. It is not too much to say, Excellency, that civilization itself was saved by the victory which, after days of terrific fighting on the fields you see yonder, finally perched upon our banners!"

Col. Thomasson explained this assertion by outlining to us the military situation as it existed in those August and September days of 1914. Von Kluck's legions were pouring across Belgium and into France from the northeast; the Crown Princes of Prussia and Bavaria, with two enormous armies, were approaching from the east and the southeast. Had their forces joined von Kluck's an unbroken line composed of millions of men would have advanced upon Paris. The French victory on the fields and in the forest we saw to-day upset the German plans. The two Crown Princes were hurled east and north; the French retained contact with their forces all the way to Paris; Gallieni's "Taxicab" army sprang up, as it were, from the pavements of the capital and rushed to the front; General Foch made his celebrated wedge attack and von Kluck was forced, first to stop his advance, then to retreat, in order to link up with the armies of the Prussian and Bavarian Crown Princes. And then came the Battle of the Marne, an historic victory—too close as yet for us fully to appreciate its meaning and importance to the world. For Germany is not yet beaten. But when she is beaten—and she *will* be—then for a thousand years to come the pens of philosophers and historians will tell how in September, 1914, near the calm, peaceful little river of the Marne was won a victory which led to the undoing of autocracy and to the

ultimate triumph of the principles of democracy and Christianity.

Shortly after noon we arrived at the ruined village of Vitremont which a wealthy Californian, Mrs. Crocker, has generously agreed to rebuild at her individual expense; Miss Daisy Polk, a friend of Mrs. Crocker's, who occupies one of the few undestroyed stone cottages in the village, will supervise the work of restoration. Three-fourths of all the houses were destroyed by the Germans during their brief occupation in August, 1914, and it is Miss Polk's intention to rebuild the people's homes on their former sites and in precisely the same size and style as before. French peasants are not progressive; they not only do not demand modern, sanitary homes, but strenuously object to any changes from the houses that were built centuries ago. The only concession Miss Polk has been able to wring from them is to permit the placing of the big manure piles in the back, instead of in front, right on the street. I remember when motoring through the villages of Lorraine before the war how unsightly, how ill smelling were the piles of manure heaped up on both sides of the main street. Once, when I asked a prosperous looking villager why they didn't stack the manure behind instead of in front of the houses, he looked at me in surprise. "Why," said he, "it has always been put out in front." And for him that was an all-sufficient reply!

Since 1914 the Vitremonters have lived in the ruins of their homes, with only makeshift roofs over their heads—a piece of tin or a few boards; at night they have been exposed to wind, sleet, snow and rain, while in the day they have worked hard, tilling their fields; soldiers come from the front line trenches not far away and put in their vacation helping the Vitremonters in their plowing, sowing, reaping and other agricultural work. Soon, thanks to Mrs. Crocker's generosity, all will be under shelter; the cost of rebuilding averages $3,500 per cottage, so that the thirty-six destroyed homes will cost

Mrs. Crocker more than $100,000; restoration of the village church will cost $5,000 more. A wealthy American wanted to pay for this, but Mrs. Crocker declined the offer; she wishes the restoration of this quaint old Lorraine town to be *entirely* her affair.

As our party drove up in four automobiles Vitremont's entire population, in their Sunday clothes, was there to receive us. The Mayor, a horny-handed peasant with a bright sash —badge of his office, reaching over his shoulder to his waist —welcomed Ambassador Sharp as he stepped out of his limousine and escorted him to a platform a few yards away, in the center of a mass of ruins. At the windows of one of the few houses not in ruins sat some old veterans of 1870, who were too feeble to remain standing during the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the first home to be re-erected. In an eloquent speech M. Mirman spoke so feelingly of the old veterans over there looking at us from their windows that tears moistened the eyes of all who heard him; the Préfet described how those veterans had fought and bled and suffered for France forty-five years ago, how now their gaze was fixed upon their sons and their grandsons to see if they were worthy of the France that in every department of human knowledge and human affairs has won immortal glory! M. Mirman also referred to Miss Polk whom the people of Vitremont first viewed with coldness, even with suspicion; they could not believe that a young and beautiful girl would leave her home of luxury to cross the seas and suffer hardships in a ruined town in order to help those who were total strangers to her. But they had learned this was what Miss Polk had done, and so now Vitremont regarded her with love, aye, even with veneration! The town authorities had conferred upon her their highest honor—the title of Citizeness of Vitremont—and as such she would ever be trusted, ever loved by the people of Lorraine! Mr. Sharp answered M. Mirman's speech in English, then with a trowel he laid the cornerstone while

War Department movie operators turned the cranks of their machines so that soon all France may see on the screen how the American Ambassador gave his official sanction to Mrs. Crocker's generous work. . . . From the laying of the corner-stone we went on foot, followed by the entire population, to a temporary wooden house, erected as a town hall, and there we inscribed our names in a big book of records. M. Laon Pobe, the grave, sad careworn looking mayor, told us that in future years when tourists come to Vitremont they will be shown this book of records so that for all time posterity may know that the *first* reconstruction work of the great war was done by Americans. As time goes on others will give of their plenty that the people of invaded France and Belgium may be put on their feet again, but the honor of the first systematic housing of an entire town belongs to an American woman!

We thought Vitremont sad and desolate, but it is almost gay compared with the next city to which we were taken—Gerbéviller, called La Martyre because of the martyrdom it suffered at the hands of the Huns. Pompeii, destroyed nearly twenty centuries ago by a convulsion of Nature, presents no more melancholy, no more soul-sickening sight than does Gerbéviller which owes its destruction, not to Nature's blindly violent forces, but to the deliberate vandalism of a German army! As we walked through a mile or more of its streets we saw on either hand nothing but stark, staring walls—no roofs, no homes for the people, not even kennels for the dogs, nothing but destruction, desolation, ruin! On that dreadful day in 1914 when the Germans entered the little city of Gerbéviller their front line soldiers carried cans of petroleum with syringes attached; they sprayed the walls of the buildings on both sides of the streets; detachments of soldiers went inside the houses and sprayed the furniture, the portières, the bedding, the pictures. Then came torch bearers who set fire to everything within their reach. It was all done with scientific

efficiency—and fiendishness!—so thorough that within the space of a few hours the Germans accomplished more ruin in Gerbéviller than Vesuvius did in days at Pompeii. Four-fifths of the city is a complete ruin; then of a sudden we passed out of desolate, soul-sickening destruction and found ourselves in a town of life again. Why this sudden, this remarkable change? Why did the Germans burn and destroy a whole city up to a certain line, then desist from their devilish work? Did a French army suddenly appear on the scene and *compel* them to stop burning Gerbéviller? No; it was not force that wrought the change; at least, not physical force. It was a miracle! An old nun who was not even good looking, except for a certain wonderful sweetness and spirituality which shone forth from her eyes, came out from her hospital, raised her hands and said:

"Messieurs, you must not burn any more!"

Those are words which any one can speak; it is not wonderful that Sister Julie uttered them. But it *is* wonderful that the Germans heeded them. The President of France has paid his homage to this sweet-faced nun; the decoration of the Legion of Honor has been conferred upon her; her pictures are sold throughout France. And so, to-day, we too went to that little hospital to tell her that America also shall learn of what she has done. "Oh, votre Excellence," she said modestly, "it was not I who did anything. It was God who at last put it in the hearts of the Germans to stop their cruel work."

"Madame," said I, "until you stepped out there in front of your door and told them to desist, God seemed to have little place in their hearts. Rather did Satan possess them. Tell me how you did it. How was it possible for you to make those benzine sprayers and torch bearers stop their fiendish work?"

"I cannot tell you, Monsieur, any more than that they did desist when I told them. You see, Excellence, it was impos-

sible to allow them to go on with such work; had they burned another building it would have meant the death of every one of the wounded poilus in my hospital."

We think of Joan of Arc as working miracles; and she *did* accomplish miraculous things: an illiterate country girl, who never in her life so much as heard of military strategy, succeeded in doing that which France's greatest generals had failed to do—she defeated and drove out a foreign invader—surely *that* was a miracle. And so too was it a miracle when a mere word, a mere gesture from a homely, sweet-faced nun suddenly caused the German army to desist from its systematic destruction of the little city of Gerbéviller. We are too close to the World War to realize its proportions; we fail to see it in its true perspective. But centuries hence our posterity will recognize the heroes and miraculous deeds of this war, just as we recognize those of the Crusades a thousand years ago!

In the outskirts of Gerbéviller is a little stream spanned by a stone bridge; at that bridge the French rear guard, composed of only sixty soldiers, held back the Germans for seven hours; it is said that the town's martyrdom was inflicted as punishment for what that brave rear guard did. Whatever the reason, that the martyrdom was very real and very terrible may be seen by any one who walks through Gerbéviller's streets to-day. And while that ruin was being wrought on that dreadful August day in 1914, German soldiers surrounded the burning houses and shot to death the men and women as they fled from the flames out into the street!

In the village of Herimenil through which we passed after leaving Gerbéviller we were shown a church into which the Germans put the townspeople while they set fire to their homes; one woman and her two young daughters failed to comply with the order to get inside the church; for this "crime" the Germans took them out of the cellar of their home where they were hiding, stood them up against the wall of

the house opposite the church and shot them to death! Not content with this, they left the bodies of the three women on the pavement for two days and threatened to shoot any one who sought to remove the poor broken, bleeding pieces of humanity! A score or more men and women who lived through that awful week crowded around our party and gave us minute details of the things that happened. "There is where the bullets that went through poor Mme. Juban's body struck the wall," said one man, pointing to several holes three feet above the ground. "I was looking through the church window. I saw them drag her and Susanne and Josephine out of the house and stand them up against the wall. Oh, Monsieur, it was frightful! Their bodies lay there night and day. I wanted to go to them and close their eyes. It grieved me, Monsieur, to see their eyes wide open looking up at the sun. As they were dead I knew the sun could not hurt them, still I wanted to close their eyes. But when I asked permission to go to them for only a moment the soldiers said they would shoot me if I stepped my foot outside the door! And so, Monsieur, during all of two nights and two days we were crowded here in this church, the bodies of our poor friends right here—this is the very spot, Monsieur. Oh, it was frightful, frightful!"

And the man shuddered and put his hand before his eyes as if to shut out the dreadful sight. He may shut it out from his physical eyes, but not from his mind's eye; as long as life endures the forty-eight hours passed crowded together in that village church will remain burned deep in the consciences and memories of all who were there. Almost as horrible as the suffering actually borne during the forty-eight hours is the scar left upon the souls of those men and women. Hate, a deep, deadly, undying hate is a hideous thing, a thing no one may indulge in without searing and scarring the soul. But that is the kind of hate the people of Herimenil feel for the Germans; I could see it glowing in their faces, burning in their

eyes, vibrating in their voices as they pointed out to us the place on the pavement where the bodies of that mother and her daughters were left lying for forty-eight long hours!

At two o'clock we arrived at the village of St. Clement near the front, at the headquarters of General de Buyer, in command of this sector, where an elaborate luncheon awaited us; at each plate was an individual menu card with the guest's name written in a fine copper plate hand beneath the French and American flags. General de Buyer smilingly admitted that he did not have so elaborate a déjeuner every day, "Mais que voulez vous?" he added. "Neither are we honored every day by the presence of the American Ambassador and his Special Assistant!" . . . We were not surprised to learn that such luncheons are not spread on the General's table every day; what surprised us was to know that such a variety of excellent food, cooked in so delicious a way, could be had at all so near the front, within sound of the German guns. Had we been at Sherry's in New York we could not have had a better repast. In our Revolutionary war Sumter was glad to be able to offer a baked sweet potato to a distinguished guest; and in our Civil War Gen. Lee counted himself fortunate if he found upon his camp table a rasher of bacon with corn bread. No pâté de foie gras washed down by fine wines in those wars. Both France and Germany have a long way to go before either country is reduced to anything like the straits suffered by the soldiers of Washington and the Southern Confederacy.

After the General's party was over we motored to Luneville, where the Mayor, M. Georges Keller, had arranged a reception for us in the City Hall (Hôtel de Ville); after delivering an address of welcome in French, to which Ambassador Sharp replied in English, M. Keller introduced to us a number of the city's prominent people—among them a M. Kahn, president of the Jewish Society of Lorraine and a business man of the highest standing and integrity. M. Kahn

related to me the frightful fate of his mother, aged ninety-eight.

"It was in August, 1914," he said, "the day the Germans entered Luneville. Mother was sitting in a chair at a window of her room looking down on the street; my brother and I stood by her side. As the Germans came abreast of our house shots were fired. The muzzles of their rifles were pointing straight up in the air and I saw the soldiers pulling the triggers. And so when their commander cried out: 'Wer hat geschossen?' (who has fired?) I, unhappily, cried back: 'It is your own men who fired. I saw them doing it a moment ago.' My words infuriated the officer. He halted his men, ordered them toward our house and the next instant they were battering down the door with the butts of their guns. My brother rushed down to open the door; he wished to open it so as to give them no cause for violence, but alas! as he reached the lower hall the door was battered in and the Germans shot my brother to pieces; a score of bullets struck him—he was horribly mangled. I fled for my life through the rear of the second floor, and as I ran I looked back and—oh, Monsieur, the thought of what I saw unmans me even now, after more than two years. It was awful!"

M. Kahn paused and covered his face with his hands; for a long minute there was absolute silence; I had not the heart to speak. What could one say to such a story? Presently, having recovered from his emotion, he added quietly:

"Monsieur, I saw the Germans run their bayonets through my mother. Think of it, through that dear woman who would not have harmed a hair of their heads even had she been able. But she was not able, for, Monsieur, she was ninety-eight years old. I have two brothers in America; one of them is Gustave Kahn, a professor in Baltimore. The other is M. Felix Kahn, at 1207 Rue Custin, New Orleans. I will thank you, sir, to tell them that mother died with a

smile on her lips. She seemed without fear as well as without hate."

As I wiped my eyes I promised to comply with this request; to hear such a story even at second hand is deeply moving. To hear it from one of the actors, from a son who with his own eyes saw his aged mother butchered by bestial soldiers—ah, that is a thing that stirs the very depths of one's being. I try to *feel* neutral as well as to be neutral, but the thing can't be done. The Germans themselves just won't let me be neutral. I should despise myself if I could withhold pity and sympathy for the French, the victims of such horrors, or if I could help feeling a deadly scorn and contempt for a soldiery capable of committing such *senseless* as well as barbaric deeds!

Another story told me at Mayor Keller's reception was concerning the experience of a Monsieur H., who happened to be in Belgium when war burst upon the world in August, 1914.

"It was at Aerschot," said Monsieur H., "and when the Germans entered the town from the east I was horrified to see women with babies in their arms in front of the front line of the invaders. They were using our wives, mothers, daughters and babies as a screen, Monsieur. The Belgian soldiers did not have the heart to shoot their own flesh and blood, so they retreated without firing a gun and the Germans marched on into the great square of the city. The Burgomeister's home was on the public square; just as the Commander of the German army was entering the door of the Burgomeister's house a shot was fired—by whom, Monsieur, no one but God knows. The Germans claim a Belgian fired that shot. Heaven knows, what had just happened was enough to prompt some father, some brother to fire on the men who used women and babies to protect their own cowardly lives. But the Belgians claim the shot was fired by a German. There was great confusion. Twice an alarm was given that a Belgian army was coming to attack the town and the Ger-

mans fired a volley at what they thought were approaching troops; it is possible, Monsieur, they may have fired the shot that killed the German General. However that may be, after the German General fell dead in the doorway of the Burgomeister's house, the officer who succeeded him in command ordered every male inhabitant of Aerschot who was fourteen or more years old to be conducted to the outskirts of the town. There all—boys of fourteen, old graybeards of eighty, fathers of families, youths just beginning life—all were drawn up in a line. A sergeant counted them off—eins, zwei, drei—one, two, three. Every third man had to take two steps forward, so that when the sergeant had finished counting there were two lines—one-third in front, two-thirds at the back. And then, Monsieur—God help me, but every one of those in the front line was shot to death, shot where he stood—boys, old men and all! That, Monsieur, is what the Germans call 'Schrecklichkeit'—Frightfulness. They think thus to crush us with fear, to stupefy us with horror and wipe out all opposition. Ah, how little they understand the human soul! But for their barbarity we might have been willing to make peace. As it is, the war must go on until the world is rid of the Prussian horror!"

Another prominent citizen who attended the reception in the Hôtel de Ville told us that the day Luneville was captured the Germans put the Rabbi and his wife in the Synagog, then set it on fire and burned them to death!

In many departments of human knowledge Germans are far in advance of other nations, but in the matter of understanding the lessons of history, of understanding the psychology of other peoples, they seem as ignorant as children. Is it not strange that with the history of Rome known to them, with such an example as that of Cardinal Mercier before them, Prussia's autocracy cannot understand the fact that material things are not, in the long run, more important, more powerful than spiritual things which appeal to the

sense of truth and justice, inherent in the breast of all mankind?

Mayor Keller's home is in the palace where was signed the treaty of peace between Austria and France after the Battle of Marengo in 1801; we went there for tea, when the reception at the City Hall was over, and there in the same salon where Napoleon dictated terms to his future father-in-law we met more dignitaries of the city and also a number of very beautiful and very charming women; then we motored rapidly back to Nancy so as to be there in time for a banquet at the Préfet's palace at eight o'clock. As may be imagined, after the elaborate déjeuner in the trenches with General de Buyer, followed by tea, cakes and sandwiches at the home of Mayor Keller in Luneville, neither the Ambassador nor I had much appetite for a banquet; we enjoyed, however, M. Mirman's hospitality and were glad to meet the distinguished soldiers and statesmen who were gathered around his table. Because of the exceedingly strenuous day we had passed Mr. Sharp begged the Préfet to excuse us early; it was only ten o'clock when we got back to our hotel, but it is now past midnight, for I have been propped up in my bed for two hours writing these notes of a long day's doings. Even though I write in shorthand, so much has happened that after two hours my notes are still unfinished; they must wait now till to-morrow. I am too tired to write more to-night.

Nancy, Monday night,
December 18, 1916.

HERE are a few points about Vitremont which I forgot to note last night (was too sleepy): the town's population in 1700 was 270; in 1914, 265; the population now is only 135. Thirty-six houses and the school and town hall were completely destroyed; ten houses which were injured by shells (not burned by incendiarists) were only slightly damaged, and this damage has been repaired. Mrs. Crocker is rebuilding

the thirty-six houses that were totally demolished, not by the accident of war, by chance shells, but destroyed with malice aforethought by the incendiary's torch. . . .

We purposed going to Rheims to-day but M. Mirman called at our hotel early this morning and said he had a telegram from the General commanding the sector at Rheims requesting us to postpone our visit twenty-four hours. Ambassador Sharp, surmising that the delay was in order to give the Rheims authorities time to arrange receptions, dinners, etc.—a surmise justified by the exceeding hospitality with which we have everywhere been received—told M. Mirman he did not wish the General or his staff to go to any trouble on his account; he said he would really prefer to slip into Rheims, inspect the Cathedral so as to be able to report accurately just what damage the Germans had done to that historic edifice, then proceed to Paris.

"Your Excellency," said the Préfet, "the General has not desired you to delay your visit for purposes of hospitality; there is a more urgent reason."

Then M. Mirman explained that yesterday, Sunday, a successful attack was made upon the German lines near Rheims; prisoners were taken, "And," continued M. Mirman, "we know from long experience that after such local successes the Germans vent their rage upon the great Cathedral." Seeing the look of incredulity upon our faces, the Préfet added: "I know it seems unbelievable, for it is so absurd as well as wicked to vent one's rage upon a mass of inanimate stone, upon stained glass and marble altars. But, alas! Excellency, it is true, and so the General prefers that you do not go to Rheims until to-morrow. If you go to-day, especially if you visit the Cathedral, you will be going into a rain of shot and shell."

Of course we did not go; Préfet Mirman telegraphed the General that we will visit Rheims to-morrow, then he escorted us on a walk through Nancy and showed us a number of

buildings that have been wrecked by German shells. Only last week one of the city's large hotels was struck by a shell; the upper floors were demolished and twenty persons were badly wounded, but fortunately none was killed. After seeing this ruin and congratulating ourselves that we had chosen as our quarters the Grand Hotel on the Place St. Stanislas instead of this hotel, we walked a short distance to another shell-made wreck—that of a grammar school attended by 105 little boys and girls between the ages of seven and twelve.

"When I first arrived on the scene and found this mere mass of débris," said M. Mirman, "my heart sank within me; I dared not hope that any of the little tots had escaped. But my men began working with feverish haste; ropes were put around the larger blocks of stone and many strong arms pulled with a mighty heave. Men with shovels dug away the broken plaster; other men with axes hewed the woodwork away; in our frightful suspense it seemed slow, but in reality the work progressed rapidly and, in an incredibly short time, through that tremendous mass of broken blocks of stone, of splintered timbers and powdered plaster, an open path was made to the stairs leading down into the caves. And then, Messieurs, you can imagine what a load was lifted from our hearts when there emerged from those dark caverns 105 little boys and girls, not one of them hurt or even frightened!"

M. Mirman says that the gun which shells Nancy is twenty miles away and more than a minute elapses between the moment the gun is fired and the moment when the shell falls in the city. A system of signals has been perfected, so that the people of Nancy have warning at almost the instant that the great gun is fired. The children of that grammar school had been so well drilled that within the sixty seconds allowed them they were all down in the deep cave beneath the school. . . . Military men have told me no gun gives a minute's warning; they say no matter how far away the gun may be, its shell comes with such rapidity

that one has no time to get out of the way. To me, a layman, this seems more probable than M. Mirman's story; yet it is difficult to believe that the Préfet would either romance about such a matter, or tell it as a "pleasantry"; one doesn't indulge in jokes about serious things, especially not with an Ambassador and his Special Assistant, and so I am constrained to believe the story M. Mirman told us. He pointed out the placards posted everywhere in Nancy, rebuking the people for letting curiosity get the better of discretion, and mentioning the case of an entire family that had been killed because, when the siren gave the alarm, instead of going AT ONCE into the cellar, they had rushed to their windows to look out on the street! . . . In Nancy's huge military barracks we saw hundreds of refugees from Lille and other French cities now in the hands of the Germans; they have been here since they fled in August, 1914, before the onrushing German waves and seem comfortable, even happy, despite their great misfortune. Those able to work earn small sums by cabinet-making, shoemending and the like; the women sew, make dresses, do embroidery work, etc. But all, whether able to work or not, are cared for by the French government. They are not made to suffer alone merely because their homes happened to be in the line of the Huns' devastating advance. The smaller rooms of the barracks—probably officers' quarters before the war—are now used as schools for the children of the refugees; as we entered one of these rooms it happened to be at the "composition" hour and all the children were busily engaged in writing. "What is the subject of your composition?" I asked one little lass of twelve. She made no spoken answer but shyly handed me the paper on which she was writing; at the top of the sheet was written:

"The Help American Children Are Giving the Children of France, and How We Should Feel Toward Them!"

The teacher said for the current week this is the subject upon which children must write compositions in all the schools of the Republic; the incident is a gratifying proof of the intimate friendship that now exists between France and the United States.

We had luncheon at the home of the Marquise d'Eyragues, No. 27 Place Carrières, next door to a residence which was smashed to pieces last week by that big German gun. When I asked the Marquise, a charming, distinguished old lady who looked as if she might have stepped out of a picture book of the old régime, if she did not think it would be wise to close her home and go beyond the range of that monster gun, she smiled and said: "Why would it be wise, Monsieur? I am an old woman and not afraid to die. If the Germans wish to kill me they may do it; I shall stay here, for when I die I wish my last moments to be spent in the home where I have always lived and been so happy."

After luncheon we motored to Crevic where is the ruined château of Gen. Liautey. When the Germans captured Crevic the first thing they did was to ask where was the French Minister of War's home, and the second thing they did was to set it on fire; it is now a sad looking ruin among the débris of which I noted mutilated marble busts and statues, half-burned divans, broken gold-covered chairs, etc.—all silent though eloquent witnesses of the taste and luxury which reigned in the château before the vandals came. . . . On the way to Crevic we encountered Miss Polk in her Ford car. M. Mirman said that when she first came to Lorraine, and when the women of Vitremont wrote their men at the front what an American woman was going to do for them, the poilus sent back sarcastic answers. "You women believe all you hear! Will you never learn sense? You write us that some one who does not even know you is going to build you a home. We tell you that you are a lot of foolish old women!" So wrote the poilus from the front only five miles away; they

stay twelve days in the trenches, then they come back behind the lines and work twelve days, tilling their lands. On their first visit to Vitremont they regarded Miss Polk with cold suspicion; but each time the soldiers returned from the front they found more and more evidences of her unselfish work, until at last suspicion gave way to confidence and finally to love! And so, to-day, this young American woman drives about in her Ford with less let or hindrance than the French officers themselves. Although we were in a military limousine, accompanied by staff officers, sentinels seemed to spring out of the earth at every turn and we were not allowed to proceed until careful scrutiny of our papers convinced the guard that we were O. K. But Miss Polk is recognized everywhere in this section; when she approaches in her little Ford the sentinels smile and salute and she passes on without so much as stopping.

Darkness overtook us on the return drive to Nancy, a fact which enabled us to witness an interesting spectacle in the skies—long, giant arms of light reaching first this way, then that, searching the heavens for enemy aeroplanes; and ever and anon through those long arms of light we saw the wings of a plane, white, clear and distinct for an instant, then the next instant lost in the blackness of the night. But they were friendly planes; there were no Germans over Nancy to-night, although they are likely to come at any moment. The lines are so close, once an aviator succeeds in crossing them he can be over Nancy in a quarter of an hour and drop bombs until the French planes find him and put him to flight.

Paris, Thursday,
December 21.

Our visit to Rheims is described in the following letter to my wife:

Paris, December 21, 1916.

Dearest Beamer:—

When we left Nancy yesterday morning at seven o'clock, although it was still dark, M. Mirman was at the Grand Hotel with two automobiles to take us to the station and with him was a bevy of civil as well as military officials—quite a contrast to the modest visit you and I made to Nancy on our motor trip before the war. On leaving the train at Epernay we were received by more dignitaries, though this time all were military; they had several limousines waiting at the station and presently we were whirling over the same road you and I traversed on our way to Rheims in our roadster; then it was summer and the world was at peace. Yesterday in the dead of winter, the whole world rending itself to pieces, the ride from Epernay was far different from the trip you and I took. From the moment we got out of the train the Monster War thrust his horrid face before us and grinned and gloated and showed his frightful death's head! As we stepped into the limousines the soldier chauffeurs handed each of us a mask and said: "The Germans made a gas attack yesterday—they may make another to-day; the orders, Monsieur, are to keep masks close at hand." I put the mask on; it made me look like a grinning baboon! Then we came to a turn in the road—at the place where you and I lunched that day on a knoll looking toward Rheims—and the soldier who sat in front beside the chauffeur turned and said:

"We must hasten here, Monsieur."

And hasten we did; I think that big Renault motor must have torn off the miles at the rate of sixty an hour, for we were then within sight as well as range of the German guns. The north and east side of the road is screened to a height of twenty feet by a thin cotton cloth supported by poles. Of course the Germans can't see through this cloth, thin as it is, but they can shoot through it, and the soldier in front said they frequently do shoot through it on the chance of hitting

troops or officers in automobiles. It was for that reason that the chauffeur speeded his motor up to sixty miles an hour, with the result that soon the twenty-seven kilometers between Epernay and Rheims were covered and we found ourselves at the Hôtel de Ville where the Mayor, the City Council and a number of prominent citizens awaited us. The Mayor made a speech saying how honored he was that the Ambassador from the great American republic should visit his stricken city, to which Mr. Sharp replied in a graceful address, saying how honored *he* was by the cordial reception accorded to him and his Special Assistant; then champagne was served and toasts were drunk, after which our real visit began—and our sorrows, too. For, Beamer, I could not keep the tears back as we walked through Rheims' desolate streets to the crowning ruin of all, the Cathedral! You know how we loved that great church, how we lingered in and around it! The morning we started for Italy I remember we made a detour so as to see once more its beautiful façade; we stopped our automobile in front of the Cathedral, near the statue of Joan of Arc, and as we took our last look at the noble edifice we promised ourselves that some day we would return to Rheims and revel in its beauties again. Well, Beamer, yesterday I was glad you were not with me, for it would be a great grief to you to gaze upon the Cathedral now and see what the vandals have done to it. The walls still stand, so too do the cover of the nave and the transept. But there are big holes in the cover where the vaulted stone ceiling has been shattered by shells, and the roof is gone, together with the scores of statues which formerly adorned it; the marble statues of the façade are bruised and battered beyond recognition. Needless to say that those marvelously beautiful stained glass windows we admired so much have been shattered into a million pieces. After finishing our study of the melancholy ruin we inspected the wreck of the Cardinal's palace which adjoins the Cathedral. The destruction wrought here is complete; not even the walls are

left standing; the palace is merely a mass of débris, and it is a marvel that the aged Cardinal was not buried in its ruins. But he escaped and now occupies a modest house across the street, where we called to pay him our respects. Cardinal Luçon, as unaffected, simple, delightful an old man as one would care to meet, received us graciously and consented to stand between Ambassador Sharp and me, with our military escort on the step above and behind us, while the War Department's cinema operators turned their machines and took moving pictures of us. When I asked the Cardinal why he remained so near the Cathedral, knowing as all do know, that the Cathedral is the special target of the German guns, the old man shrugged his shoulders and answered with charming simplicity:

"Why, Monsieur, this is the place where my duty calls me; therefore I have no time to think of German guns."

But His Grace *hears* them, and sees their effects; only the day before we stood on his steps to have our pictures taken shells destroyed the adjoining house, not twenty yards from where Cardinal Luçon was standing. . . . After bidding farewell to His Grace we walked through the streets of Rheims and it was like walking through Pompeii—ruins on either side of the street, burned and blackened houses, stark stone walls, no roofs, no people, no signs of life! What a tear-compelling contrast to the bright, beautiful, happy city you and I saw before the war! The store where we stopped the morning we started for Italy, to buy bottles of Pommery to put in our tire trunk, is now an utter ruin; I looked through the doorway and saw a pile of twisted iron, charred wood and dirty débris; then I closed my eyes and in memory went back to that other day when I was there—a clean, prosperous store, a courteous proprietor waiting on me, a happy wife at the cashier's desk wishing me *bon voyage* as I paid her for the champagne. God! What a contrast between the now and the then! And this ruin, this desolation, this unutterable

misery—why has it been inflicted upon mankind? To satisfy the ambition of a paranoiac Kaiser and the selfish, narrow-minded, arrogant Junkers who surround him.

Do you remember Pommery's, Beamer? Where we descended a long flight of stairs to those wonderful caves containing twelve million bottles of champagne? Well, the Pommery champagne works are in the war zone. The French front runs along the edge of the garden and a few hundred yards beyond, across a grassy meadow, are the Germans. We went down into the trenches and saw the murderous guns with their mouths protruding through openings cunningly concealed by leaves and tree branches. And then through periscopes looking across No Man's Land we saw the parapets behind which Germans were warily watching us as we were watching them. In the dugouts where we stood soldiers had their ears glued to telephones while their eyes were fixed on a blackboard covered with figures. The figures record the work of the guns—this shell is a little too far to the right, this one too far to the left, another is too high, still another is too low. The record of each shell is chalked on a blackboard so that errors may be corrected and the next shot be made more deadly still. . . . To think that millions of men should live thus in ditches year after year, their eyes glued on periscopes, their brains wearied with making mathematical calculations —for what? For the purpose of killing certain other men across a meadow, men they never have seen, men whom they might like instead of hate if only they could know them as men and not as soldiers whose business it is to kill!

Returning from the trenches, the thunder of cannon roaring in our ears, we repaired to the Pommery office where is that mosaic floor you so much admired when we were there together. Bales of brown paper cover the floor now, cover it to a depth of two feet, and while a score of shells have come through the ceiling of the office, making it look almost like a sieve, the mosaic floor has not been hurt because of that

thick covering of brown paper. . . . On a table in the center of the office were a dozen bottles of champagne, and presently the sullen boom of the cannon was punctuated by the popping of corks and by speeches and toasts. To me the scene furnished food for thought—within the sound of cannon, within two minutes' walk of the trenches, within sight of the melancholy ruin of one of the world's noblest cathedrals—we stood drinking and speech-making! As I raised the champagne to my lips I looked out of a window upon a bench in the yard where a few hours before a workman sat eating his lunch. And while he lunched a shell exploded nearby and snuffed out that workman's life as quickly, crushed him as utterly as an ant is crushed when you step upon it. The remains of the poor fellow were carried away, and then, as they say in diplomacy, it was a closed incident! For life goes on no matter how many die; and the living must keep on working. In spite of its close proximity to the trenches two millions of bottles of champagne were put up in Rheims the past season—a mere nothing compared with the pre-war output, but I was surprised to learn that work could be continued at all, with the German guns raining shells on the city every week in the year. . . . From Pommery's we were taken to one of Rheims' handsomest homes for dinner; there were more speeches and more toasts, not to the victory of the Allies—we had to preserve our neutrality—but to the glory of France and the health of our hosts; and the fervor with which we responded to those toasts I think left no doubt in anybody's mind where our sympathies lay. . . . In talking with one of the French officers I learned that the Germans bombarded the Cathedral on schedule time, consequently that we were fortunate in having postponed our visit for twenty-four hours. . . . It was 6.30 when the last toast was drunk, then a fast drive to Epernay, and at 7.30 we were on the Paris train. So mindful even of small details were our French friends, two compartments in the car were reserved by them for our ex-

clusive use; also a table in the dining car had been set aside for us. After that five o'clock repast in Rheims neither the Ambassador nor I had any appetite left, but George and William Sharp went forward to the dining car and on their return declared they had had a "bully good dinner"—such is the power and appetite of youth! . . . Troop trains were moving east on our road and so at almost every station our train was shunted onto a sidetrack and made to wait half an hour or more, with the result that instead of reaching Paris at 9.50 we did not get into the Gare de l'Est until the wee sma' hours of the morning. At such hours in the Paris of these war days taxis are not to be had anywhere or at any price, but luckily the War Office had telephoned the Ambassador's home we were coming, and so as we emerged from the station there awaiting us was Mr. Sharp's limousine, by means of which I was soon at my hotel, thus ending a strenuous and instructive trip.

Paris,
Christmas Night, 1916.

An attaché of the Embassy recently returned from Germany told me to-night that the examination of persons crossing the German frontiers is extraordinarily severe; often persons are required to strip stark naked and, suspecting that messages may be written on the skin of their bodies in invisible ink, the frontier inspectors sponge the naked bodies with an acid that brings out such inks. The soles of the traveler's shoes are pierced with long needles; his clothing is treated in the same fashion, and all papers, even the most harmless in appearance, such as visiting cards, letters from one's family, etc., are confiscated—to be returned, however (maybe), if you give your address, if the papers are found to be harmless and if the Germans bother to forward them, which more often than not they do not do. Obviously this is no time to go to Germany unless one is compelled to go.

Le Creusot, Thursday Night,
January 4, 1917.

Major Wadhams and I left Paris yesterday at 1.00 p. m. and arrived at Nevers at 5.20 p. m. Our task in Nevers was completed in ten minutes, but we had to remain all night and until to-day at 1.00 p. m. in order to get a train that would take us even in the direction of Montceau les Mines; the mines are far from the regular lines of travel. . . . Before leaving Paris, on learning that we would have to go to Le Creusot, I expressed a desire to see the great gun works in that city; the Ambassador said he would let me know if he could arrange it, and just before leaving Nevers a telegram from Mr. Sharp was handed me, reading simply: "Wire Schneider, Le Creusot, when you will arrive." The English proprietor of the Grand Hotel smiled when I asked him if a telegram would reach plain Mr. Schneider—no first name, no street address. And I smiled, too, when I understood that Schneider *is* Le Creusot, just as Krupp is Essen. . . . Before stepping into our train at Nevers I sent the following wire:

"Schneider, Creusot:
Arriverons ce soir six heures et demie. Espérons vous voir demain à Hôtel Moderne.

Lee Meriwether,
de l'Ambassade Américaine."

Our idea, of course, was to go to a hotel; we thought Ambassador Sharp told us to wire "Schneider" when we would arrive so that he would know where to find us. But as we stepped out of the railway station at Le Creusot a man approached and politely said, "Par ici, Monsieur." We thought he was a hotel "runner" until we saw the luxurious private limousine he was driving; then, thinking he had mistaken us for somebody else, we told him we wished to go to the Hotel Moderne. The man looked extremely surprised.

"Certainly, Messieurs," he said. "I shall take you there if you wish. But your rooms are ready in the château. I was directed to take you there." I looked at the Major and the Major looked at me. "Let's try the château," said I, to which Major Wadhams readily agreed. He, no more than I, is accustomed to châteaux, hence was perfectly willing to sleep in one rather than in a hotel, as long as it was thrust upon us. "But what puzzles me," said the Major, "is how that fellow picked us out of the crowd so quickly and so surely." We learned afterward that without special permission strangers are not allowed to enter the city of Le Creusot; "tab" is kept on every one who comes to town and, considering the system of surveillance in vogue, it was not difficult to "spot" us as the two representatives of the American Embassy.

Our courteous stranger chauffeur drove through a maze of narrow, dingy streets which, however, were brilliantly illuminated by the glare of flames that blazed from a forest of huge chimneys encircling the city. Presently the limousine turned off the street, climbed the sidewalk and headed straight toward a solid ten-foot high gate; had it hit that massive gate the radiator and lamps would have been smashed to pieces, but just as the front wheels climbed the curb the gate swung open as if by magic and a minute later the automobile stopped at the foot of a broad flight of marble stairs. A servitor who conducted us to two beautifully furnished rooms announced that dinner would be served in a private room in half an hour, and it proved to be a rather stately affair. Behind each of our chairs, ready to anticipate our every want, stood a waiter, and the wines and viands excelled anything we have thus far seen in France. When finally the feast ended the servitor who had met us outside at the foot of the marble stairs appeared and announced that breakfast would be served in our rooms at eight in the morning, if that would be agreeable to us; we said eight o'clock would be entirely agreeable to us, then when again alone in our rooms we pinched our-

selves to see if we were awake or dreaming! Neither Major Wadhams nor I is accustomed to being wined and dined by perfect strangers who do not even present themselves, but leave servants to do the honors, consequently to both of us our present situation smacks of romance and adventure; as I write these notes upon some embossed stationery which I found in a drawer of the beautifully carved desk in my room I am wondering what the end of it will be to-morrow.

Montceau Les Mines,
Friday Night, Jan'y 5, 1917.

THIS morning at eight o'clock *petit déjeuner* was served in our rooms at the château in Le Creusot, then at 8.30 a servitor announced that Captain Duval was awaiting our commands. We went down to a large salon and there found a grave, courteous man of forty-five, erect, military bearing, keen, piercing eyes. "If you would like, Messieurs, to see the works," said Captain Duval, "it will give me pleasure to conduct you through them."

Certainly, when the French do things of this sort they do them well; here was this busy military man making us believe it was actually a pleasure for him to drop his affairs and show us about a great establishment that he had seen a hundred times and so, of course, could not possibly wish to see again! The first Schneider was a humble blacksmith in Alsace; when he came to Creusot it was a cross roads village and Schneider's shop was a modest affair. But it grew and grew and kept on growing, until now it employs 20,000 men and 2,000 women. Before the war it made locomotives, steel rails and other things useful in peace, in addition to guns and things useful in war. Now there is no time for peaceful things. Night as well as day those thousands of men and women are forging the frightful instruments of war, huge cannon, gigantic shells, steel helmets—everything in iron or steel that is needed to help kill human beings!

The famous "75's" are wonderfully efficient instruments of death and destruction; the rapidity of their fire, the absence of jar or recoil as they fire, the accuracy of their aim—all have given them a preëminence which no cannon of any other country has been able to wrest from them; we were greatly interested in watching their construction. But to us of even greater interest was a monster piece of artillery eighteen meters long—nearly sixty feet—which, just as we were passing, a giant crane picked up in order to put it down into a hole in the ground. This hole, or well, which is only a few feet in diameter, is seventy feet deep; despite its enormous weight the sixty-foot long cannon was lifted as lightly as a man lifts his walking stick and within a few minutes it had disappeared in the well clear down to the muzzle. Captain Duval did not explain the purpose of putting the cannon down into a deep hole in the ground, nor did we feel at liberty to ask questions on the subject. . . . Passing on into another department we saw sixty-ton caldrons of molten steel; the red hot hissing mass was pouring out of the huge caldrons in molds, thus marking the first step in the making of these death-dealing monsters. The billets taken out of the molds are run between steel rollers which squeeze them smaller and smaller as they run back and forth between them until they are reduced to the proper length and size.

In still another building to which our guide conducted us one of those monster cannon was being mounted on railroad wagons constructed especially for the purpose of bearing a prodigious shock and weight; each wagon has twenty-four wheels, is made of steel and is supported and braced by steel trusses such as are used in the construction of great bridges. Workmen were busily engaged in daubing different colored paints over the cannon and over the two wagons that carried it. "A solid color, no matter whether a dull gray or not," said Captain Duval, "can be seen by an aviator much more distinctly than he can see a confusion of colors. That is why

we daub half a dozen different kinds of paint all over the cannon and its supporting wagons . . . not artistic to look at from a short distance, but very practical for impairing, if not destroying, visibility. Before sending these big fellows to the front our airmen fly over them and they make the painters do their work over again if at a comparatively low altitude the cannon with its mottled assortment of colors does not become lost and absorbed in the green and yellow of the surrounding fields."

A shrapnel shell contains 300 balls; when the shell bursts the balls scatter in 300 different directions inflicting the most frightful wounds upon all living things within the radius of their destructive force; the soldiers one sees in hospitals with faces half blown away, with legs and arms torn from their sockets, with eyes and nose torn to pieces—these soldiers, nine times out of ten, are the victims of shrapnel shells. To-day at Creusot we saw two thousand women methodically, laboriously filling those shells with their 300 balls each, so that more men may be mangled and battered out of human recognition. . . . Although intensely interesting to see these things—which are seldom shown to visitors, not even to military attachés of friendly powers—it was a relief, after luncheon, not to inspect the remainder of the great works, but to visit instead the château which, though of course much smaller than the Versailles palace, presents the same general appearance—a long two-story stone façade with wings at each end forming an open court; on the side of the château opposite the court the gardens slope down to a forest, over and beyond which is a charming vista of hills and valleys. To us it seemed a beautiful, as well as a sweet and peaceful, place after the forenoon spent in walking through miles of grimy buildings, watching the making of forbidding looking instruments of death; but Captain Duval apologized for the state of the gardens and grounds, saying that the gardeners have been mobilized and that since the war there is no one to do their work

except old men who are neither strong nor competent. In the château's court is a statue of the humble Alsatian who founded these great works; his grandson, the present head of the house, has three sons at the front and a daughter engaged in hospital work—trying to undo at least a little of the work done by her father's shells and cannon; for occasionally Mlle. Schneider has to nurse a German whose wounds were caused by Creusot shells.

At four o'clock, after serving us tea (Captain Duval seemed determined not to allow us to become hungry—the luncheon at noon was a banquet), the chauffeur was directed to drive us to Montceau Les Mines, twenty-four kilometers from Creusot, where 8,000 men work in coal mines; helping these French miners are a thousand German prisoners of war who work in two shifts. Five hundred of them begin at 2 p. m. and work until midnight in the mines; the other 500 begin at 4 a. m. and work until 2 p. m. The Société des Mines Houille de Blanzy à Montceau Les Mines, the company which operates the mines, pays its French miners six to eight francs ($1.08 to $1.44) a day; the German prisoner miners receive a flat rate of 20 centimes, and an additional 20 centimes if they do good work; the manager says the company's directors have decided to pay the Germans one franc (18c) a day beginning January 1, 1917, and will do so as soon as they receive the consent of the Minister of War. That consent being a mere form, it may be said that dating from the first of this year the pay of the German miners is a franc a day. As this is four times as much as they were paid as soldiers in the German army, and as French mines are not nearly so dangerous as German trenches, I was not surprised to find the prisoners here cheerful and on the whole glad that their days of fighting, in this war at least, are over.

The bathing arrangements are the best I have yet seen; for instance, near the mouth of one of the mines is a brick building with tile floors and fifty hot-water douches. A little

below the lofty ceiling of the large central chamber of the building run several score wires used for supporting the prisoners' shirts, overalls, etc. The Germans, after washing their clothing, hoist it up to those wires by an ingenious system of pulleys where it is left until thoroughly dry. The prisoners' dormitories, in barracks built of brick with tile roofs, are attractive, permanent looking buildings. When I asked the Commandant if the erection of such permanent structures indicated that he expected to keep his German guests a long time, he shrugged his shoulders as he replied: "Mais oui, Monsieur. No one knows when this war will end. It is better to erect houses that will last." Some of the mines are fourteen kilometers distant from the town, but as the Commandant has placed at our disposal a military automobile we shall have no trouble in visiting them all.

Coal costs 400 francs a ton in Paris—and little or none is to be had at that price; here the price is 45 francs a ton. This proves that it is mainly a matter of transportation. For the first time in a quarter of a century the Seine has been frozen over for weeks at a time; Paris, which relies on barges to bring coal up the Seine from Havre, has suddenly found all the barges frozen tight in the river, and no available railway trains to take their place. Result: Paris is suffering intensely from cold. In the Embassy we work for a while in overcoats, collars turned up; then when fingers become too stiff to write we go out and run around the block in a vain effort to get warm. Recently it became so unbearable Mr. Dodge hired a taxi and declared that he would get fuel if it took him the rest of the winter. Several hours later his return was announced; the attachés and clerks of the Embassy ran to the windows and a great shout went up when they looked down on the Rue de Chaillot and saw Mr. Dodge emerging from a taxi that was filled with wood. In the excitement and joy of the occasion nearly everybody except the Ambassador forgot diplomatic dignity and flew downstairs to

help bring up Mr. Dodge's precious find; piles of newspapers were placed in the grates, sticks of the wood were put on top of the papers, a match set them on fire, and then we all stood around the fireplace eagerly awaiting the expected warmth. Alas! It was soon a case of Exit Joy, Enter Horror! The papers blazed up for a few moments, then there was a sizzling sound and the flames died down and then went completely out. The wood was so green and so wet, its sap flowed forth in streams preventing even the papers from burning. And so at the Embassy, as everywhere else in Paris, cold reigns supreme; it is unescapable. In your bedroom, in the hotel dining-room, at the cafés, everywhere it is the same. And so the idea of Hell is changing from that of a place of intense heat to one of intense cold.

Here in the midst of France's greatest coal mines Major Wadhams and I expected at last to see a fire and to get warm; but our hotel in this town of coal mines hasn't even a stove or fireplace in its rooms. In the café on the ground floor is a stove, but in the stove is no fire, and when I suggested to the proprietor that he have one made for the comfort of his guests he seemed amazed at the temerity of the suggestion. "Vous savez, Monsieur, nous sommes en guerre," he said. That explains everything in these days; the argument was unanswerable, consequently the Major and I have gone to bed in the hope of finding a little warmth there. The Major is succeeding (in a modest way), for he is tucked deep under a mountain of covers; I am not so successful, for I am sitting up in bed in order to write these notes. But it is becoming unbearable; my fingers are icicles, so I shall here and now put a period to this entry in my Journal.

Paris, Monday,
January 8, 1917.

At seven o'clock this evening, as I was on my way to keep a dinner engagement with the Dodges at their home, No. 38

Rue Lubeck, near the Trocadero, of a sudden there was a blare of trumpets and shrill cries by the Guards Civile: "Garde vous!"—signal that Zeppelins were coming! Instantly the few streets lamps that had been lighted were extinguished and Paris was plunged into absolute darkness. Although I had almost reached my destination, my plight was a difficult one; the night was inky black and I had to grope a way along the walls of the houses to avoid falling off the curbing into the street. Even when at last I reached No. 38 Rue Lubeck, it was no easy matter to find the doorbell-button and ring for the Concierge to let me in. Finally arrived in the Dodge drawing-room, I found my hosts sitting in absolute blackness and considering themselves rather daring in that they had not sought refuge in the cellar. After forty-five minutes of pitch darkness another signal was sounded, this time that the enemy had been driven away, and the lights were turned on and Paris breathed easy again.

St. Vaast-La-Hougue, Saturday night,
January 13, 1917.

YESTERDAY morning Edward May (of the Embassy) and I left Paris for Cherbourg, arriving at 3 p. m. in a cold, driving rain. We talked with the German prisoners on the docks, unloading steamers, then started back for the Hôtel de l'Amirauté, pausing on the way to seek shelter from the bitter, biting sleet by standing on the windward side of the equestrian statue of Napoleon which is in an open place facing the sea. Napoleon's arm is extended out toward the water and on the pedestal are engraved the words he spoke when he came to Cherbourg—"I resolved to renew here the marvels of Egypt"—referring to the great stone breakwater he contemplated building so as to protect the harbor. It was not built during the first Napoleon's life, but later it became a reality and to-day it is the glory of Cherbourg. Before it was completed in 1832 it was twice destroyed by storms and

the engineers almost despaired of success. Finally, however, at a cost of fifteen million dollars, the great stone wall 4,000 yards long and, at its base, 220 yards wide, was so firmly anchored that it is still, after nearly a century, deserving of Napoleon's grandiloquent words—"J'avais résolu de renouveler à Cherbourg les merveilles de l'Egypte!"

This morning we crossed the Cherbourg peninsula on the way to Ile Tatihou, a bleak, wind-swept island four miles off the coast, reached at low tide on foot or in a wagon, but which at high tide has water around it deep enough to float a man-of-war. Much discretion must be exercised in setting forth for Tatihou; if you drive over, and are caught by the turn of the tide, you will be engulfed in a watery grave; for the tide rises as rapidly as a horse can run. On the other hand, if you start in a boat and the tide turns to go out, presto! Your boat will be fast in the mud where you must stay for hours until the tide comes in again. We went to the island in the early afternoon in a boat; we returned to-night in a wagon, the horse pulling us over a road that twelve hours before had been twenty feet under water. . . . Before the war Tatihou's population consisted of a small garrison in an ancient fort; to-day it contains several hundred civilian Germans and Austrians, some of whom are men of wealth and large affairs who have lived in France for years. Among this number is the prisoners' spokesman, Mr. Max Gutmann, a native of Vienna, but for twenty-two years a prosperous business man in Paris. Mr. Gutmann said if only heat were provided they would be content. I told Mr. Gutmann absence of heat is the one thing that makes even the best hotels in Paris places where content is unknown. It is preposterous for prisoners to complain of that which even the Ambassador of a rich republic like the United States must patiently bear, consequently I refused even to refer the lack of heat complaint to the Commandant. . . . May and I climbed to the top of the round stone tower at one end of the island and from the

summit of its massive fifteen feet thick walls we looked out upon the bleak Atlantic; from that very spot a century and a half ago James II. watched the naval battle of La Hougue, the result of which put a final quietus to his hope of regaining England's throne. When the last French ship was either sunk or in flight, leaving the Dutch and English in command of the sea, James sadly climbed down the winding stairs which May and I trod to-day, and returned to Paris to end his days as a charity guest of the King of France. In the courtyard of this inn are a number of relics of the naval battle—figures from the prows of sunken ships, cannon balls fished up from the bottom of the bay, mastheads, etc. The landlord of the inn, a fisherman, says even now his nets sometimes get caught by pieces of wrecks; in the course of 150 years they have worked their way up out of their sandy graves under the sea, and thus has his inn become a veritable museum of relics of the great naval battle. . . .

Paris,
January 29, 1917.

In the file rooms adjoining my office in the Embassy are several scores of thousands of "Dossiers"—big, brown paper envelopes 15 inches long by 10 inches wide, full of letters, papers and notes—not very thrilling or interesting to look at, yet each of those Dossiers is a "Human Document," and many of them are of absorbing interest. For instance, take the Dossier of Madame X., a motherly old lady whose home is in Vienna; she and her husband had the ill fortune to be *en voyage* in July, 1914. And, as if that were not enough bad luck for one couple to endure, at the precise moment war was declared Madame X. was alone in Paris, her husband having gone for a few days to London. Result: Monsieur X. was interned in England, while his wife was interned in France, in a camp not far from Marseilles where later came a compatriot of hers, a young Vienna woman who was suspected of being a

spy, who subsequently was proved to be one and was tried, convicted and sentenced to be shot. The night before her execution the spy gave Madame X. a letter to be sent to its destination as secretly and safely as possible. Madame accepted the trust, and thereby brought upon herself a great misfortune. For the French found her in the act of concealing the letter; they tried to take it from her, but before the guards got to her she tore it to pieces. This proved her undoing; she, too, was court martialed; to her defense that she was not an accomplice, that her act was that of a woman accepting a mere domestic trust from another woman who was about to die, the answer was: if the letter concerned merely domestic affairs why did you destroy it? To this question Madame X. made no satisfactory reply—at least none that satisfied her judges and she also was sentenced to be shot. As our Embassy is charged with the affairs of Austria we left undone no act that could be done, calculated to aid the unfortunate woman. The ablest lawyer in Marseilles was retained to defend her, and when the verdict in Marseilles went against her, an appeal was taken to a higher court in Lyons. There, I am glad to say, the sentence was commuted to ten years' imprisonment, which means a much shorter period, for, of course, she will be released when peace is declared. During all the time that this case has been going on, Monsieur X. from his place of internment in England has written a steady stream of letters imploring us to leave no stone unturned to save his wife. . . . As the salient facts of this case have been published in French newspapers there is no impropriety in mentioning them in my Journal.

Another interesting Dossier is that of Mr. Max S., born in Breslau, 48 years ago, honorably discharged from the German army more than a quarter of a century ago and a resident in New York City since 1895. Mr. S. found America a good enough country to make money in, but not good enough to give to it the allegiance and duties of a citizen—at any rate, he never became naturalized, which proved *his* undoing.

But let his brother-in-law, Mr. L., also of New York City, tell the first paragraph of the story. Writing on Christmas Day, 1914, Mr. L. says:

"On July 28 before there was any thought of war my brother-in-law, my sister and I left for Europe on the S.S. *Kronprinzessin Cecelie* for Europe, but which returned to Bar Harbor, Maine, after getting within two days of Plymouth, Eng. My sister and her husband were on their usual annual vacation trip to Germany and in spite of all persuasion, Mr. S. left for Europe again, on August 25, alone, per S.S. *New Amsterdam,* from which steamer he was taken by a French ship to Brest."

The remainder of the letter is an urgent appeal to induce the French government to give Mr. S. his freedom. The appeal is reënforced by another from his wife, who says her husband is too old to fight and that if he is allowed to return to New York he will never, never again cross the ocean! There have come letters, too, from U. S. Senators and Cabinet ministers, all imploring leniency. The Mayor of Rome, Italy, a friend of Mr. S., writes an urgent appeal. The French government is most considerate, most polite—it is desolated to be obliged to refuse all these requests; but Monsieur S. has none of the vital physical defects, such as the loss of his leg or arm or eyes, which would entitle him to release under the reciprocity agreement with Germany. This refusal has not disheartened the lonely wife in New York. Through all the years of the war her letters have continued to come, praying us to try to free her husband; doubtless during the years of war that may still afflict the world those letters will keep on coming. But I fear they will accomplish no good. Mr. S., because of his ill placed confidence in the security of a neutral steamer (the S. S. *New Amsterdam* is one of a Dutch line), will, no doubt, have many more months to spend in his dreary

prison camp on bleak little Ile Longue, off the coast of western Brittany.

Cases of this kind throw a side light on war's lesser tragedies; they show how families in the most distant lands are broken up, how hearts on the other side of the globe are crushed because of autocracy's unholy ambition.

Paris, Sunday night,
February 4, 1917.

EXTRAS have just appeared on the street announcing that President Wilson yesterday gave Count Bernstorff his passports and made an address to Congress that means the United States will enter the war on the side of the Entente. Paris is beflagged already, and any one recognized as an American is likely to be stopped a dozen times on the streets and embraced and even kissed as "Mon cher ami et allié!" We at the Embassy had the news early this morning, through a dispatch from the State Department which directed us to have nothing more to do with, or for, the German prisoners of War in France. This will be sad news to the prisoners, especially to those to whom I have promised to send teeth. For some time a constant stream of letters has been coming to me, stating that the writer's teeth are in very bad condition, or that his teeth have gone altogether, in consequence of which his health has gone, too—for one can not well eat hard tack and other prison food if one has no teeth: for the past month I have been in correspondence with the Commandants of prison camps all over France and Corsica, requesting them to certify to me a list of their prisoners who are at once without funds and without teeth. That list was made up ten days ago and I was arranging with a number of dentists to visit the prison camps and make sets of false teeth for prisoners who need complete sets, and to do the necessary dental work for the others. All that work now goes by the board. I may not even answer the letters which soon will be pouring in upon me,

wanting to know why I have not kept my promise to send them their teeth. I hear Germany's interests in France will be turned over to Switzerland. M. Lardy, the Swiss minister, who has been in Paris 30 years, is over seventy and has not much of a staff in his Legation. It is to be feared he will be swamped when we pile upon his old shoulders the enormous work of looking after the individual interests of a hundred thousand Germans.

I am not surprised at yesterday's development; rather am I surprised that the President did not act sooner. The German nation is suffering from megalomania; and, given a lunatic of that kind plus great power, inevitably he will run amuck and make it necessary for ALL the bystanders to take a hand in bringing him to his senses. If this seems an oversevere indictment of the Germans, witness what the Germans themselves say. Here is an extract from "German Chauvinism," written by Professor Otfried Nippold upon his return to Germany after a long residence abroad:

"Chauvinism has grown enormously in Germany during the last decade. This fact makes the strongest impression on those who have returned to Germany after living a long time abroad. I myself can say from experience how astonished I was, on returning to Germany after a long absence, to see this psychological transformation. . . . Hand in hand with outspoken hostility to foreign countries there goes a one-sided war-enthusiasm and war-mania such as would have been thought impossible a few years ago. . . . War is pictured not as a possibility that may occur, but as a necessity that must come, and the sooner the better. . . . The people are taught that a European war is not merely an eventuality for which we must be prepared, but a necessity at which, in the interest of the German nation, we should rejoice."

Another German writer, Professor Fritz Bley, who has a bad case of too much modesty, has this to say of his Vaterland:

"We are the most accomplished people in all the domains of science and fine art; the best settlers, the best seamen, and the best merchants. The modern world owes to us Germans pretty well everything in the way of great achievements that it has to show. Ours is the future, for we are young."

The only way to reason with people who have that ingrowing opinion of themselves is to reason with a club; and so for the welfare of the Germans themselves it is to be hoped that their armies will be soundly beaten. Only by being beaten can they awake from their delusions and shake themselves free from the Kaiser's clutches.

Paris, Thursday,
February 8, 1917.

ALTHOUGH we have broken with Germany, Austria's affairs are still in our charge, and among the tasks I have been looking after during the past few days is to learn what has become of 4,000 francs which were sent from Vienna to a certain Countess P. here in Paris; the money got as far as Berne, Switzerland, then disappeared. The quest for this money has brought the Countess a number of times to my office, and as she is a cultivated woman who speaks half a dozen languages, I have been interested in learning her point of view about the war. "Mon Dieu! Que voulez vous?" she exclaimed the other day. "Servia conspired against us Austrians (the Countess is an Austrian Pole); she approved, even if she did not instigate, the Serajevo murders. How could we possibly submit to state-inspired assassination of our Archduke and Duchess?"

"The Serajevo murders were abominable," said I. "But even so, they can not have been the cause of the war. Has not the Italian prime minister told the world that Austria urged Italy in 1913 to join with her in a war on Servia? That was a year before the Archduke was murdered. How, then, could the Serajevo affair be the real cause of the war?"

"Bah! Premier Giolitti is spiteful. He does not tell the whole truth."

Such was the airy way with which, not an illiterate man on the street, but a brilliant woman of the world disposed of a tremendous historical fact. For nothing more surely fixes the blood guilt of the Central Powers than Giolitti's exposure of their wish to begin the war in 1913—a wish which they abandoned only because Italy refused to join them, and they did not feel fit to win the war then without the help of the third member of the Triple Alliance.

In response to Austria's demand of August, 1913, that Italy join with her in an attack upon Servia, Prime Minister Giolitti said:

"If you attack Servia it is evident that the *casus fœderi* will cease to exist: the war will be solely for your benefit, for it *is not a question of defense!* No one is thinking of attacking Austria."

This response, and this alone, caused Austria to defer until 1914 the wanton attack upon Servia which she first planned to make in 1913. The conclusion to be drawn from this now known and undisputed fact is obvious, but finding that it meant nothing even to so bright a mind as Countess P.'s, I said:

"Well, you are right. I see now that the war was forced upon you. Plainly, it was all a fiendish plot on the part of the rest of the world to ruin Germany and Austria."

My conversion was too sudden; the Countess eyed me suspiciously. "Just what do you mean?" she queried.

"Why," said I, "is it not plain that the wicked world's plot was for Servia to hurl herself upon Austria; and while Servia was doing this, Belgium was to devastate Germany. As for England, *her* perfidy is shown by the fact that she hurled 80,000 soldiers against only three million Germans—who were

so taken by surprise, they staggered almost to the gates of Paris before they recovered from their amazement and started back toward Germany!"

"Ah, good sarcasm, but poor history," said the Countess. Then, to prove her point, she spoke of the French bombs dropped on the peaceful city of Nuremberg on August 2, 1914, before war was declared.

"Can you ask of a great nation to submit to so gross a wrong?" she demanded.

This question throws not a little light on the tremendous drama that is now convulsing the world; for it shows how even the most intelligent Germans and Austrians have been deceived by the Prussian autocracy. At 3.15 p.m. of August 2, 1914, the Wolff Agency at Berlin sent out an official dispatch which was published by every newspaper in Germany. The publication of Wolff dispatches marked "beamtlich" (official) is compulsory; punishment is imposed upon the editor who fails to print such dispatches just as they are sent. The Wolff dispatch of August 2, 1914, announced that on that day at noon, in violation of the rights of nations, French aviators had dropped bombs upon the peaceful city of Nuremberg. This statement aroused German hatred of France, as was intended, and caused the German people to approve the Kaiser's next step, which was to instruct his ambassador, Baron von Schoen, at Paris, to demand his passports on the ground that France had produced a state of war by her action at Nuremberg! Not until long after 1870 did the world learn of the Ems telegram which Bismarck "doctored," if he did not forge, for the purpose of inducing France to declare war, when she was not ready, and when Germany *was* ready to the last man and the last gun. In the present case we have not had to wait so long before learning the truth.

A noted German writer, Professor Schwalbe, wishing to write a history of the origin of the war, with characteristic German thoroughness started at the beginning, i. e., at Nurem-

berg. And Professor Schwalbe's chagrin was as great as his surprise when he learned that no bombs were dropped on Nuremberg on August 2, 1914, or on any other date either before or since the war! So embarrassing was Historian Schwalbe's investigation, in order that his researches might cease and the subject be dropped, he was told the truth. On April 3, 1916, the municipal authorities of Nuremberg announced in writing that the Commandant of the Third Bavarian Army Corps (who was in charge at Nuremberg) stated he knew of no French bombs dropping on that city and that the reports and rumors to that effect were wholly untrue! Professor Schwalbe published this in his journal, *Die Deutsche medizinische Wochenschrift* of May 18, 1916, then he washed his hands of the affair.

What did the German people do when, on May 18, 1916, they thus learned that their Kaiser in August, 1914, had inveigled them into war on false pretenses? Nothing. And that answer throws more light on the psychology of the German people. With all their great qualities of both head and heart, the German people have this sin to answer for:

They let out their thinking as other people let out their laundry—*to be done by others!*

For 200 years the German people have turned over to one man the job of government and to that man, because he calls himself a King or a Kaiser and claims partnership with God, they give a blind, slavish obedience! Every avenue to their minds is controlled by their military masters—the three P.s—Press, Preachers and Professors. From the time a German begins life in a kindergarten, through the schools, colleges and churches until he ends it as an old man in a chimney corner, Government controls his teachers, his editors, his preachers. And so it is that in Germany people are made to believe almost anything the Prussian autocracy wants them to believe: the Junkers and the military caste say to the people:

"Make us strong and we will make you rich!"

And until the present war it must be confessed that, in a material way, the plan has succeeded; until August, 1914, to the German people war meant merely a holiday parade to some neighbor's capital, followed by the putting into German pockets that neighbor's land and gold. The Germans thought this war would be like the others, like their ten days' war with Denmark in 1864, their six weeks' war with Austria in 1866, their few months' war with France in 1870. Each of those wars was a "walk-over" for Germany; each meant for her great riches and great power. And so in August, 1914, the Kaiser placarded the walls of German cities with a poster in which he said:

"Germans! Your Emperor is giving you a short war! Within six weeks my armies will be in Paris and the French people will pay not only the cost of the war but a huge indemnity besides."

And so long, so carefully did autocracy plan its attack upon the liberties of the world, it would have succeeded but for the sublime sacrifice of Belgium, a nation so small, so defenseless that the pirates of Potsdam gave it hardly a thought. But Belgium, small, weak, defenseless as she was, held back the German hordes two weeks, two precious weeks that gave France and England time to pull themselves together and thus lay the foundation for the defeat of German dreams of world dominion. On December 2, 1915, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg said to the Reichstag:

"We shall hold out until we have the assurance that no one will disturb our peace and our right to develop the soul and power of Germany."

Who ever disturbed Germany's peace? Who ever sought to deny her right to develop her "soul and power"? The day

after the Chancellor made this speech the Kaiser said to his troops:

"We are fighting for our liberty, for our right to existence as a nation."

But like von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Kaiser preserved profound silence when it came to telling his people *who* and when any one had denied Germany her liberty, or challenged her right to existence. Fine phrases have been used by German apologists; they assert that England was "jealous" of Germany's industrial progress, that she sought to "hem" Germany in. But when a bill of particulars is demanded it is never forthcoming. If by "Place in the Sun" is meant the right to peaceable trade expansion, where and by whom was Germany ever denied that right? Was it necessary to "shoot up" Belgium, devastate France and declare treaties to be mere scraps of paper in order to sell German goods to the nations of the earth? Prior to August, 1914, were not German banks, German commercial houses, German factories, German goods seen all over the world? Was there ever a suggestion by any responsible statesman of any nation that Germany's "peaceful penetration" of the world's marts should in the smallest degree be limited or delayed? For several years before the war portraits of the Prussian Crown Prince were exposed for sale everywhere in Germany with this quotation from his speech:

"We can obtain the place in the Sun which is our right only by the aid of a good sword, because no one will voluntarily concede us our place."

The prince did not deign to explain what kind of a "place" it is that Germany wants, nor who it is that is trying to keep her out of that place. But in his book, *Deutschland in Waffen,* he does make it plain that his idea of supreme happiness is that which war alone can bring. Witness this description he wrote of the maneuvers at Doeberitz before the war:

"A front of five squadrons of the guards advances. The signal 'March!' is given. The horses are spurred to their maximum efforts. The cavaliers advance shouting 'Hurrah!' their bodies leaning forward, their lances at rest. For one who has participated in such charges there exists in all the world nothing more beautiful. And yet to the true cavalier there is one thing more beautiful."

What? The prince tells us. The one thing more beautiful than the mock combats of the maneuvers is a *"real combat to the death!"*

"How often" (he continues) "have I heard during these charges of the maneuvers the ardent cry of a comrade: 'Sacrebleu! If only it were in earnest!' All true soldiers will understand and feel it."

And in taking leave of his troops at Dantzig the Crown Prince declared that the "moment of supreme felicity" for him would be when the Kaiser gave the signal "March!" and he could place himself at the head of his army. As wrote the prince, so wrote the professors and editors and military men of the Empire. And so at last they got what they wanted—War! Thus far it has not been exactly the kind of war they expected; Germany's autocracy confidently expected to capture Paris within six weeks after its armies got in motion. But despite this initial disappointment, should the war prove a "stalemate" Prussian militarism would be victorious. For Prussian domination of eastern Europe would be assured and with nearly two hundred millions of population, instead of only seventy millions, to organize and drill into a gigantic military machine Prussia's next tiger leap upon her neighbors would be irresistible; she would then, indeed, rule the world.

When I argued thus to the Countess P. for the first time we found ourselves in accord. "Yes," she said, "if the Entente

Powers lose my poor country will be but a vassal to the Prussian military party. It is that thought which reconciles us Austrians to the possibility of defeat."

Other Austrians have expressed to me the same thought and victory may yet perch on Democracy's banners because of Austrian defection from her powerful ally.

The vast majority of mankind abhors war; yet to-day the vast majority of mankind is engaged in war. What is the explanation of this tragic paradox? Why are millions of men who in their private relations are honorable and kindly now devoting their every thought to the killing of other men? The titanic upheaval through which the world is passing is too stupendous for any mind fully to comprehend, but if viewed from the right angle it may seem a little less amazing and the puzzle may even be partially understood. All of us can understand the common motives of selfishness, of greed, of ambition; these motives affect alike the noblest and the meanest of men. Taught by the slow process of painful experience, the average man has reached the conclusion that, considered even from a purely selfish standpoint, it is better for him to supply his wants by just rather than by unjust methods. But this has not always been the case. In the first years of the last century France was as regardless of the rights of other peoples as is Germany to-day. All France looked on without a word of protest while the great Corsican adventurer rode rough shod over the liberties of Europe from Madrid to Moscow.

Why did France, at heart so democratic, so true to the rights of man, yield such blind obedience to Napoleon? Partly, of course, because of his transcendant genius. But the fundamental cause was this: Napoleon's despotism made France great, rich, powerful! So long as despotism meant *that* to France, Frenchmen tolerated Napoleon. It was not until events showed that despotism meant, not greatness and

glory, but tears and blood, not riches and power but poverty, weakness and humiliation that Frenchmen turned to democracy and ceased their vain effort to conquer the world. Had Germany been defeated in 1870 Napoleon the Little would have become almost great; his autocratic power would have been heightened and extended. As it was, from the dust and ashes of Sedan Frenchmen arose to their feet, free men! While—another of history's cynical paradoxes—France's conquerors returned to their homes across the Rhine minus their liberties, precisely because their victory had been so overwhelming.

Should Germany win the present war, more than ever will Germans be shackled to the chariot wheels of militarism, more than ever will they be the playthings of Kaisers, Kings, Crown Princes and Military Staffs! On the other hand, should Germany lose, should her armies be decisively beaten, then—and only then—will the German people rise to their feet really free men. It is hard that freedom in Germany can follow only decisive defeat, but since that is the inexorable fact, resulting from centuries of false teachings and false habits of thought, it results that even Germany's friends should wish victory to perch upon the Entente's banners. Those who know to what lengths military arrogance went before 1914, those who have seen stripling officers of twenty elbow civilians, women as well as men, off the sidewalks of Berlin, those who have seen German officers cut down with their swords a civilian for not crawling before them—as Lieutenant Foerstner cut down the lame cobbler of Zabern—can only shudder at the thought of what Prussian arrogance would be were Prussian armies to return to Berlin victors in the world war. In the eyes of the military the civilians not only of Germany but of the rest of the world would seem as but worms in the dust. And they would be treated like worms by the "Supermen" with swords and brass buttons who had conquered the world.

Are these generalizations applicable to Germany? A rapid glance at history will answer this question.

One hundred and seventy-eight years ago when Charles VI of Austria died, leaving as heir to his throne, not a soldier son, but an unsophisticated girl, Frederick, King of Prussia, was among the first to give the new Empress-Queen promises of friendship and support—just as his present-day descendant, William II, was the first to pledge respect for the neutrality of Belgium. But even while sending his assurances of support to Maria Theresa, Frederick planned to rob her of one of her fairest provinces—an act of treachery exactly duplicated by William II with respect to Belgium. In 1911, and again in 1913, when asked to renew Germany's pledge to respect her treaty regarding Belgium the Kaiser's ministers protested that such a request was uncalled for inasmuch as Germany *always respected her solemn obligations!* And yet at that very time, in 1911 and 1913, Germany was completing her stragetic railways along the Belgium frontier and preparing for the invasion which she carried out in 1914!

As illuminating of William II's conduct with reference to Belgium, as of his ancestor's conduct with reference to Austria, is this paragraph from Macaulay:

> Without any declaration of war, in the very act of pouring forth compliments and assurances of good will, Frederick commenced hostilities. Many thousands of his troops were actually in Silesia before the Queen of Hungary knew that he had set up any claim to any part of her territories. . . .
>
> He sent her a message that if she would but let him have Silesia he would stand against any Power which should try to deprive her of her other dominions—as if he was not already bound to stand by her, or as if his new promise could be of more value than the old one!"

Has not recent history duplicated this treachery of Frederick? In 1914 William II sent Belgium a message that if

she would but let his armies violate her neutrality he would stand by her against any other Power that tried to do the same—"as if he was not already bound by solemn treaty to stand by Belgium, or as if his new promise could be of more value than the old one!"

Writing of Prussia's cold-blooded, wholly unprovoked tiger-leap upon her neighbor in 1740, Macaulay says:

"On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the column at Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown. And, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coramandel and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America!"

And so, too, the tiger-leap which Germany made upon unoffending Belgium set in motion evils that are felt in lands where the name of Germany is unknown. And, in order that Prussian autocracy may dominate the world, black men today are killing each other in the heart of Abyssinia while white men are fighting each other in Europe, Asia and Africa! There the parallel ends; for while William II adds hypocrisy to the crime of treachery, Frederick scorned any attempts at justifying his course. He made no pretense that he was fighting in self-defense, but boldly admitted that his leap upon the young Empress' domains was prompted solely by selfishness and ambition. In the second chapter of the second volume of his Memoirs Frederick makes this cynically frank avowal:

"Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day. And I decided for war."

I have already alluded to Germany's more recent history; her war upon Denmark resulted in her taking from that little

kingdom her fairest province, Schleswig-Holstein. In 1866 her leap upon Austria brought her more spoils; in 1870 she struck France to the ground, then returned across the Rhine loaded with French gold and with two more provinces, beautiful Alsace and Lorraine. Germany has reduced war to the basis of a national industry, she made a business of international burglary; and so in 1914 the German people entered upon the present war gaily, and even gladly—in the full expectation of getting more gold and more lands from their neighbors without imposing upon themselves any but the most trifling sacrifices.

As I read my history, as I conceive the elementary principles that prompt human action, neither liberty, democracy nor civilization itself will be safe until the German people have unlearned the lesson that for two hundred years has been taught them by their kings and kaisers. They have been taught to believe, and in the main their experience has given them the right to believe that, whatever war may mean for others, for them it means prestige, power and gold. And so to-day Democracy's supreme duty is to teach the German people that they have been misled; that war hereafter shall mean for them, what it means to the rest of the world—tears and blood and wretchedness, national poverty and national humiliation! When the German people learn that lesson they will be safer neighbors, and they themselves will be happier and freer men.*

* Inasmuch as modern Germany glorifies Frederick the Great the views of that royal brigand possess more than an academic interest. Dr. McElroy, of Princeton, has collected an assortment of "gems" from the writings of Frederick; their general tenor may be judged from the following samples:—

"If there is anything to be gained by it, we will be honest; if deception is necessary let us be cheats."

"One takes when one can; one is wrong only when one is obliged to give back."

Paris, Sunday,
February 11, 1917.

At 2.50 p. m. the other day Ambassador Sharp came into my office in the Embassy and asked me to accompany him to the Grand Palais on the Champs Elysées; ten minutes later his automobile let us out onto the broad sidewalk in front of the Grand Palais just in time to make room for the Presi-

"No ministers at home, but clerks; no ministers abroad, but spies."

"Form alliances only in order to sow animosities."

"Kindle and prolong war between my neighbors."

"Always promise help, but never send it."

"There is only one person in my kingdom—that is myself!"

"If possible the Powers of Europe should be made envious against one another in order to give occasion for a *coup* when the opportunity arises."

"If a ruler is obliged to sacrifice his own person for the welfare of his subjects he is all the more obliged to sacrifice treaty engagements the continuance of which would be harmful to his country. Is it better that a nation should perish, or that a sovereign should break his treaty?"

"Do not be ashamed to make interested alliances in which you yourself can derive the whole advantage. Do not make the foolish mistake of not breaking them when you believe your interests require it."

"When he is about to conclude a treaty with some foreign Power, if a sovereign remembers he is a Christian he is lost!"

Dr. McElroy, speaking of these, and of other of Frederick's maxims, says:

"These statements are characteristic of the philosophy which Frederick the Great gave as an inspiration first to Prussia and then to Prussianized Germany; the methods of his life were true to his philosophy. Vice and fraud and dissipation were the inspiration of his career, and the ideas which he implanted in the minds of the German people bear fruit to-day in the shape of a war conducted as he felt wars must be conducted to be efficient."

dent of France; as M. and Mme. Poincaré stepped out of their limousine they greeted the Ambassador and me, then all four of us walked across the broad pavement and climbed the imposing stone stairs of the Grand Palais while an immense throng gathered and "movie" operators turned their cranks and made pictures of the scene for the French theaters. . . . Arrived in the Palais we saw—not the choice paintings of other days—but hundreds of wounded soldiers who are being instructed in useful trades and arts. In one room a score of soldiers were busily engaged in cutting the hair, or shaving the faces, of their comrades. These embryo barbers are "shy" a leg each, but a barber doesn't really need two legs, consequently these new members of the tonsorial trade are getting on nicely and seem lively and cheerful. In other rooms other trades were being taught—shoemaking, basket-making, bookbinding and the like. In each room President Poincaré paused long enough to say a few encouraging words and to bestow a gift upon each disabled soldier. Following us was an orderly, pushing a big basket on wheels filled with parcels which he handed to the President as fast as he distributed them, so that in spite of the speech accompanying each gift we moved along at an astonishing rate and finished the job within an hour. M. Poincaré, who is under medium size, is neither impressive nor imposing in appearance, but he has ability and possesses the confidence of his people in a marked degree. His wife, a charming woman, speaks English, which the President does not—at any rate, I have never heard him speak in any language except French.

Paris, Wednesday,
February 28, 1917.

When Ambassador Gerard came to Paris recently some of his staff told weird tales about their experiences in Germany; the Ambassador, however, kept silent in more languages than anybody I have ever met. Every one knows he is to sail for

Havana on the Spanish steamer *Infanta Isabella;* in fact, we here at the Embassy have done a lot of telegraphing to Barcelona to arrange for his steamship accommodations. Yet, finding myself next to Mr. Gerard at the dinner given him by Ambassador Sharp, and remarking that he would arrive in Cuba at a delightful season—as I knew, having been there last February—Mr. Gerard looked at me as if to imply that he had never even heard of Cuba, and turned the talk to other topics. Members of his staff were not so silent. Some to whom I gave a luncheon smiled and thought I was joking when I said I was sorry they had not arrived one day earlier, that had they done so they might have ordered anything on the menu they liked. "As it is," I said, "only this morning a regulation went in force which limits you to one kind of meat in addition to an omelette or other egg order. Of course you may have vegetables, but it is positively forbidden to serve more than one plate of meat." . . . "Merely to have an omelette would be regarded as a feast in Berlin," said Dr. W. Then he explained how in Germany fifty per cent of one's order must be an "Ersatz"—a substitute. "For instance," he said, "half of your steak will be meat, the other half will be perhaps peanut paste. I think *all* of the beer must be Ersatz. Three weeks ago I couldn't drink the stuff they served me as beer—and Munich beer used to be the best in the world!"

Another member of the party said in Germany you are allowed to buy one egg a week—*if you can find an egg to buy!* "And that," he added, "you don't often do. I have paid twenty marks for my luncheon and still was obliged to leave the table hungry."

Paris, Friday night,
March 16, 1917.

At two o'clock this afternoon when I emerged from the Metro at the station of the Opera an enormous number of men and women were surging around a one-legged man who

was shouting something at the top of his voice; everybody in the crowd was grabbing at the one-legged man, making desperate efforts to get at him. I thought he was a thief, or perhaps even a German spy whom they were trying to mob, but it developed that he was a newsman selling extras announcing the abdication of Czar Nicholas. By the time I elbowed a way through the mob to the one-legged man all his papers were gone, but a little later at the Café de la Paix a Frenchman at the table next to mine let me look at his copy; the demand for the extras far exceeded their supply, so every man lucky enough to get one was instantly surrounded by bystanders who read over his shoulders the startling news, then indulged in excited discussion accompanied by wild gestures and lifting of shoulders. The news, if true, is big with possibilities that no one can estimate either now or for some time to come. A nation can't change its government as a man changes his clothes; if the Czar has really been deposed it means a cataclysm in Russia that will have far-reaching effects. . . .

We have not yet broken with Austria, but as a break is inevitable I am leaving to-morrow to make a final inspection of a camp of Austrian prisoners near Marseilles.

Marseilles, Sunday night,
March 18.

An hour's motor ride over a superb road that for miles follows the Mediterranean's shores, then turns north and climbs to the top of a chain of high hills, whence one commands a superb view of both land and sea, brought me into the midst of a mass of rocky crags like unto those one sees in the wilder parts of Colorado. And there amid those crags is the camp of Carpiagne which at one time contained as many as 8,000 prisoners of war, but which now houses only one hundred Germans and ninety-six Austrians. The former held themselves aloof, eying me from a little distance with a curious look of

hesitation and regret, mixed with irritation; on previous visits by members of the Paris Embassy the prisoners had sought, and nearly always obtained, comfort and help and good cheer. Now we were enemies and so could not speak to each other. The Germans seemed to resent the changed status and to feel that we had no right to become their enemies; owing to their curious mentality they permit their government to perpetrate the grossest outrages upon the rights of other people; and then they are genuinely surprised when the people thus outraged show resentment.

Although we are still guardians of Austria's interests, all realize that it is only a matter of time, and of a very short time, when we shall drop Austria too, consequently even with the Austrians to-day my attitude was coldly correct rather than cordial. I noted such few complaints as they had to make, adjusted them with the Commandant and took my departure, glad to have finished my task of protecting the rights of men whose government is murdering Americans on the high seas and whose Ambassador, Dr. Dumba, was caught red-handed bribing anarchists to foment strikes in American shops and to plant bombs under American factories. . . . I say finished, for in all probability the camp I saw to-day will be the last which I, or any other member of our Embassy, shall visit. It is impossible that the present anomalous condition of affairs can long continue; rupture with Austria may come any day. . . .

Returning to Marseilles I sat from five to seven at a table on the sidewalk of the Canniebière, the street which these Frenchmen of the South say makes Marseilles superior to Paris, and although I was fresh from a camp of Austrian-German prisoners the Monster War was forgotten during those two hours. The street, as well as sidewalks, was thronged with people, gaily-dressed women, dandies twirling canes, Algerians in sandals, flowing white gowns and turbans on their heads, smart looking poilus openly and unashamedly making

love to the girls who hung on their arms. All seemed carefree and happy—partly because of their southern temperament, partly because of the glorious weather (to me it seemed divine after the months of bitter cold and dull, leaden skies of Paris), and partly because of good news from the front—Bapaume was captured last Sunday (March 11), both the French and the British troops are advancing, and day before yesterday a Zeppelin which attempted to kill women and babies in Paris was intercepted before it reached the capital and was shot down in Compiègne—the huge monster fell heavily astride a high stone garden wall and was broken squarely in two. These things made the light-hearted Marseillaise gayer than ever; and their beautiful city, being free from fear of air raids, is not darkened as are Paris and the other cities near the front; as day gave way to night the Canniebière blazed forth with rows of electric lights, thus helping maintain the illusion that we were back in the happy days before the world began tearing itself to pieces. A hundred yards down the street from where I sat watching the passing crowd a broad flight of stone steps leads down to the harbor in which this afternoon a score or more of big steamers were riding at anchor. Ages ago when I was barely out of my teens the Italian tramp steamer *Independente,* in which I had taken steerage passage in order to make my "Tramp Trip Through Europe on 50 Cents a Day," cast anchor in that same harbor; and the first time my feet ever rested on French soil was when I climbed up those stone steps and went to the same café on the Canniebière where I went to-day. Even the great war does not seem to have changed Marseilles; to this ancient city, founded by the Phenicians 600 years before Christ, thirty years is as but one ticking of the clock; but to me—ah, it means the difference between youth, glorious youth, and the beginning of old age! In the man who sat this afternoon on the sidewalk of the Canniebière I could not recognize the youth coming up those stone steps from the sea, before

him an unexplored world full of hopes and ambitions and full at least in the youth's eyes, of unlimited possibilities!

Genoa, Wednesday night,
March 21, 1917.

On the train leaving Marseilles fellow travelers in my compartment were three English officers who entered Bapaume Sunday a week ago; I expected them to be cheerful over the withdrawal of the Germans, but they were the reverse. "We were ready to smash them in their works before Bapaume," said Captain J., "but now, before we can strike a blow, we must build roads to the front and make for ourselves a completely new system of entrenchments. Meanwhile, Fritz has retired behind lines even stronger than those he has just abandoned." Captain J. and his two comrades have been in the war from the beginning. "Yes," he said in answer to a question I asked him, "we are heartily sick of it. Who wouldn't be sick of living year after year in a dirty ditch? But we've got to do it. It wouldn't do, you know, to let Fritz get away with his system of international highway robbery."

With us in the same compartment was a vivacious French girl of twenty-two whose father owns a vineyard sixty kilometers from Algiers to which he goes and comes in his automobile. "You see, Monsieur," said the vivacious French girl, "it is too dreary, living so far from the world, so our home is in Algiers overlooking the sea." And then she explained that, being near the sea, she had met the Captain of an English transport steamer to whom she had become engaged and to whom she was now about to make a visit in Nice. "He is on leave for two weeks," she added, "and wants me to see the beautiful places of the Riviera with him." . . . In the United States a girl who would go on a two weeks' jaunt with her fiancé, before marriage, would be either a simpleton or a courtesan; in France, however, this is not necessarily the case.

Girls of the middle class not infrequently indulge in an informal sort of partnership with the man of their choice, and this partnership by no means indicates the same degree of moral obtuseness that it would be thought to mean in America. I know the daughter of a French Colonel and niece of a distinguished English General who lived with her fiancé three years before she married him; their marriage occurred some years ago and, as far as observers can judge, it has been an unusually happy one. . . .

When at the Hotel Cecil in Nice last October delicious crescent rolls and butter were served *ad lib.;* when at the same hotel two days ago there were no crescents and no butter—only tough bread; and only three small lumps of sugar in the morning for one's coffee. The privations caused by the war will increase from day to day.

At 10.20 yesterday morning the train made a long stop at Mentone to give the French guards time to inspect the luggage of passengers and to take notes of their personal history; I, having a diplomatic passport, was exempt from these formalities, but I observed their operation upon my fellow passengers, who had to tell their ages, the maiden names of their mothers, their father's first name and a lot of other details that consumed so much time our train missed connection with the Italian train at Ventimiglia and obliged us to remain in that frontier town six hours. One dashing young woman in the compartment next to mine, who was ordered to go into the ladies' boudoir and take off her clothing, protested violently, but the guards were inexorable. She was consigned to the hands of a matron, and half an hour later when she had put on her clothes again and emerged from the dressing-room the matron turned over to the guards several hundred francs in gold which she had found concealed in the handsome woman's garments. For taking, or attempting to take, gold out of France there is imposed a penalty of imprisonment from two

months to two years, or a fine up to 5,000 francs. The young woman was weeping bitterly when last I saw her being led off to prison. . . .

Florence,
March 23, 1917.

After finishing my mission in Florence I went this afternoon to the Uffizzi gallery for the purpose of revisiting certain paintings and statues that I always like to see when in this city, but alas! they are precisely the treasures which have been packed up and put in the cellar to protect them from aeroplane bombs. The gallery of the Uffizzi palace is on the top floor where, of course, bombs dropped from the sky would do the most damage. What with the disappointment of not finding my favorite paintings, and the desolation and emptiness of the vast gallery, the visit was not a cheerful one. In olden times the Uffizzi was always crowded with tourists and with artists perched on high stools copying works of the old masters; to-day, with the exception of two Italian officers, I was the only visitor in the gallery. In the Tribune, where Titian's "Venus" used to hang, is now a blank space on the wall, but opposite that space Cranach's "Eve" still simpers with a smirk on her lips and a red apple in her hand; like most of Cranach's nude women, his Eve is lanky and ugly and only less pleasing to me than the gross, beefy women of Rubens. These also have not been thought worthy of being put in the cellar—at any rate, they are in the same salon where I have seen them off and on during the last thirty years, and I was again impressed with their coarseness of conception and grossness of execution. For instance, in Rubens' "Bacchus" the woman who is pouring wine into Bacchus' glass has a bosom like unto a cow's; and in the huge painting on the opposite wall, "Henri IV Entering Paris After the Battle of Ivry," while Henri is represented as spare in figure and thoughtful in face, around him are soaring a bunch of angels who manifestly are entirely too fat to fly. Of course, Rubens is an Old Master

and I don't know a thing about art; I am merely expressing my opinion regarding the kind of women the painter usually chose to express his idea of feminine beauty. If compelled to make a choice, I would prefer one of Cranach's lanky Eves to one of Rubens' overdeveloped, far too full-bosomed florid fraus. . . . In the Hall of Busts I renewed acquaintance with the Roman Emperors and noted again how amiable Nero appears in marble; the bust of him as a boy presents a chubby, amiable face, and even the portrait of him made after he became Emperor does not depict any evil qualities. Wherefore, query: are the busts of him really portraits, or are they idealized out of all resemblance to the supposed original? And are any of the busts in the celebrated hall anything more than fancy pictures of the men and women they purport to resemble? True, the bust of Vitellius, gross and beefy, with a neck meant for a number twenty collar, is in keeping with the picture Tacitus drew of him; so, too, is one of Cæsar's busts—the one depicting him with a grave, thoughtful face, deep lines of care chiseled on his brow. But, as a rule, the busts in the Uffizzi give me the impression of being what the sculptor thought his subject wanted to look like, rather than what he really did resemble.

The tomb of Dante is buried deep under a mountain of sacks filled with earth; other specially valuable monuments and works of art in the churches are similarly protected from possible air raids. Apart from these ugly piles of bags which you see in the churches, at the old market and in the great Plaza, Florence does not seem changed by the war; its streets are as crowded, its people seem as light-hearted as on any of my previous visits to the city.

Venice, Sunday night,
March 25, 1917.

Leaving Florence yesterday morning at nine, no incident worth recording occurred until after the train left Bologna,

then two picturesque soldiers with three-cornered hats, à la Napoleon's, came through the cars, examined everybody's papers and asked innumerable questions. Even my diplomatic passport and letters from the Prefetto of Genoa, the Italian Ambassador and the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, did not secure me immunity. Most of their personal questions, such as what was my father's first name, what was my mother's maiden name, how old was I, etc., I answered without objection; but when they inquired the details of my mission to the Italian front I declined to answer. "That, Messieurs," said I, "you have no right to question, for my mission pertains to my government, and I think you should be satisfied that it meets the approval of your Ambassador and your Minister at Rome." Although evidently not oversatisfied with this reply, the two picturesque cocked hat soldiers finally decided to let me remain on the train. But on arriving at Venice the authorities there put me through another cross-examination. Besides myself there were no other passengers excepting officers, soldiers and a few civilians who live in Venice: these were soon passed through the railway station gate, but I was asked to go to the Bureau of the Military Commander and that officer, assisted by several lieutenants, plied me with questions for nearly an hour. Why had I come to Venice? How long did I propose remaining? At what hotel did I mean to stop? Whither was I going after leaving Venice? During the asking of these questions the officers were very stern and very severe; but, finally convinced that I was not a spy they discarded official dignity as one discards a coat, and in a moment were affable and even cordial. "You will pardon us, Signor," said the Commandant. "You know, of course, that Venice, being so close to Trieste, is very exposed, consequently it is necessary that we exercise great care. If you wish, we shall telephone the Grand Hotel Danielli that you are coming and to have your room ready for you by the time you arrive."

I said I would be glad to have a message sent to the hotel, then, with the Commandant holding me by one arm and a lieutenant holding me by the other, I groped my way out of the dark railway station, climbed down the great pair of broad stone stairs and got into a gondola; the night was so inky black I could not see my hand before my face; I thought myself lucky not to tumble into the water, and not to have my unseen gondolier rob me and then conceal his crime by dumping me into the canal. He could easily have done it, but he didn't, and so after listening for half an hour to the splash in the water of his single oar we bumped up in the dark against some stone steps. All was blackness; I could not tell whether we were fronting a house or an elephant. But a shrill cry on the part of my gondolier caused a door to be opened, just above the water's edge, and a porter appeared.

"Be quick, Monsieur," he exclaimed. "The door must be kept open only a moment on account of the light."

The "light" within the door, to which that porter alluded, was one small bulb, and that bulb was covered entirely by a piece of blue paper. It did not seem possible that so meager a light could afford a target for an enemy who was as much as a dozen yards away, still I scrambled quickly out of the gondola and soon was in slumberland, buried under a mountain of covers to keep out the cold that made my room in the Grand Hotel Danielli seem like a tomb.

This morning in Venice's market-place, crowded with women buying things for their Sunday dinner, half a dozen aeroplanes swirling a few hundred feet over our heads, keeping a lookout for enemy planes that so often fly from Trieste in thirty minutes, I noted the following food prices:

(N. B. a lira=a fraction less than 13c.; a kilo =2⅕ lbs.)

Lemons, each	Lire 0.05 centessimi.
Oranges, "	.10
Bread, per kilo	.50

Cheese (similar to Swiss) per kilo,	Lire 3.80 centessimi.
Chickens, each	5.00
Lamb, bones included, per kilo	4.00
Eggs, each	.13
Potatoes, per kilo, from 60 & 70 cmi. to	1.20
String beans, per kilo	1.40
Radishes, per dozen	.15
Salami (dried sausage) per kilo,	8.00
(Before the war the same Salami cost only lire 5.00)	
Apples, first grade, per kilo	2.50
" second " " "	1.50
Cauliflower, per head .20 and	.25
Fish, flat like a flounder, per kilo,	4.50
" round, about 10 inches long, kilo,	2.50
" large, about two feet long, per kilo,	6.50
Eels, per kilo	2.50
Sardines, fresh, per kilo	2.40
1 hard boiled egg, ready to eat	.20

According to a recent letter from Beamer, eggs in St. Louis now cost 50 cents a dozen—4 1-6¢ apiece; the price in Venice is 13 centessimi, 1.69 cents. Query: Why should eggs cost more than twice as much in America, 5,000 miles from the war, as they cost in Venice, only thirty minutes by aeroplane from the Austrian guns? . . . My taking notes while walking through the different aisles of the market-place was at first viewed with suspicion; a crowd gathered; I explained that I was an American and that America was about to become their ally, whereupon suspicion gave place to enthusiasm. Those worthy people did not stop to think that even if I had been an enemy and a spy it would have been just as easy for me to *tell* them I was a friend and an ally. But then, no doubt, they know of the difficulty attending the entrance into Venice of unfriendly visitors and rely upon their military men to keep all such out.

The Doge's Palace, St. Mark's and the Campanile are so buried in sandbags as almost to be unrecognizable; but in other respects the big Plaza has not changed. The pigeons still congregate there, and on Sunday afternoons a military band still plays and is listened to by thousands of Venetians clad in their gayest clothes and all laughing and chatting and apparently as carefree as in the happy days before the war. This afternoon for more than an hour I sat at a table in St. Mark's Square, sipping a lemonade, listening to the excellent band and watching the great crowd as it promenaded under the long gallery that runs around three sides of the Square. In spite of Venice's proximity to the war zone, in spite of the fact that Austrian aviators come over on bombing trips every few days, the Venetians appear to be as free of fear, in fact, to be as joyous and gay as ever they were in the past. Death, when too frequent a visitor, loses much of his terror and the statement is probably true that even during an air raid, while bombs are hurtling down from the skies, the feeling of the average Venetian is that of curiosity and interest rather than that of fear!

Udine, Wednesday,
March 28, 1917.

This quaint and ancient city, with its houses reaching out over the streets and supported by massive stone arches—like those in Bologna—is the headquarters of the Italian Supreme Command. General Cadorna is not here, but I saw his chief of staff, General Porro, who received me most courteously and assigned as my escort during my stay here one of his aides who speaks excellent English, Lieutenant Vittorio Bacolla. Early yesterday morning the Lieutenant called for me at my hotel, the "Croce di Malta," and we set forth in a high-powered Fiat machine for the front—that line of mystery and horror and death! On the road we overtook an army of soldiers marching to the front, and another army coming back

from the front. Whether going or coming, the soldiers were all singing or laughing, with an utter absence of that stern discipline which characterizes a German army. There seemed to be literally miles of carts and mules laboriously toiling up the mountains, carrying munitions and supplies to the front line trenches. No matter what the final outcome may be, nothing can rob the Italians of the glory that is rightly theirs for the stupendous deeds they have done in this, the most difficult, terrain in the world. They have fought their way up tremendous precipices in the face of an entrenched and experienced foe; they have captured snow-shrouded peaks, such as Monte Rosa, which seemed to me almost too steep to climb when assisted by a stalwart guide, much less to fight a way up it in the face of a storm of shot and shell; they have blasted miles of trenches in the solid rock of the Carso; they have constructed superb military roads to the long chain of mountain tops that they have conquered, so as to keep the army entrenched on those mountains constantly supplied with food, clothing and ammunition. No matter what the future may hold, those things cannot be undone and they will forever reflect glory upon General Cadorna and his hard-fighting, hard-working army.

Yesterday afternoon Lieutenant Bacolla took me in the big Fiat up Mount Podgora as far as the new military road has been finished; an army of soldiers is working on the last quarter of a mile, but it is not yet passable for an automobile, consequently we climbed that last stretch on foot and the experience was instructive: I found it a hard climb, even with a stout staff and ample time at my disposal. When the Italians first climbed Podgora the Austrians were entrenched on top and a hundred yards below the top ran a barbed-wire entanglement. General Cadorna's men had to rush up a rough mountain-side that slopes at an angle of forty degrees; they had to hew a way through those barbed wires and they had to shoot and bayonet the Austrians in their trenches before

they became masters of Podgora's peak! From the top of the mountain you get a view that is literally entrancing: a thousand feet below on the eastern side runs the swift Isonzo, on the opposite bank of which stands the beautiful city of Goritzia; just beyond the ancient stone houses and churches and the massive castle of Goritzia is another chain of steep mountains on which the Austrians are now entrenched. Novice that I am in warlike affairs, I did not realize the danger and so stood for some minutes on top of the parapets looking down upon this marvelous panorama; probably I should have continued so to stand had not Lieutenant Bacolla, who was near by regarding me with a smile, presently said:

"I think perhaps we had better go below. One can't be quite sure just when the Austrians will let go one of their 420's."

We scrambled down the west side of the parapet and descended into a deep dugout where a soldier was sitting, his ears glued to a telephone receiver, his eyes fixed upon a blackboard before him. The board was covered with chalked numbers—records of the shots that were being fired across the Isonzo and over Goritzia at the Austrians in their mountain trenches across the narrow valley. We did not take cover too soon, for presently there was a tremendous explosion, the whole mountain trembled and the noise was so deafening I thought my ear-drums would burst. "That must be a 420," remarked Lieutenant Bacolla calmly. I felt relieved, for I had thought it an earthquake. "Would you like to see the damage it did?" continued the Lieutenant. "I think it struck quite close." I could well believe that; to me it seemed as if it must have struck only a few yards away; but would it be safe to climb on top of the parapet again? Lieutenant Bacolla smiled. "Nothing in war is safe," said he. "But they seldom fire big shells in quick succession at the same target. If we move quickly there will be no special risk." In a trice we clambered out of the dugout, traversed the top of the parapet and ran

a score of yards to the edge of the crater that had been made by that great shell. It was fifteen feet in diameter and deep enough to afford a grave for a company of men! But, apart from making that big hole in the side of the mountain, it had done no harm.

That one shell cost the Austrians about $2,000! I thought of the heavy taxes, of the suffering and privation borne by many men and women, of children who must go hungry and unschooled, in order that that shell might make that useless hole in the ground. And the reflection did not increase my respect for the sanity and sense of mankind!

As I have said, Goritzia lies in a narrow valley between two mountains, on one of which are entrenched the Austrians whose guns can destroy the city in a few hours if they choose to do so; thus far they have not so chosen, perhaps because they expect, or at least hope, to recapture the city. But there is no certainty what moment the enemy may decide to pour a stream of shells into Goritzia, so Lieutenant Bacolla declined to let me enter the town. After descending the western slope of Podgora, however, we did motor across the Isonzo, on a fine military bridge which the Italians threw over the river in two days, following the destruction by the Austrians of the ancient and solid stone bridge which had spanned the stream for a century or more; and during the next hour we traversed the desolate slopes of the Carso, visiting the advanced trenches and gazing fascinated—at least I was—by the sight of shells bursting in the air and flames leaping from the mouths of the enemy's cannon.

"If they raise their sights a couple of inches," remarked Lieutenant Bacolla in a casual way, "the shells would just about strike us. I don't think they will do it; they are too busy trying to smash our position over there. Still, they *might* raise their guns an inch or so, hence I think it would be well to turn back."

As I turned to go one of the infantry men, who had worked

in a contractor's camp in the United States and spoke broken English, asked if I would accept as a souvenir a bayonet with which he had killed a number of the foe on the last charge a short time before; and without awaiting a reply he handed me a wicked looking steel instrument, covered with red stains, which I shall preserve as a reminder of the grimness and frightfulness of war. . . . Motoring along the Isonzo through the village of Gradisca to Aquileja, in the latter town we climbed a lofty stone tower from the summit of which we looked down upon the Adriatic shimmering in the distance, and with our field-glasses we could even see trolley cars and people moving along the streets of Trieste, only a few miles away, yet how long, how difficult is that way likely to be before the Italians will be able to traverse it! The church below the tower on which we stood was built in the fourth century, but seven years ago workmen, while engaged in repairs, discovered that three feet below the marble floor of the church is another and an older floor—a beautiful mosaic made by the Romans. The "modern" floor was, of course, removed, so that now when we entered the church we descended three feet lower than the level of the former floor and gazed upon a mosaic work of an early Roman period. . . .

Although it was late last night before we returned to Udine, early this morning Lieutenant Bacolla was again at the Croce di Malta with his swift Fiat car, and this time we motored through Cividale, the birth town of Ristori, the celebrated actress, whose marble statue adorns a pretty square in front of the Municipal Building; and then, making a sharp turn to the north, we began climbing a lofty mountain. As on yesterday, so to-day we overtook long lines of men toiling up the steep road bearing munitions and supplies; some were driving "strings" of mules, tandem style, one mule behind the other, and tied on their backs were as many long boards as they could carry. Lieutenant Bacolla said the boards are to use in

the trenches, to support their roofs and as foot-planks in the bottom of the trenches for the soldiers to stand on.

As we motored higher and higher the air became colder and colder; then snow began to fall, and finally the big Fiat, with all its sixty horse-power, was unable to advance another foot: it stuck fast in the deep snow! After that it was a hard hour's climb through knee-deep snow before we arrived at the trenches, and, as on yesterday, we again climbed up on top of a parapet and gazed down upon the valley at our feet and upon the opposite range of mountains. There, 3,000 feet below us, was the city of Tolmino looking as peaceful and pretty and serene as if the Monster War were a million miles away, instead of just above her in the clouds! And yet at any moment the Italians choose they can blow Tolmino off the map! To destroy the city all they need do is to lower the muzzles of the cannon I saw to-day and blaze away. In fact, ocular proof of this was given me. Pointing to a large, square, white building in the outskirts of Tolmino, Lieutenant Bacolla said:

"There are the Austrian barracks. No soldiers are in it now, nor do we mean that any shall come there. As a warning that we haven't lost control of the situation we shall in a few minutes knock down the end of those barracks. The enemy may answer our fire, so let us go below."

We lost no time getting down into the deepest part of the dugout on top of which we were standing and, after stuffing cotton into our ears, Lieutenant Bacolla ordered the gunners to fire. The next instant there was a deafening, crashing sound that reverberated back and forth between those lofty crags like the mighty rumbling of thunder. When quiet reigned again (the Austrians did not reply) we climbed once more upon the parapet's top and, looking down upon peaceful Tolmino, I saw a great hole torn through one end of the barracks. I was convinced that the Italians do have "control of the situation," but they do not "wipe Tolmino off the map" for the same reason that the Austrians spare Goritzia—they hope to

capture it and keep it for Italy, and of course do not wish to destroy what some day will be their own.

For nearly two years have the Italians fought here on the roof of the world. They have stood waist deep in the snow, their bodies tortured by cold, their eyes blinded by the dazzling, eternal whiteness of the world around them—and all for what? That autocracy may be balked in its wicked attempt to rule mankind! That is what Italy, in common with the other Allies, is fighting for. But, oh, the pity of it all! That such tremendous toil, such frightful suffering, such wasted years should be necessary in order to obtain that which might be so easily gotten if men would only be just and humane! Germany had her "place in the sun." Without fixing a single bayonet or unsheathing a single sword she had expanded her commerce to the uttermost ends of the earth. Regarded merely from a sordid, selfish point of view, she had no *need* to start this war; even if she wins in the end (which no one now believes she will do), even if her victory is as complete as in her wildest dreams she ever hoped it might be—still will Germany lose. For no imaginable victory will compensate the German people now, or for the next hundred years, for the blood and treasure they have already lost, not to speak of the added losses they will suffer for each additional day the war endures. So, quite apart from the immorality of a nation's leaping upon an unoffending neighbor, this war should teach Prussian autocracy that if it would make Germany prosperous and happy it must first make her honest and just. . . .

On returning from the trip to the front yesterday, and again to-night after tramping for hours through deep snow, I felt the cold keenly and, fearing its results, I asked the landlord of the Croce di Malta to let me have a fire in my room. He said he deeply deplored it, but he had barely enough fuel to supply the kitchen stove. "And, you know, Monsieur," he concluded, "it is first of all necessary to keep fire in the kitchen; unless we do that the cook will let us go hungry."

This logic being unanswerable, I got into bed—the only place where there is a chance to keep even half warm—and ordered my dinner served to me there; and, as I am leaving for Milan in the morning, I also ordered my bill. It came a few minutes ago and the item "chauffage, one lira" appears for each of the days I have been here. Summoning Mine Host and pointing to that item, I asked him what it meant?

"Chauffage?" said he. "Why, Monsieur, chauffage means heat."

"Oh," said I. "I know quite well that the word means heat. But I have had no heat in your hotel. I am in bed this moment because there is no fire in your dining-room or reading-room, and you refused to make one in my bedroom."

"I am grieved, Monsieur, that what you say should be true. But how can I help it? As I have had the honor to explain to Monsieur, we have neither coal nor wood, except a very little bit for the kitchen stove."

"Precisely," said I. "You did explain that to me. Hence my question: Why do you charge one lira a day for chauffage?"

The worthy landlord looked at me as if really pained at so absurd a question. "Monsieur," he said gravely, "that is very simple. I have placed that item in the bill *because it is the custom.*"

Noblesse oblige! Also it is worth a few lire—30 or 40 cents—to get a bit of unconscious humor like that; consequently I shall pay my bill, "chauffage" included, in the morning. In the meantime, having finished these notes, I shall turn out the light and go to sleep.

Paris, Tuesday night,
April 3, 1917.

Yesterday President Wilson made an address before Congress saying that by her acts Germany had caused a state of war to exist between her and the United States, and when the

news reached Paris to-day, as if by magic the stars and stripes appeared from tens of thousands of windows; and whenever they saw an American on the streets Parisians stopped to shake his hand, and sometimes to embrace him. Wherever he goes Ambassador Sharp is greeted by a hurricane of applause. Technically we are still at peace with Austria, but quietly I have been officially informed that the break is expected any hour, consequently I am preparing to leave soon for Washington to make my report to the Secretary of State.

Aboard S. S. Antonio Lopez,
In the Harbor of Cadiz,
Monday, April 16, 1917.

THE past two weeks have been for me, as Roosevelt would say, rather "strenuous." In the last fourteen days I have made all my farewells in Paris, have traveled all over Spain, have been fired on by a German submarine, and now don't know whether I shall wind up in Paris or Washington. Eighteen hours out from Barcelona a U-boat suddenly arose out of the sea half a mile on our starboard side and fired three shells across our bow. The third shot missed the *Lopez* not more than twenty feet and our Captain made frantic signals to the effect that he was quite at the German's commands. The first command was that our Captain should go to the U-boat with his papers, accordingly a lifeboat was launched and presently the Captain was rowed by six sailors to the submarine, where we could see the Germans waiting for him. The parley did not last long; after a quarter of an hour the U-boat headed toward the *Lopez,* towing the lifeboat behind her. It was puzzling and considerable uneasiness existed among the passengers, but when the submarine was within fifty yards of us she stopped, our Captain slipped the cable by which he had been towed, and in a few minutes was alongside the *Lopez* climbing up the rope ladder; this was followed by the hoisting of the lifeboat to its usual place. Then, as we steamed

away, the Germans from the deck of their U-boat waved their caps and cried *bon voyage!* It was like a scene in a play; and then when the submarine vanished beneath the surface of the sea as mysteriously and suddenly as a short hour before it had emerged, leaving not a trace behind, it seemed like a dream. But it was not a dream; and despite the seeming friendliness shown by the Germans, our Captain thinks they may yet do him harm, so he has put into port here at Cadiz and says the voyage will be abandoned unless a positive promise of safe conduct is given by the German Ambassador at Madrid. We have been waiting two days for that safe conduct, but it has not yet arrived; the Captain says he will wait two more days, then if not guaranteed immunity from submarine attack we will have our passage money refunded and the *Antonio Lopez* will remain anchored in the Cadiz harbor. . . .

Owing to Germany's recent declaration of "ruthless" U-boat war, Ambassador Sharp advised me to take passage on a neutral steamer and I chose a Spanish ship bound for Cuba because of the long rest it will give me, and, above all, because it will take me to southern seas where at last I may thaw out and enjoy the almost forgotten rapture of being warm. This has been a terrible winter for all Europe. A combination of no fuel and an earlier, longer and more severe winter than Europe has experienced in thirty-two years—that is what we have had to bear, and I looked forward with joy to the warmth I fancied I would find in Spain. Alas! Although spring is here, and Spain is supposed to be in the Sunny South, it was quite as cold in Madrid as in Paris; even in Seville—which I hurriedly revisited after an absence of twenty-seven years—my heavy overcoat was not out of place. And the same is true here in Cadiz. I am beginning to wonder if it ever will be warm again! . . .

At Hendaye, the last station in France, all the passengers got out of the train and filed before a committee of officials

which subjected them to the same sort of cross-examination as I noted at Mentone on my way to Italy; and in Hendaye, as in Mentone, my passport "diplomatique" proved an open sesame for me. Leaving Hendaye the train ran a couple of miles across the frontier lines, then stopped at Irun, the first Spanish town. And there the minute examination of passengers began again, only this time by Spaniards instead of Frenchmen. The Spaniards take an interest in the war, but it is as one takes an interest in any event of tragic moment: they do not live it, breathe it, think it night and day as they do in France and Italy and doubtless in all the countries which are belligerents. . . . Leaving Irun the train runs through a constantly ascending and narrowing valley, steep mountains on either hand, beside the railroad track a foaming mountain stream which in its rapid rush down to the sea turns the big wheels of a lot of paper mills. This, the only picturesque part of the journey, is soon ended, then begins the monotonous ride over desolate, wind-swept plains to Madrid. No aeroplanes were flying over Madrid, nor were its citizens constantly looking up at the sky to see if, perchance, the Germans were coming. Also at night lights were permitted—all of which delights and impresses one who for a long time has been in a city of darkness. . . . One thing I noticed in Madrid might be adopted to advantage in American cities: the street cars carry letter boxes which are emptied by postoffice clerks at the end of each round trip. I saw persons dropping letters in these boxes when the car on which I was riding stopped at street corners; it saved them trouble, and it saves the postoffice the trouble of making collections over a long distance. All of Madrid's street cars start from, and return to, the Puerta del Sol, which is near the central postoffice, consequently it is an easy matter to collect the mail from the cars when they return to the Puerta del Sol, only a stone's throw from the big building where it is to be sorted and sent to its destination. . . . In the "Kursaal" of Seville I saw a crowd of Germans—the only *free* Germans I

have seen in Europe. They were a sad looking lot; there are 80,000 of them in Spain, only a few of whom are residents of the country; the rest were stranded here in 1914 with no way of returning to Germany, or were brought here from German Africa. England, it seems, gave them a safe conduct to go as far as Spain, but no further; had they attempted to sail on to Bremen or Hamburg they would have been captured and interned for the duration of the war. Most of those I saw in Madrid, and especially in Seville, looked as if they thought Spain quite as bad as any allied internment camp. . . . On one of Seville's principal streets I saw a street car blockaded by a procession of six asses, one ambling along behind the other. On the back of the last ass sat a rough but picturesque looking chap who attempted to relieve the blockade by emitting from his mouth a loud, sybillant, hissing sound. The asses paid absolutely no attention either to him and his hissing, or to the insistent clanging of the motorman's bell; they continued to amble slowly along in front of the trolley car at the rate of about two miles a week. I followed them for a block or two, wondering how long a car full of people was going to allow itself to be held up by half a dozen asses. At length the motorman stopped his car and appealed to a policeman; the latter went up to the man seated on the back of the last ass and berated him; the man answered back; the policeman grabbed him by the leg and pulled him down to the ground. Was the man scared? Not a bit; he stood his ground, cursing the policeman and making not the least attempt to get his asses off the track so the car might proceed. Think what sights like these must mean to the Germans in Spain! Knowing what would happen to a man mad enough to hold up a street car in a German city, the Germans in Spain who are compelled to witness such scenes year after year must have a profound contempt for the nation that is entertaining them, and a profound disgust with the Fate that has forced them to remain in a land where such things are

endured. . . . The Germans in the cafés of Cadiz seemed even more listless and sad than those in Seville and Madrid; on the walls are signs "Pilsen" and "Munich" beer, but it has been many a day since those good German beers have been seen in Spain, or for that matter in Germany itself; the stuff they serve in Cadiz is vile and I shall spend the rest of the delay here on board the steamer, rather than in Cadiz or in making more trips to nearby cities.

Las Palmas, Canary Islands,
Thursday, April 19, 1917.

On the evening of the fourth day in Cadiz harbor, just as we had given up hope of the voyage being continued—the Captain had given notice that we must be ready to leave the steamer the next morning—a tug put out from shore and when it came alongside the *Antonio Lopez* a long, official looking envelope was passed up to our Captain; he glanced at it, then rapidly gave some orders and within a quarter of an hour our anchor was hoisted and we were at last headed for Cuba. What is in the message handed the Captain I do not know; the conjecture is that it is a safe conduct from Berlin, transmitted through the German Ambassador at Madrid, consequently there is a feeling of relief on the score of U-boats for the balance of this voyage. . . . My Memo. book has this entry for yesterday:

"Awoke this morning feeling warm; first time haven't been cold since last August; inexpressibly relieved to find that there is some place in the world where it isn't cold."

We have sailed 600 miles due south from Spain and have several thousand miles more to sail before we reach Havana, so probably by time the voyage ends I shall be complaining of the heat as much as heretofore I have complained of the cold—such is the perversity of the human mind! . . . If the Monster War can be forgotten anywhere, one would think it

might be forgotten in an out-of-the-way island; but no spot in the world is so far away that War's blighting grip cannot seize it and make desolation and poverty and despair where before was content and comfort and hope! The simple peasants in the vine-clad country back of Las Palmas may never even have heard of Prussia, but they feel the withering blight of Prussian megalomania in only less degree than peoples who have met it face to face; for the ships that used to carry the fruit and other products of the Canary Islands to England, France and other foreign lands either fear submarines too much to continue their voyages, or they have been withdrawn for military cargoes—and so, their commerce being destroyed, the peasants of Las Palmas are half starving as a result of Germany's tiger-spring upon Belgium. Some of the embroidered linens brought aboard and offered for sale to passengers have sold at pathetically small prices; for instance, a remarkably beautiful tablecloth, the work on which must have required several months, was sold for only 20 pesetas, barely $4.00. A traveler who boarded the *Lopez* at Las Palmas told me a peasant carried his heavy suit-case 40 kilometers over the mountains and charged only two pesetas for his service! Twenty-five miles of mountain climbing with a valise on your back, and twenty-five miles tramping back to your home, for forty cents! *That,* too, is part of the score that the Kaiser will have to settle before he can read his title clear to the respect of mankind. . . . I drove through this Canary Island town this afternoon and saw a few Germans drinking a poor local beer at small tables on the sidewalk in front of the "Casino." They are marooned in Las Palmas because their ship happened to be here when war with England was declared; what a lesson in sea power one gets at every turn one takes in these days of war! In peace times you don't see it, but the moment war is declared, no matter to what part of the globe you go you will be made to realize what a heavy hand England has. The sad-faced Germans I saw on this

island to-day, the 80,000 Germans now in Spain, the Germans in America, in other lands all over the world would—many, if not most of them—love to get back to Germany; had England kept out of the war they would long since have been in the Fatherland. As it is, England's "Sea Power" holds them prisoners in all the lands and islands of the earth.

Santa Cruz del Palmas,
Saturday, April 21.

Ever since I was a school boy and saw the picture of the peak of Teneriffe in my geography I have wanted to see if that mountain really is a perfect cone that rises sharply out of the sea and keeps on rising until its peak is shrouded in eternal snow. Well, I have seen it at last, and it really is a magnificent sight. For fifty miles before the *Lopez* sailed close by its base we could see the snow-covered peak projecting out of the sea, growing ever higher and higher as we approached, until at last the whole prodigious mountain towered directly above us. Then, as we passed on beyond it, for many hours the scene was reversed, the base first disappearing below the horizon, then the higher parts and finally the peak faded from sight hidden by the gathering shades of night even before the horizon hid it from our view. The approach and the departure occupied some fifteen hours; that is, during nearly ten hours the summit of the peak was visible either in prospect or retrospect, and almost every moment of those hours I spent on deck gazing upon the superb spectacle. . . .

As the *Lopez* remains at anchor here all day, I went ashore this afternoon for a stroll through the streets of the town, and the shop keepers came running to their doors to stare at the unusual sight of a traveler in their midst; since the war began these islanders seldom see people from other parts of the world. A tablet on an ancient stone house in the principal street of the town records the fact that "The immortal author

of *Don Quixote*" once occupied that house, and that the tablet was inserted in the wall on the 300th anniversary of the publication of that great work.

Porto Rico,
Tuesday, May 1, 1917.

YESTERDAY at noon the peaks of Porto Rico's mountains appeared above the horizon on the sea; they gradually reached higher and higher and after a while we saw groves of cocoanut trees at their base, and then at last the old Spanish fort came in view, and presently we were at anchor in the port of St. Juan, again under the protection of Old Glory, of the most beautiful flag on earth, of the Stars and Stripes! The very atmosphere seems different here. The boat that came to take us ashore was a motor launch, not an uncertain, slow-going sail boat. And the charge was fixed—25¢—not a matter of bargain in which the pirate of a boatman always manages to rob you. . . . Ashore we got the New York papers of April 21, the first papers of any kind we have seen since leaving Spain; Joffre and Balfour are in Washington, Congress is about to enact a conscription law, and the government at Madrid has been overthrown because of the "atrocious" action of a German U-boat in sinking the Spanish steamer *Tom* (odd name that, for a Spaniard!)—such, in brief, are a few of the startling things that have happened while we on the *Antonio Lopez* have been drifting over thousands of miles of summer seas. . . . Despite its tropical latitude (Porto Rico is only 18 degrees north of the equator) the people of San Juan have already felt the effects of the American occupation. They are quick and alert; on every corner is a policeman who would do credit to the Broadway squad. And "jitneys" carry you anywhere for a ridiculously small fee. For 20 cents I was taken for miles over a smooth asphalt road, the breakers of the sea on one side, a row of bungalows surrounded by beautiful gardens or cocoanut groves on the other. English is taught

in the schools and all the children speak the language of their new country; indeed, a great many of the older generation have acquired a fair command of our language and it is safe to predict that within a comparatively short period the prevailing tongue spoken in Porto Rico will be, not Spanish, but English. . . . At dinner in a San Juan café the first thing the waiter did was to place a glass of ice water before me—infallible sign that I was again in America. It was the first ice water I have had for a year. And in a nearby drug store I saw a soda fountain—another American sign manual. Ice cream soda is as unknown to the populations of Europe as are the mysteries of the Eleusian rites.

Jacksonville, Florida,
Thursday, May 10, 1917.

After gliding for several days along the coasts of San Domingo, Hayti and Cuba, the *Antonio Lopez* docked at Havana last Saturday, and Monday I caught a steamer for Key West, the southern terminus of Mr. Flagler's "Over Sea" Railroad—it is literally over the sea, for the tracks are supported on massive concrete arches whose piers rest upon coral reefs beneath the surface of the Gulf; one feels an odd sensation while sitting on the rear platform of a Pullman sleeper out of sight of land, looking out upon the sea from which frequently emerge schools of flying fish and other members of the finny tribe usually to be seen from the deck of a steamer and not of a railroad train. . . . At all of the bridges, and at many of the stations on the seventy miles of "Over Sea" road, soldiers in khaki stood guard, loaded rifles over their shoulders—the only change I noted since my last journey over this road in February, 1916. It would be quite easy for an evilly inclined person to go out in a sailboat to some point along the seventy miles of arches and blow up enough of them to put the road out of commission—hence the presence of our boys in khaki with loaded rifles. I hear they have orders to shoot on sight

any one seen approaching any of the hundreds of concrete piers which rise up out of the gulf between Key West and the mainland.

My train leaves at three o'clock and, barring accidents, within forty-eight hours I shall have arrived at Washington and filed my report with the Department of State.

PART III

Washington, D. C.,
January 31, 1918.

The Secretary of State has commissioned me to undertake another mission abroad. Beyond saying that my work, if successful, will tend to safeguard American interests in France it is not permissible to mention details regarding it. However, it will be worth while to note the changes wrought by another year of war in France, consequently I shall resume my "Journal" within a few weeks.

On S. S. Espagne,
24 hours out from New York,
Bound for Bordeaux,
Monday, February 18, 1918.

In going to Bordeaux two years ago war seemed to me to have made sad changes in the matter of ocean travel, but compared with the rules of to-day those of 1916 were lax and easy. A high barbed-wire fence now runs seventy-five feet in front of the entrance to New York's steamship piers, and armed soldiers patrol every foot of that fence. When my taxi started to enter the gate leading to pier 57 a sentinel cried "Halt!" And we were not allowed to move until I had shown not only my ticket to Bordeaux and my passport, but also a military permit to go upon the pier.

And before boarding the boat no less than six different officials took turns in cross-examining me: whither was I going? Why was I going? When would I be returning? And did I have more than $5,000 in my pocket? I was obliged to sign a written statement that I did *not* have more than $5,000

loose change in my pockets—which I readily and truthfully did. Theaters, hotels, cafés and the like had thoughtfully taken care of me in New York and had made it possible for me to avoid violating the law which forbids the taking of more than $5,000 in cash out of the country.

In the olden days friends of departing passengers stood on the piers to wave handkerchiefs and blow kisses at them; to-day good-bys must be said out on Water Street through a barbed-wire fence—hardly a satisfactory way of saying them, consequently your friends don't come down to the steamer. The people you now see on the pier are there strictly for business; there are more of them than one used to see even in the "rush" summer season of pre-war days, but they are a different sort of people. No mere tourists are these throngs on the *Espagne's* decks; every berth on the ship is taken by men and women in khaki uniforms, with here and there a sprinkling of French gray-blue—and other colors, too, for we have on board the officers of the recent Servian Commission to America, several French officers, Italians, etc. The khaki people are of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the Ambulance Corps—most of the last are young women, and right smart do they look in their puttees, short khaki skirts, leather coats and caps. One, a red-cheeked girl of twenty-four, told me she "just loved" to drive an automobile.

"I've been driving my own car eight years just for fun," she said. "So why not drive one of the government's cars for our wounded soldiers?"

Why not? There is danger, yes; but death will come some day in any event. At worst this adventure can but bring death sooner rather than later. And think of the good that will be done by taking the chance! This is the substance of the red-cheeked girl's reply to my suggestion that she was taking a serious, perhaps a dangerous step. The Monster War does myriads of dreadful things, but it also does a few good ones, not the least of which is the spirit of sacrifice, of service,

of patriotism, which it is awakening in souls that formerly thought only of self. A short time ago the sight of a pretty, but self-indulgent, society Miss driving her automobile recklessly down the road, just to have a good time, hardly suggested bursting bombs and wounded soldiers tenderly carried away from a battle-field. To-day such things may well be suggested, for the pretty girl you see dashing down the boulevard in her motor car to-day, to-morrow may be dashing over the roads of France to succor a stricken soldier!

A less pleasing change wrought by war was made manifest this morning at breakfast—only two thin slices of bread and one lump of sugar. Of jam, marmalade, eggs, butter, etc., there was aplenty, but when one likes one's coffee fairly sweet jam does not make up for lack of sugar. Besides, of what good is jam if there is no bread to spread it on? . . . A note on the menu card tells passengers how grieved the company is not to be able any more to serve wine free, but "owing to the war," etc. If there is one thing in France the price of which has not been increased it is wine; tonnage being required for more essential things, the export of wine has decreased enormously, so that its price has not advanced in France. Ergo, I consider that note on the menu card as camouflage.

We left pier 57 yesterday at 3.16 p. m. and, despite the bitter cold wind that was blowing, everybody stood out on deck for several hours, so as to see New York's wonderful skyline as long as possible. "It may be for the last time!" That was the thought spoken by some, felt by all. The Sea Lords and Prime Ministers say the submarine menace has been checked—I devoutly hope they know what they are talking about. But whether "checked" or not, enough steamers are sunk to make ocean travel a serious matter. Nobody aboard seems specially nervous, but everybody realizes that there *is* danger. And consequently a ship's passengers do not constitute the care-free, merry crowd that they used to do.

Well before dark last night stewards went about closing all windows and portholes with a metal hood, so that from the outside not a ray of light could be seen. This precaution was to be expected as we entered the war zone off the coast of France, but why begin it five hours out of New York? Are German raiders and U-boats operating off America's shores?

There came to my hotel in New York a few days ago a letter from an "Unsinkable Suit" concern; the writer said, as I was about to cross the Atlantic, no doubt I would thank him for calling to my attention a device which not only makes ocean travel safe, but makes it a positive pleasure! For it removes all cause for uneasiness in that, in the event of your ship sinking, it causes the disaster to be an adventure rather than a tragedy! Inclosed with the letter were pictures which bore out the writer's optimistic statement; men and women incased in a strange and bulky dress were represented floating about among icebergs, their faces wreathed in smiles as if they were in a Broadway theater watching a comedy show.

These suits, the letter said, not only keep you afloat, they also keep you warm—unless you get a puncture. In that case you will still float, but water may get into your suit. "However," added the writer, "it is *believed* that the heat of your body will warm the water that seeps inside your suit and thus continue to keep you *fairly* warm."

It was an alluring letter which, though it did not catch me, did get my secretary, young Southgate; he forthwith bought one of them and so, if the *Espagne* is torpedoed, I may have a chance to see if it is really possible for a human being to look as happy adrift among icebergs as look the people in the picture sent me by the "Unsinkable Suit" concern. One thing is sure: if Southgate does look that happy while I am taking my last swim in the icy Atlantic, if I can kill him by a look I shall do it.

The purser has handed each passenger a printed paper containing minute directions what to do when the order "Abandon

Ship!" is given. Such directions may be necessary; so, too, may it be well to write intending travelers about unsinkable suits, accompanied by harrowing descriptions of ship wrecks. But such things are distinctly *not* cheerful reading while crossing the ocean.

At Sea, Saturday night,
February 23, 1918.

We have just had an auction for the benefit of French wounded soldiers and sailers. A bottle of champagne brought $100; a copy of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's latest book of poems, auctioned off by Elsie Janis, fetched $75. The author of the poems, looking interesting as well as handsome in a black velvet gown, affording a vivid contrast to her silvery gray hair, sat in view of all; and Elsie Janis is a very magnetic and convincing, as well as pretty, young woman—all of which had no little to do with the getting of $75 for a book the price of which is only a dollar. . . . Whether he has become less fearful of German frightfulness, or his heart is beating with sympathy for the brave French soldiers, I do not know, but Southgate donated his sixty-dollar "Unsinkable Suit" and the bids ran up to $75; there they stopped until a passenger shouted: "I'll give a hundred dollars if you will put the suit on." Instantly the charming, chic little Parisienne, who at the moment happened to be wielding the auctioneer's hammer, began climbing into that awful suit. The assistance of two men was required and then at last she, who in her proper person was dainty and small, was so enormous, officers of the *Espagne* declared she would not be allowed in a lifeboat, in case of the ship being abandoned; she would, they said, take up the room of three persons which, of course, was more space than one person could have. Hearing this, Southgate feels satisfied as well as philanthropic, for no matter how unsinkable a suit may be, it isn't as desirable as a lifeboat that has at least a chance of being rowed, or wafted by the wind to shore.

At Sea, Tuesday,
February 26.

As a result of entering the war zone many passengers have acquired a case of nerves. Last night some slept on deck with life-belts by their sides. And at midnight Mr. S., who shares my stateroom, awoke me from a sound slumber and said four aeroplanes were circling around and above the ship.

"I thought you wouldn't wish to sleep through a sight like that," he said. I admitted I would wish to see such a sight, but was he sure he hadn't been dreaming? "I haven't been asleep," replied Mr. S. "Moreover, there are twenty or thirty other passengers who have seen the aeroplanes. They are up on deck watching them now."

Five minutes later, having hastily jumped into shoes, trousers and overcoat, I, too, was on deck. And there, in truth, were some thirty or more people leaning over the ship's rail gazing up into the heavens. But they were not looking at aeroplanes. Shining through fleecy white clouds were several stars; and it was the light of those stars which those nervous, overwrought passengers were mistaking for lights on aeroplanes! I told Mr. S. not to awaken me again unless he saw a fleet of U-boats as well as aeroplanes.

Bordeaux, Wednesday,
February 27, 1918.

The *Espagne* warped alongside her dock this morning and I find Bordeaux greatly changed since my last visit two years ago. Then it was a typical French town, ancient and, withal, somewhat "sleepy." Now it is almost an American city and fairly humming. On every corner stands a wideawake American soldier with M. P. (Military Police) on his sleeve. American ambulances, motor trucks and service cars are seen rushing through the streets, and every little while a company of "Sammies" comes swinging along. I saw one company of black Sammies and they grinned broadly at me as I watched

them go by. One of the "M. P.'s" with whom I chatted on a street corner said his job is a soft one.

"Of course," he added, "when one of our boys gets gay it is we M. P.'s who have to take him in; the French leave all the Sammies to us. But, on the whole, our boys are well-behaved, so about all I have to do is to walk about town—which isn't half bad, seeing as the French are so friendly to us."

On a big building facing one of Bordeaux' open squares is a sign bearing the letters "Y. M. C. A.," and on entering the door beneath that sign I felt as if I had suddenly stepped back into the good old United States. On a long table in the reading-room was a lot of American newspapers and magazines; in the refreshment room soldiers were drinking tea or eating ice cream—real ice cream served in generous American portions, not the pallid stuff made of condensed milk and water and served on a plate the size of a silver dollar, as is the fashion in France. Fresh, wholesome faced American girls were in charge of the canteen, selling chocolates, cigarettes and the like at lower prices than are charged in New York. The object is to make the place attractive so that our soldier boys will love to go there rather than to places less elevating and refined. . . . The hotel dining-room at luncheon to-day was crowded with American officers, one of whom told me our war progress in France is really splendid. "We have hardly begun, in comparison with that which we mean to do," he said, "but even what we have accomplished would make the Kaiser's nights sleepless, if he fully realized it." . . . This cheerfulness in spite of the bad news from Russia which greeted us on landing this forenoon surprised me, but when I mentioned Russia the American officer said: "Napoleon took Moscow in 1812, but that did not prevent the Allies from taking Napoleon in 1814. What if the Kaiser does take Petrograd? Inevitably he will have to get out of Russia. The world simply can't stand such international bullying."

All of this sounds encouraging, also strange, considering it was spoken in the dining-room of a hotel which until recently saw almost as little of Americans as it saw of men from the moon. "Somewhere in France," now that I am there myself, doesn't seem as if it were away from home, thanks to the fact that America is now in this fight against autocracy. . . .

Among the *Espagne's* passengers was a "Major" X. of a middle western state who, being owner of a country newspaper, and having some political "pull" with the Governor of his state, was appointed a "Major" so that he might go to France for a couple of months, observe the state of the war and make the same known to the people back home! Mr. X. wears a khaki uniform, puttees, cap and all, and looks very martial indeed; but this is his first trip outside of his native land and the "Innocent Abroad" brand is stamped all over him. This morning immediately on coming from the steamer to the Hôtel de France X. went into the dining-room to get his breakfast and no sooner had he taken a seat than a stern voice from across the room demanded:

"Major, have you reported at headquarters?"

X., startled at the unexpected question, stammered: "Why, no; I haven't been there yet."

"Well, sir," said the officer sternly, "the regulations require you to report the first thing on arriving. Didn't you know that?"

"No, I didn't," replied X., "and to speak frankly, sir, I did not know the headquarters were here."

The officer scrutinized "Major" X. closely a moment, then asked him to explain; and X., crossing over to the other side of the dining-room to the table where his interlocutor sat, told him how his Governor had "appointed" him a "Major" in order that he might see something of the war! Whether the officer, who proved to be General Scott, was having a little quiet fun with this "Major" by gubernatorial appointment, or whether he was really deceived by X.'s camouflage I do not

know; the latter is not improbable, for X.'s uniform is an exact duplicate of a real army Major's uniform, with the exception that the letters "U. S. A." are not sewed upon his collar. At a distance of thirty feet even an old army officer might well be misled. At any rate, General Scott affected to be greatly surprised on finding that X. was not a real Major; in a few moments, however, his sense of humor seemed to overcome his surprise and with a twinkle in his eye he said:

"Well, *Major* (with great stress on the title), I suppose the people in your state will be eagerly waiting for your report, eh?"

X. rose to the occasion. "They will indeed, sir," he said with enthusiasm. "Confidentially I may tell you that by the articles I shall publish in my paper I mean to arouse the war sentiment of my people, arouse it, sir, to a patriotic pitch!"

"Ah, just so, just so," murmured the General musingly. "And that being the case it might help you if my chauffeur were to drive you about Bordeaux a bit. My automobile is in front of the hotel and is at your service for a few hours if you care to have it."

If he cared to have it! X. returned to his table as if walking on air, disposed of his breakfast in short order, then got into the General's car and I did not see him again until our train for Paris was pulling out of the Bordeaux station. By fast running X. managed to jump on the steps of the last coach of the moving train; a soldier (American) who was carrying his suit case hurled the case after him. And then the "Major" proudly told everybody in the car how "as a guest of General Scott" he had obtained very valuable information to send to his people "back home." It was an amusing episode, but one not without a serious aspect; if a pompous, but sincere, harmless, fellow can camouflage himself in the uniform of an officer of the American army, so can a man who is neither sincere nor harmless. It is questionable whether Governors should make such appointments, and Congress, I think, should pro-

hibit the wearing of our army's uniform by any one not a genuine soldier or officer.

Another of the *Espagne's* passengers, a Mr. C. of St. Louis, resigned a salaried position paying him $300 a month to come to France and enlist in the Foreign Legion where his pay will be $1.20 a month! C., who is 45 years old, tried to enlist in our army but was rejected on account of his age. "I am hard as nails," he said to me one day while we were tramping the *Espagne's* deck. "And I feel as if I oughtn't to be a slacker just because according to the calendar I am beyond the military age. So why shouldn't I go to the trenches?"

The Foreign Legion has some men who are past fifty and it may be that Mr. C. will make good, but to say the least of it, his experiment is a dubious one. It requires not only hard muscles but good arteries, good heart action and capacity for great endurance, to carry a soldier's kit (weight at least fifty pounds) on long marches, to dig trenches, to stand in them day after day and night after night, to charge across No Man's Land and at the other side of it to bayonet Germans or kill them with bombs. That sort of terrible work can seldom be endured by a man of forty-five; I shall be interested in hearing whether Mr. C.'s judgment proves as sound as his patriotism. . . .

On our last day at sea we were escorted by two destroyers and two hydroplanes; the latter kept constantly swirling around the steamer, keeping a sharp lookout for submarines below the surface of the sea; had they seen one a signal would have been flashed to the destroyers, they would have rushed to the spot indicated by the aviator, a depth bomb would have been dropped and friend Fritz, in all probability, would never have seen daylight again. I am disposed to believe that the immunity thus far enjoyed by the French Line going to Bordeaux is due to the admirable precautions taken by the French government, although some say the U-Boats spare the French liners because they carry both German mail and Ger-

man spies. It is true that about the only way Germany has of communicating with the United States is through Switzerland and France and the Bordeaux boats to New York, but whether that fact affects German U-Boat policy I do not know. It is a fact, however, that thus far the French Line to Bordeaux has not had a single one of its steamers sunk.

Paris, Thursday night,
February 28.

Coming up from Bordeaux to-day déjeuner in the dining car cost five francs, instead of four; and dinner cost six instead of four and a half. And there was no sugar for the coffee—only saccharine, a colorless fluid in a bottle. These are about all the changes in the matter of "eats" that seem to have taken place since I traveled over this same road last April on my way to Spain. The déjeuner comprised:

Hors d'œuvres, omelette, veal, potatoes, peas, cheese, figs, apples and oranges—cost five francs (87¢).

A lunch as well cooked and as ample in quantity as the above would be hard to get on an American dining car at twice 87 cents. . . . In the Bordeaux station this morning we witnessed an affecting sight—a soldier telling his wife and his mother good-by. It was evident that the thought uppermost in the minds of all three was: "It may be our last good-by; he may never return." The soldier kissed first the elder woman, then the younger; then before he had taken six steps he turned and rushed back and kissed them again. Several times did this occur, each time that he was about to board the train he would turn back and passionately press the two women to his arms again. Both the mother and the wife were in deep mourning, from which I judged they have already lost some beloved one in this mad war and on that account are doubly grieved to see another of their family go forth to be sacrificed. . . . From the window of my taxi on the way to the railway station in Bordeaux I saw boxes piled

up to a height of fifteen feet and extending the length of several city blocks; these thousand or more big boxes were labeled "Ford Motors," or "Ford Parts," etc. Query: if there are this many Fords recently landed in Bordeaux, how many altogether have been sent to France for our army?

Paris, Monday night,
March 4, 1918.

At eight o'clock every morning a maid brings to my room a cup of chocolate, 100 grams (1/5 lb.) of bread, a butter plate full of jam and a cup in the bottom of which are two tiny tablets the size of a very small shirt button. I thought they were some sort of after breakfast peppermints, but today Marie Louise told me the tiny tablets are saccharine, to be used in case I wish to sweeten my chocolate. Luckily the chocolate is made by the manufacturer sweet enough to suit my taste, hence thus far I have not used saccharine pills. In cafés I observe fashionable ladies pulling out of their bags beautiful little gold boxes from which they take a lump of sugar to drop in their after-dinner coffee, for restaurant and hotel keepers are forbidden to serve sugar to their guests. People who keep house for themselves receive cards permitting them to buy monthly 750 grams (1½ lbs.) for each member of their family (i. e., if they can find any sugar to buy). People who live in hotels are given no cards; they are supposed to get their share of sugar in food served to them in their hotel. As I have seen no food at my hotel that had any sugar in it (excepting my chocolate in the morning, and the sugar in that was put there by the chocolate manufacturer) I should have to go without sugar for after-dinner coffee had I not brought a little with me from New York. I have used for many years as a collar button box a silver snuff box used by my ancestor Nicholas Meriwether more than a century and a half ago; on the side of the box is engraved "N. M.—1760." Well, the collar buttons are now relegated to a dresser drawer

and Nicholas Meriwether's snuff box, which was old when Robespierre was cutting off heads on the Place de la Concorde, is now serving me in Paris as a sugar box. . . . Here are a few food rules that went into effect last week:

1.—Hours for meals:

Solid food may be served from the opening of a restaurant in the morning until 2.30 p. m., and again from 6.30 to 9.

Between 2.30 and 6.30 p. m. a heavy penalty is imposed on any one who serves a cake, a sandwich or any solid food whatsoever.

2.—As to cheese:

If your meal costs six francs or more you will not be allowed to have any cheese.

If your meal costs less than six francs you may order a portion of *dry* cheese. "Les fromages mous," such as Brie, Camembert, etc., are prohibited unless they contain less than 36 parts of fat for each 100 parts of dry substance.

3.—As to amount of food you may order:

One portion of soup; either hors d'œuvres or oysters (but not both); two plates "aux choix" (i. e., a choice of any two kinds of dishes on the menu—two kinds of meat, or one meat and one vegetable, or no meat but two kinds of vegetables); the serving of butter at any time or any place is prohibited. It may be used only in cooking.

4.—As to Desserts:

Marmalades, fruit, jams, etc., may be served; desserts containing flour, eggs or milk (either fresh or condensed) are forbidden. Chocolate and water ices are permitted.

5.—As to Bread:

Restaurants and Hotels may serve each guest at each meal 100 grams (1/5 lb.) of bread without a ticket; on presentation of a ticket an additional 100 grams may be served.

(But note that bread tickets are distributed only to persons keeping house for themselves, and *not* to residents in hotels.)

Sandwiches of all kinds—ham, cheese, etc.—are strictly forbidden.

6.—As to Sugar:

If you keep house you may get from the Mairie of your district a card permitting you to purchase 750 grams (1½ lbs.) of sugar a month (providing you can find any to buy). And you may serve sugar to yourself at a hotel or restaurant table.

Although these rules sound formidable, in truth they do not appear to prevent people from having enough to eat. Most of the prohibited items are not really essential. Already after only a short sojourn in France I find that the lack of sugar, butter and milk has ceased to inconvenience me.

When I left France in April, 1917, there had not been a successful air raid over Paris since January, 1916, consequently Parisians thought little of German aviators. Now they are giving the subject more thought because of a raid that occurred a few weeks ago, killing 62 persons and wounding more than 200. From the window of my room in the Hotel Roosevelt I looked down to-day on the great Arc de l'Etoile, only a hundred yards away, and saw workmen erecting a scaffolding fifty feet high against the bas reliefs and statuary on the sides of the arch tooking toward the Champs Elysées. They are going to stack a mountain of bags filled with earth up against those statues to protect them as far as possible from bursting bombs. Similar protection is being provided for the Column Vendome, the Statues of the Grand Opera House, the Louvre, etc.; and Napoleon's tomb has already been buried under a mountain of sandbags. Three blocks from my hotel, on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, is a six-story house, the front part of which from top to bottom was cut off by a bomb as cleanly as if it had been sliced off by a gigantic knife. . . .

At my hotel are a Russian gentleman and lady whom it is sad to see. A year ago they were wealthy but following the Russian revolution their estates were seized, their houses were burned, their income was confiscated. From the Ritz, Paris' most expensive hotel where they formerly lived, they found

themselves obliged to come to this modest place; and now they must go to an even less expensive home. Added to the pang of sudden poverty this couple bears the burden of national disgrace; they seem bowed down by the thought that the whole world now pities and despises their country—a short time ago thought to be one of the great nations of the earth, now the sport and plaything of madmen like the Bolsheviki or brigands like the Germans. Seldom have I seen faces so profoundly melancholy, so hopeless, so dejected as those of the distinguished Russian and his wife at the table near me. I begin to comprehend as never before what the French Emigrés suffered during the upheaval of the great Revolution!

Sidelights are thrown on the war by the London *Times* "Personal" column; for instance this from Monday's issue:

"INFORMATION.—Any prisoner of war returned from Germany who may have seen or heard of 2d Lt. C. Warnington, the Buffs, reported missing May 31, 1917, is earnestly begged to communicate with Mrs. Warnington," etc.

Missing nearly a year! The chances are that this gallant son of Britain has long since joined the myriads of unnumbered dead, but it is not *certain,* consequently the wife (or widow) lives in an agony of hope and fear. . . . The "Buffs" lost their Major as well as 2d Lieutenant, as I noted from a "Personal" just below the one given above:

"THE BUFFS: Major Cyrill Cattley, missing Nov. 30, 1917. Will relatives of prisoners of war kindly ask news of him?"

Of another sort, but equally informing, is this one:

"WILL some kind person LEND invalided Captain's wife, with two little boys, £50? Will repay."

But for a madman's ambition to shine in history as another Cæsar this Captain's wife and her little boys doubtless would

be enjoying life in comfortable circumstances; as it is, she is forced to pocket pride and publicly solicit alms. Just below the adv. of the invalided Captain's wife appears this:

"WILL some one HELP a nurse in need of a holiday?"

Amid so many more pressing demands it may be doubted if the nurse gets her holiday; for instance, before giving a nurse money for a holiday the average person would probably prefer to respond to this appeal:

"WILL lady with nurse adopt disabled officer's baby girl (6 months), for several months, pending wife's recovery from illness."

Usually corporations advertise in order to increase their business; war has changed that; witness this item from the *Times:*

"The public are appealed to by the Petroleum Executive NOT to hire Taxis when they can walk. No able bodied man or woman should use a Taxi except in case of absolute necessity; the demands of the army for petrol are daily becoming greater and the use of Taxis for selfish amusement is the cause of great ill feeling as well as waste."

Another notice in the *Times* rebukes certain landlords and tenants. The numerous air raids over London have prompted many rich people to seek abodes in the suburbs where the Germans are not so apt to drop bombs. These rich people offer big rents, which has caused landlords to give notice to their old tenants to vacate and these latter indignantly ask why *they* must move into the danger zone (where alone rents are not exorbitant)? An officer's wife writes the *Times:*

"I have been given a month's notice to hand over my house to people who are offering double my rent so that they may

get out of the air raid zone. Is not this a form of profiteering? And shall my invalid husband, who lost his health fighting the foe in Flanders, now bare his breast again to the enemy because we have not money enough to live outside the danger zone?"

The authorities promptly decided that the landlords were engaged in profiteering and stringent regulations were enacted forbidding it. No doubt the situation has been bettered, but complaint is now made that a number of rich men have *bought* small houses in the non-danger zone, and have given notice to the tenants to vacate. It seems difficult to prevent a man from occupying his own house, rather than renting it, but if the practice spreads a remedy will be found. In these abnormal times property rights will be made to give way to the general weal.

All France is ringing with the revelations made by Minister of Foreign Affairs Pinchon at the Alsace-Lorraine "Reunion" in the Sorbonne the other day. How France found the key to the German code Pinchon does not say, but he got it a short time ago and thereby learned that on August 3, 1914, Baron von Schoen, German Ambassador to France, was instructed by his government to demand that France hand Verdun and Toul over to Germany for the duration of the war between Germany and Russia—in case France decided to remain neutral! As it happened, Viviani answered von Schoen in such a way that he had no opportunity or need to make the insulting demand he had been instructed to make. The French Prime Minister, asked if France would join Russia, or remain neutral, answered neither with a Yes or No; what he said was: France will consult her interests. This reply disconcerted von Schoen and he withdrew without transmitting the demand for Verdun and Toul, which was to be made only if France said she would remain neutral. If anywhere in the world there is a sane human being who has doubted that Germany deli-

berately determined to *force* France into war (of course so that Germany might rob her of more provinces), surely that being can doubt no longer. Germany *knew* France could not possibly consent to the abasement of handing over in a time of peace her two most powerful fortresses, therefore—fearing that possibly France might wish to remain neutral—Germany kept this astounding insulting demand up her sleeve so as to *make it impossible* for France to refuse to go to war! The German newspapers themselves admit this: witness this from the Berlin *Welt am Montag:*

"Let one imagine the emotion which would have aroused the entire German people had France, in the midst of profound peace, demanded of us that we should abandon for a certain time Metz and Strasburg! What will the Reichstag say of this affair?"

The Berlin *Vorwaerts* says:

"The instructions given by the German government to Herr von Schoen form an historic document; they signify that our ambassador had been ordered to demand of France an engagement that she could not accept, and that *it was not wished* that she should accept. The instructions had for their object the simple purpose of hastening the catastrophe."

All that the *Gazette,* of Frankfort, has to say on the subject is:

"It was certainly a maladroit piece of diplomacy to give such instructions to Baron von Schoen, but it was nothing more. It would have sufficed to demand of France that she should not mobilize."

Paris, Wednesday,
March 6, 1918.

M. Lafferre, Minister of Public Instruction and Beaux-Art, announced yesterday a decree imposing a 500 franc fine upon any one who sells, or offers to sell, a theater ticket at a

price greater than the box office price; in case of a second offense within three years the fine may be 2,000 francs. It is interesting to note that Paris, within eighty miles of the battle lines, has time to put a period to a nuisance of which New York has not yet been able to rid itself. . . . Yesterday the price of butter in Paris was fixed at Frs. 9.20 the kilo (2 1/5 lbs.) for the best grade, and Frs. 8.60 for the second grade—i. e., the best butter will cost 73 cents a pound and second grade 69 cents. The serving of butter by hotels and cafés will continue to be prohibited, but persons who choose may take their own butter to the table of a hotel or café. . . . The price of potatoes has also been fixed; to consumers in Paris it will henceforth be 85 centimes per 4 2/5 lbs. for best grade, 75 centimes for second grade and 65 centimes for the third grade, or, respectively, 3.38, 2.98 and 2.58 cents per pound.

Paris, Midnight,
Friday, March 8, 1918.

At 8.30 p.m., three hours ago, just as I finished writing some letters and was putting my "Corona" away, there came rising to my ears from the Avenue d'Iena that long, wailing, dreadful sound of the siren—signal that the Boches are coming!

Instantly turning off my lights and opening my window I looked out upon Paris. One of the many motor fire engines which rush through the Capital to sound the alarm was just turning into the Champs Elysées at the great Arc de l'Etoile a hundred yards away, and overhead shells were bursting in the air. French planes distinguishable by their lights rose in swarms to meet the foe; I saw one starting from near the big arch and followed it with my eye as it flew over the wide avenue of the Champs Elysées in the direction of the Louvre. As it flew, from time to time it flashed first a white, then a red light—a weird, fascinating sight. These signals are

changed daily, so that the Germans may not use them on their aeroplanes.

After listening to the roar of the guns and watching the bursting of the shells for a quarter of an hour—a terrible, but fascinating sight—I closed the iron shutters on my window, donned my overcoat and went down to the ground floor of the Roosevelt where most of the hotel's guests were huddled together in the salon. Passing through the salon out onto the Avenue d'Iena I walked down to the huge arch of the Etoile. A great crowd of men and women was there, laughing and singing and gazing up in the skies at the aeroplane lights and bursting shells. A hundred yards beyond the Arch is a Metro (subway) station; there, too, was a big crowd which had sought refuge beneath the level of the street. The moment a raid is announced all subway trains stop wherever they may happen to be, the electric current is turned off and passengers may, if they wish, get out and walk to the nearest station. Most of those I saw just now had walked through the dark tunnel of the Metro to gain the Etoile station, although some had left their homes to go there, thinking it safer down in the Metro than in the cellars of their houses.

Returning to the Roosevelt I chatted a while with the people still congregated in the salon, then I returned to my room where I am writing these notes at midnight, the roar of cannon and the shrieking of bursting shells still deafening my ears. The night's experience has afforded me an interesting study, not only in the psychology of other people, but also of my own.

Am I foolhardy? Brave? Ignorant? "No" may certainly be answered to the last two questions. Ignorant of the danger I am not; I am quite aware that comparative safety is to be had only by spending the night in a cellar. But it is dark and cold in a cellar. Also I figure the chances of being hit as only one in 50,000; also it is exceedingly instructive to study a crowd that is under the spell of a great tragedy. And last,

but not least, as Rousseau said: "J'ai vecu" (I have lived)! Why dread leaving the world while yet a man in body as well as mind? Is Old Age so desirable? . . . A mixture of all these things is responsible for my going out onto the streets instead of remaining under shelter as we are told to do.

Paris, Sunday,
March 10.

To-day, 36 hours after Friday night's air raid, here is all the information Paris newspapers have been permitted to print:

"The German aerial attack was conducted by considerable forces. Ten or a dozen squadrons of aviators, following in their march toward Paris the valleys of the Oise and the Marne, and also the tracks of the railroads, succeeded in flying over the Capital.

"The alarm was given at 8.54 p. m. and continued until 12.15 a. m. Our defensive aeroplanes to the number of 61 arose in the air at 9 p. m. and incessantly crossed and recrossed the entire area over Paris until the end of the raid, and repelled a number of enemy planes before they reached Paris.

"The raid's victims numbered 9 dead and 39 wounded."

Not a word as to *where* the bombs fell, or as to what houses or places were struck. This policy of secretiveness is said to be First, that the Germans may not know just what measure of success attends their attacks; and Second, that the Parisians may not become "panicky." As to the first reason, apparently the Germans don't give a hang whether their bombs hit a palace or a hovel, so long as they hit *something* and keep the people in a state of nervous tension; their aim is less to destroy material things (public buildings, munition plants and the like) than it is to destroy that intangible thing called *morale*. Of course, they would like to blow up munition plants, but from a great height and in the pitch dark an aviator doesn't aim at anything in particular; he just lets

go, trusting that the bomb will strike somewhere and something that will most injure his enemy, whether by destroying his physical or his moral force he doesn't care, or at any rate can not predetermine.

A consideration of these two reasons prompts the following queries: Won't the Germans keep on bombing, regardless of whether they learn from the French Press where their bombs struck and what amount of damage they caused? . . . And won't the imagination of the Parisians outstrip any possible actual calamity which the Germans may contrive to inflict upon their city? As I entered the Embassy this morning the Concierge shook her head and looked very solemn as she asked if I had heard that two hundred people had been killed in the Montmarte section alone? "No, I have heard nothing of that," I said. "The official communiqué says only nine were killed in all Paris." The Concierge confined her reply to a look, but that was eloquent; it said as plainly as words that she thought Ananias a man of truth compared with a communiqué. Now, maybe, somebody was killed in Montmartre; if so, and if the papers were allowed to say who he was and just where he lived, *that* would be the worst the people could learn; but being told nothing, save a "glittering generality," to-day rumor multiplies that one by two hundred, and to-morrow it may be multiplied by two thousand!

One of the Germans was shot down Friday night in a forest near Paris; the plane, nose pointed down, passed between two trees and had only its wings smashed. Fifteen paces from where it was found wedged in between the two trees lay the body of its commander, both legs broken, his face buried in the ground, crushed out of all human recognition. Near-by lay another aviator on his back, his face unscathed but distorted by an expression of anguish and horror. The eyes, which were wide open, seemed to be staring straight up at the sun. The order found upon the dead German read as follows:

"In spite of our repeated protests the enemy has bombarded open German cities (Mannheim, Lahr, Freibourg); therefore, by order of the High Command, our aviators will attack the *fortress* of Paris. They will choose as their targets railway stations and public buildings devoted to military usage; they will spare hospitals, churches and places possessing artistic value."

Is it necessary for the German General Staff to add hypocrisy to its many other evil deeds? Or does it really expect German aviators to be able to distinguish, *in the dark and from a great altitude,* a public building from an art museum? Of the eleven killed Friday night only three were men; the other eight were women and babies—killed by the humane German High Command, I suppose, because they were in the "fortress" of Paris!

As a matter of fact, the French have not bombed open German cities; the English have done, and are doing, that—in reprisal for German bombing of London. By bombing Paris the Germans hope to prompt the French to induce their English ally to forego his reprisals. The Germans have proposed an agreement to restrict air raids to points within thirty kilometers of the battle lines. As the terrain for much more than thirty kilometers back of the German lines is either French or Belgian, the effect of such an agreement would leave the Germans free to bomb French territory, while the French would be prohibited from bombing German territory; they would be free to bomb only their own, or their ally Belgium's, terrain back of the German lines! Of course so obviously one-sided an arrangement is inacceptable to the French, consequently the horrible war on women and children in Paris, as well as the war on men at the front, will go on to the bitter end. . . .

This morning, instead of being up and dressed when Marie Louise brought chocolate to my room I was still asleep. When

I awoke and saw by my watch that it was only seven o'clock I asked the maid why she came so early? "Mais, Monsieur, c'est la heure habituelle." Then she explained that the "hour" of summer had arrived. At eleven o'clock last night sixty minutes were dropped from the calendar and presto! Eleven o'clock instantly became midnight. To-day when lunch is served at noon (by the new time) I shall feel as if it were only eleven; and to-night dinner will seem to be served at six instead of seven. But in a few days we shall have adjusted ourselves to the new time and shall not realize that we go to bed at nine o'clock, for the reason that our watches will lie to us and say it is ten! It is estimated that by thus duping the people into going to bed an hour earlier, and getting up in the morning an hour earlier, enough electric lights will be saved to equal half a million tons of coal. When M. Honnorat first proposed this scheme the newspapers poked fun at him and called him a modern Joshua who fancied he could stop the sun. In strict logic M. Honnorat's plan *is* absurd; it would be more logical for men to say: During the summer months we shall get up at six instead of seven. But since men are not logical, and will insist on staying abed until seven, M. Honnorat said: "Very well; your habits shall not be changed; you may continue to arise at seven." Then he pushed the hands of all the clocks and watches in France sixty minutes ahead. And forthwith forty million people get out of their beds at six o'clock without a murmur, simply because their timepieces *tell* them it is seven! M. Honnorat understood psychology better than his critics and to-day he is regarded as having done a great thing for his country.

Paris, Tuesday,
March 12.

At 9.20 last night the siren sounded and on going down to the hotel salon and finding no one there my first conclusion was that the Roosevelt's guests are becoming bolder and so

remained in their rooms. Presently, however, just the reverse proved to be the case—they were all down in the cellar! The Germans were apparently over our part of Paris, at any rate the crashing of their bombs and the roar of the French barrage fire were deafening. No wonder some of the women betrayed nervousness. For a while I chatted gaily with them, making light of our position in the cellar which I declared (although I did not believe) was perfectly safe—were a bomb to strike the Roosevelt it would inevitably bring the whole house down over our heads as the arches of the cellar are flimsy affairs, not designed to support a great weight; then I induced the concierge to unbolt and open the heavy, solid front door so that I might walk down to the Arc de l'Etoile. In addition to the night's being both moonless and starless a heavy smoke-fog hung low over the streets so that in a few minutes I became hopelessly lost. I found the big arch all right, the trouble began when I tried to grope my way back to the Roosevelt. About a dozen avenues radiate out from the arch, as the spokes of a wheel radiate out from the hub; I think I must have blindly stumbled for a block or two on eleven of those avenues before I finally chanced upon the right one. Several times I bumped squarely into pedestrians who, like myself, were lost and groping blindly through the fog and blackness of the night. It would have been easily over with me had one of those pedestrians happened to be feloniously inclined; quite apart from the danger of bombs and bursting shrapnel, there is a very real danger of being held up and robbed in the dark, hence after this I shall stay in my hotel during friend Fritz' visits to Paris.

Owing to the extraordinary darkness the French planes and anti-aircraft guns were powerless; they could see nothing to attack, and so the Germans performed their work with unusual precision. One aviator flew around and around at a low altitude, turning his searchlight directly down below his plane until he located the great buildings housing the Ministry of

War, then he let go three bombs which started a fire that is still burning. Secretary of War Baker, who arrived in Paris last night just in time to experience the thrills of an air raid, drove direct from the railway station to the Hotel Crillon on the Place de la Concorde; the Secretary wanted to remain in his room but when a bomb dropped not far from the Crillon he was induced to put prudence before comfort and so went down into the cellar along with the other guests of the hotel.

Young Scanlon and McNamara, clerks whom I brought with me from the State Department, started for a theater last night and were just emerging from the Metro station at the Opera when a great crowd of people came rushing down the stairs and forced them back into the subway again. There they remained three hours amid a mass of people, unable to stir a foot or even to sit down. And finally, when the raid ended after midnight, they could find no conveyance of any kind, hence were obliged to walk to their lodgings on the Avenue Kléber, a matter of three or four miles. Naturally, when they appeared at the Embassy this morning they looked fatigued, and declared they will "cut out" theaters hereafter. Their resolution is a wise one; for panics in crowded places may easily occur when bombs are bursting near-by and more lives may be lost in a stampede of several hundred people than in a bombardment of many hours. The truth of this statement was tragically demonstrated last night when a panic seized a mass of men and women at the "Combat" station of the Metro. The iron doors of the subway stations open *outward,* consequently the first to rush down the stairs had to pull the doors *toward* them. But before they could do this the onrushing crowd behind jammed them up against the iron doors and in the panic which followed 66 persons, mostly women and children, were killed! Thirty-four persons were killed by bombs, so that in all one hundred lives were snuffed out last night as a result of the air raid. Seventy-nine others were wounded. One of the German objects, to cause a number of

French aeroplanes and guns to be diverted from the front to Paris, is, of course, obtained; it is doubtful if they attain their other object, to destroy the *morale* of the people and prompt them to force their government to make peace. In 1870-71 Paris endured months of constant bombardment without losing its *morale;* true, it finally surrendered, but that was because they were starving, not because they were afraid of German shells. Remembering that chapter in French history, the question may well be asked if these murderous raids which in the very nature of things can not discriminate between objects of military and civilian importance, between the enemy's fighting forces and his women and babies, so far from impairing his *morale* will not rather nerve him to a deathless determination to war to the very last for the destruction of the military beast responsible for such devilish deeds?

Four of the raiders were shot down last night; the Commander of one "Gotha" machine, although wounded, was conscious when captured and he frankly disavowed the hypocritical orders of the German High Command concerning the "Fortress" of Paris, the sparing of hospitals, etc. "We do not know," said this German aviator, "and we do not seek to know where your Staff Headquarters are, or where your military depots are. It is Paris we wish to destroy, so as to break the spirit of your people and compel in their hearts a general longing for peace. Therefore, when we bomb Paris we do not look for military objectives; these are secondary with us, so it is useless for you to lament if among the victims are women and children."

Asked if his conscience did not hurt him to kill such innocent victims, the answer was that he was but doing his duty "to Kaiser and Fatherland." (Germans always put the Kaiser first.) And he added that they would be justified in killing ten times as many babies as they do kill if thereby the war is shortened a single day. . . . *If* it be shortened! There's the rub. Although Germany won't believe it, those who understand hu-

man psychology better than they are convinced that German "Schrecklichkeit" (frightfulness, the policy of massacring civilians in Belgium, ruthlessly burning and devastating whole provinces of France and Belgium, etc.) has lengthened, not shortened, the war.

The haughty, unrepentant Commander of the Gotha died of his wounds this morning and will be buried to-morrow, along with the bodies of the aviators of the other three Gothas, in the little cemetery of Château-Thierry—where, in 1814, Napoleon fought a great battle in a last desperate effort to keep the Allies out of Paris. The Commander, who was only thirty years of age, said he was Captain Count Scheibler, of Munchen-Gladbach, Westphalia. In the same Gotha with him was his "Feldwebel" (under officer) named Wulf, and his lieutenant, Baron von Meinsingen, aged 29. All three will sleep side by side at Château-Thierry, in foreign soil, dupes and victims of an autocracy and a Kaiser whose chief asset is his impudent claim to partnership with God!

Paris, Friday night.
March 15, 1918.

One of the first-class restaurants that the war has not succeeded in closing is Vatel's, occupying a building on the corner of the Rue St. Florintine and the Rue St. Honoré, where Danton lived during the Reign of Terror. Robespierre occupied a room in the house, still standing, on the opposite corner of the Rue Richepanse. To-day just as I was finishing lunch at Vatel's the drums of my ears of a sudden seemed subjected to a heavy pressure and the next instant the glass of the big window behind me came tumbling over my head and shoulders, shattered into a thousand pieces! It was startling, but fortunately I was not cut, nor was I specially frightened by the muffled roar of an explosion that accompanied the caving in of the window, being in truth too busy extricating myself from the débris to take time to make sur-

mises as to what had happened. A man at a table not far away got up and walked to the broken window, looked out, then returned to his place and ordered a demitasse as he calmly remarked to his companion that "les sales Boches"—the dirty Germans—were bombing Paris again. The rest of the diners at Vatel's displayed similar coolness—which is worth noting as showing the frame of mind induced by long familiarity with war. I fancy such an incident, at Sherry's, for instance, would send everybody in the place running out on Fifth Avenue to find out what had happened. But here in Paris one waits until the regular edition of the newspapers prints the little they think necessary to print about commonplace occurrences. In the present case, as I learn from tonight's *Temps,* Vatel's windows, and the windows of many thousand Paris houses, were blown in because of a terrific explosion which occurred in a large munition plant just outside of Paris. Many people were killed and even as I write these notes loud detonations of thousands of shells are reminding old Parisians of the fusilade of German cannon when Paris was besieged in 1870. So large is the plant, so combustible are its products, it is feared the fire and the explosions may continue for days. The whole country surrounding the plant is roped off and guarded by soldiers to minimize the danger of persons being shot by shells that are exploded by the advancing flames. . . .

From Vatel's I went on a "shopping" expedition—buying furniture, rugs and carpets for the branch offices of the Embassy which I shall lease—when I find a landlord willing to rent to Uncle Sam, which few seem willing to do, first because they don't like to rent "for the duration of the war and six months thereafter"; and second, because they fear I shall have too many and too varied an assortment of people visiting me. I find that our army has "boosted" prices of office furniture from 300 to 400 per cent. A plain flat desk that would be dear in America at $25.00 costs here 900 francs—

$162.00! I paid to-day 1,200 francs ($216) for six typewriter tables that in America would not cost above $9 apiece ($36 for the six). At a second-hand store I bought an Empire set (table, chair, sofa, two armchairs and two chairs) for 1,730 francs ($311); two Louis XV chairs cost 175 francs each (a new cover will cost an extra 75 francs each). These are the only "bargains" I have been able to find in all Paris; the rest of the office furniture will cost the government three times what it would cost in America, and the rugs and carpets will cost about the same as in New York—for instance, a rug of good quality 3½x4½ meters costs $85.00. Wood is scarce in France, so are wood workers; and our army, Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. people have been buying a great deal of office fixtures. It is this combination which has made my shopping both difficult and expensive. . . .

The last quotations in Vienna for "old horses for slaughter" are from 1,400 to 1,850 crowns,—about $290 to $385 per horse. I should think one would need to be very hungry before eating a poor old nag that had died in the harness!

Paris, Sunday night,
March 17, 1918.

PARISIANS have thronged the great court of the Invalides to-day, looking at the aeroplanes shot down in last Monday night's raid. Some of the Gothas are in good shape, the motors being almost intact and showing at a glance what enormous power they had. In one machine I noted in the gasoline tank the holes made by French shrapnel. As it passed slowly by, gazing at these evidences of German "Schrechklichkeit," the crowd was orderly and even good-natured. "Qu'est-ce qu'ils ont pris, les sales boches!" That is as severe a comment as I heard.

My cousin Suzanne, a Kentucky girl, who married the Marquis de Charette, is doing war work at the Soldiers and Sailors Club, No. 11 Rue Royale, whither I went to see her to-day;

and as soon as I entered the door a Captain of our army greeted me politely, but he firmly informed me that I would not be allowed to make any purchases in the club. "My dear Captain," said I, "I have not come here to buy." The Captain's look said as plainly as words: "Well, why have you, a civilian, come here to a soldiers and sailors club?" So I hastened to explain that I had come to see my cousin.

"Oh," exclaimed the Captain, "I thought you wanted to buy cigarettes. So many do, not only because we sell them below cost but also because in Paris just now it is hard to get cigarettes at any price. Step this way. The Marquise is doing fine work for our boys. You will find her in the canteen."

A moment later I understood why persons would like to buy things at this club: there behind a counter loaded with boxes of cigarettes, cakes of chocolate, tins of tea, etc., stood my cousin, a dainty, sweet-faced young woman with wonderfully pretty eyes, selling the soldiers and sailors things at ridiculously low prices. For instance Fatima cigarettes which cost fifteen cents a package in St. Louis, where they are made, are sold to the boys here at 50 centimes (less than 10 cents) a package; a service of good hot tea with a sandwich costs 50 centimes—everywhere else in Paris you must pay for a pot of hot tea two or two and a half francs. Sweet cakes of chocolate that sell elsewhere at a franc and a half cost here only 75 centimes. "I see," said I to my pretty cousin, "that in acquiring a title you acquired the contempt of business methods in which the nobility are supposed to indulge."

Suzanne smiled. "The one thing that won't be forgiven here," she said, "is to show a profit on the canteen. Our soldiers need all the comforts we can possibly give them and we want to make the club so attractive that they will feel at home here."

"You mean American soldiers," I said. "*Your* soldiers are

French. You know, since you deserted Kentucky in the way you did, you have become a French woman."

Suzanne smiled again and her eyes looked more wonderful than ever as she declared emphatically that she didn't care for technicalities. "Maybe the *law* says I am French, but *I* say I am American and always shall be. My husband is fighting in the Tanks, or rather was fighting—he was wounded and is convalescing now; so, of course, I love the French poilus, too. But when I say '*Our* boys,' that means for me the Sammies in their khaki suits."

To enter the Soldiers and Sailors Club is to step out of Paris into New York or some other American city: on the walls hang portraits of Wilson, Lincoln, Grant and other of our statesmen. In the reading room is a large collection of American newspapers and magazines; the people you see in the billiard and smoking and other rooms are Americans. And lastly, there in an onyx soda fountain is the national beverage of our country—ice cream soda! Years ago when the Germans made a "peaceful penetration" of France they brought beer with them; the Germans themselves have now been banished, but the beer habit they created remains behind them; in French cafés you see more beer drinkers than wine drinkers. Will the Americans win a similar victory? Is ice cream soda, as yet unknown in France, destined to remain in vogue with the French people long after we ourselves shall have departed from French shores?

Coming over on the *Espagne* our Minister to Switzerland, Mr. Pleasant A. Stoveall, a gentleman as affable and charming as his first name indicates, related this incident:

In the first weeks of the war, back in August, 1914, there walked into the American Legation in Berne a good looking, well bred appearing man with a decided Southern accent who said he was a Virginian named Robert Lee, that he had been in Belgium when the Germans unexpectedly arrived, and when the hotel where he was stopping was burned about his ears

it was all he could do to save his life; his clothing and papers were destroyed in the fire, and he wanted the Minister to give him a new passport. Although his English was so perfect, and although his name and his Southern drawl left no doubt in Mr. Stoveall's mind that the story was true, still he declined to issue a passport, whereupon the "Virginian" said Mr. X. (naming one of the American Consuls in Switzerland) knew him and would vouch for him. Mr. Stoveall got into communication with X., who was a native of Germany, and was told by him that the man's story was true. Mr. Stoveall still refused to issue a passport, but he did give to the stranger a writing on the Legation's official paper, stating that he "was informed" that Mr. Robert Lee was an American citizen, that his papers had been burned in Belgium, etc. This paper enabled Mr. "Lee" (good, Southern name, Lee!) to enter France; what he learned there, or how much information he secured for Germany, is not known, but Mr. Stoveall says that six weeks after he called at the Berne Legation he was arrested, tried and convicted as a spy. And shortly before being shot he asked that a member of the American Embassy be sent to him that he might make a "full breast" of it before he died. . . .

In Bordeaux our Consul, Mr. Bucklin, told me of another spy incident. A few months ago a man in the uniform of an American soldier was arrested on the streets of Bordeaux for failing to report at headquarters, whereupon it developed that the man was not a soldier. Asked why he was in a soldier's uniform, he said he had been rescued by a British destroyer from a torpedoed steamer off the Brittany coast and taken to England, where he bought the soldier's suit because it was cheap, and also because the wearer of a uniform can travel on half fares and generally is shown favors. "But how did you get to Bordeaux? And what are you doing here?" was asked. The man said he had come to Bordeaux for the purpose of enlisting in our army. This story was so "fishy" the

man was arrested and his story investigated, with the result that he was found to be a spy; he was court martialed a short time ago.

Paris, Monday,
March 25, 1918.

NIGHT before last, at nine o'clock, the siren sounded and there followed the usual scenes—bursting shrapnel, exploding shells, roaring cannon, and the people rushing to "Abris." When I went out onto the Avenue d'Iena I saw a terrifying sight: at first I thought it was a comet, then I took it to be a rocket signal dropped by an aviator. But it proved to be a burning aeroplane and even as I gazed upon it up in the sky above me the wings were consumed by the flames and the heavy motor came crashing to earth, killing the unfortunate men who were driving it. The swarm of French planes beat back the Germans; not a single one of their Gothas succeeded in reaching Paris. . . . Earlier in the day on Saturday (March 23) there were two tremendous detonations, as of bombs, before Paris was given any notice that Germans were coming; in fact, even after the two explosions no siren was sounded, and all day Saturday Parisians grumbled mightily at the way the authorities had gone to sleep. Why have a siren if no alarm is to be given *before* the enemy planes arrive? Or was it possible that the Gothas could fly all the way to Paris in broad daylight without any Frenchman seeing them? Yesterday morning grumbling gave way to astonishment when Paris read the official communiqué; it contained only three lines, but those lines are destined to be historic, for they recorded the fact that Paris was being *bombarded* by the Germans from a distance of more than one hundred kilometers (*75 miles*)! One of the shells, "240" in size, struck near the Gare de l'Est, in the center of the city, killing a number of people. Another shell fell in the Tuilleries gardens near the Louvre. The shells fell at regular intervals of fifteen minutes

and, as showing the spirit of the "man on the street," I may quote a remark made by a man who left his Abri the moment the shell near-by had exploded. To a friend who expostulated with him for exposing himself to danger he replied: "Çà y est! Ils tirent un obus par quart d'heure. Alors, j'ai quinze bonnes minutes devant moi!" (That is it! They fire a shell every quarter of an hour; I have therefore a good fifteen minutes before me!) And off he went, down a street that was in the direct line of the monster gun's fire. He was taking grave chances, for the interval between shells was reduced later in the day to only seven minutes. . . . At seven o'clock this morning the bombardment began again and a few minutes later I heard the sound of a drum beating beneath my window; jumping out of bed and looking down on the street I saw a French soldier walking leisurely along the Avenue d'Iena beating a small drum that was suspended by a strap from his shoulder; it looked as if he were merely having a little early morning amusement, but when Marie Louise brought my chocolate and the *Matin* I learned that beginning to-day bombardments by the monster gun will be announced by drum-beating, the siren being reserved for air raids. It is also announced that traffic will not be stopped because of *gun* fire; therefore people are cautioned not to seek refuge in the Metro unless the *siren* sounds; the subway trains will not stop for a little thing like shells thrown from a gun seventy-five miles away, consequently people must not use the Metro tunnels as Abri. The day's conclusion of the bombardment is to be announced by the ringing of church bells. The Préfet of Police makes this special recommendation:

"The direction of the projectile is from the northeast to the southwest; therefore, persons who at the moment of the bombardment find themselves in streets running in that direction are advised to hug the front of houses facing toward the south or southwest."

Yesterday the sun shone brilliantly, not a cloud in the sky, and I was one of many thousands who strolled along the Bois from l'Etoile to the Bois de Bologne. Nurses were seated on benches watching their children rolling hoops or playing games. Equestrians galloped down the paths reserved for horses. A few smart limousines and open touring cars sped along the smooth boulevard. It was not quite, but it was *almost,* such a scene as is usually to be observed on the Bois in the forenoon of a beautiful spring day. And all the while that this throng of people were walking and galloping on horses and riding in motors in the west end of Paris, in the east end shells were falling with clock-like regularity—thus far, it is true, not killing a great many persons, but nevertheless killing some and with potentialities of killing a great many more. . . . This morning a little after midnight I was awakened by the wailing of the siren beneath my window; I got out of bed and looked out of my window to see if I could see any Gothas or duels in the air, but seeing none, and the night being chilly, I went back to bed and to sleep again. I hear the majority of the Roosevelt's guests did the same—the old story, familiarity breeds contempt. It is astonishing how, after only forty-eight hours, Parisians seem to have settled down to the fact that Paris is now "At the Front," within range of German guns. Air raids mean a battle; French guns fire innumerable shells and French aviators swarm in the air to give battle to the invaders. There is a sense of being able at least to *try* to ward off the danger. But this monster gun is a hundred kilometers away, hidden no one as yet knows where,—Paris can't fight *that;* it can only endure. And already it is enduring with magnificent *sang froid.* Of course, many people are nervous; and a good many thousands have sought homes in safer places, but speaking broadly it is accurate to say that were a stranger to arrive suddenly from a region to which news of the war had never reached he would hardly discern from the appearance of Paris' crowded streets

that the city within the last two days has been called upon to undergo a thing heretofore unknown in history—a bombardment at the long range of more than seventy-five miles! Historians usually dwell on the big things that men do—thus interesting the reader, but often also misleading him. When studying books on the French Revolution we are apt to forget that the people of that epoch were not wholly engrossed in the doings of Robespierre, Danton and the rest; of course, the fact is that even while the guillotine was working overtime on the spot in the Place de la Concorde where the Egyptian obelisk now stands, nine-tenths of the population were engaged in their usual vocations, many of them probably quite ignorant of what was occurring. And so to-day; I jot down in my Journal only such incidents as seem to me will throw light on the titanic upheaval through which the world is now passing; but because I refer mainly to big things it must not be supposed that Paris is not doing little things, too. Quite the contrary; bombs may come and go, but the small duties of life go on forever. And so it is that, frequent as air raids and bombing have become, the hours Paris is subjected to them, and thinks of them, are few in comparison with the other hours during which maidens are wooed and wed, cooks prepare lunches and dinners, messenger boys run on errands, lawyers and courts wrangle over the punishment that shall be meted out to criminals, etc.

Here is an extract from a letter I received from Havre to-day—it may be of interest as showing what the coming of Americans has done to a French town.

"Havre is packed, crammed—soldiers as thick as berries never are on the right bush. The Normandie hotel is reeking with people. The food is good but dearer than in Paris, as also are the rooms. Mine, with bath, looks on a small court, but costs Frs. 14 a day—a better room in a better hotel in Paris can be had for ten francs. . . . The Americans are buoyant with hope—convinced they'll get the Kaiser before they go back

home. Gen. Pershing doesn't talk but he *looks,* and if I am anything of a judge of looks he, too, is not overawed by German bluff and believes the English and French will hold out until we arrive in Force—then a long, hard pull all together and we'll give freedom to Germany as well as to the rest of the world!"

Paris, Tuesday,
March 26, 1918.

A YEAR ago this month, shortly before I left France, the British made their great advance, capturing Bapaume and the country thereabout; this week, a short time after my return to France, the Germans have recaptured Bapaume and the country there about—a whole year of bloody battles and neither side much further than it was before. But the Germans are now making the most stupendous attack known in all history; the forces with which they for five days past have been hammering the British front are said to number three million men; their supply of great cannon seems unlimited, ditto machine guns and munitions, and the British line is bending. Under such circumstances, and considering, too, the constant air raids and the bombardment by the monster gun seventy-five miles away which began last Saturday, it is marvelous how normal Paris seems. If there is a particularly loud explosion the clerk or the lawyer at his desk may pause a moment, to see if he may determine where the shell or the bomb struck, but the interruption is only for a moment; air raids and bombardments to the contrary, daily duties must be performed. Yesterday I was at the Embassy's lawyers going over with them the lease of the apartment I have at last secured for the new department of the Embassy; there were two alarms—"Alertes" as they are called here—but with us time pressed and we went on with our examination of the lease. A Paris lease is apt to contain a lot of "jokers," hence the necessity of ignoring bombs and the methodical falling of the big gun's shells, so as not to have any "come back," once the

lease is signed and the government is committed to renting the apartment for the duration of the war. After finishing with the lease I spent the rest of the afternoon buying office fixtures—all this as a matter of routine, although the Germans are again within sixty miles of the Capital and are loudly proclaiming that they will be here within thirty days! Perhaps they may come, perhaps they won't, but in the meantime our work must go on, consequently there is no time to bother *now* about what *may* happen thirty days hence. . . .

Yesterday there arrived in Paris a number of refugees from Noyon and Ham; for more than two years they were under the German yoke. Then last March with tears in their eyes and with speechless joy they embraced the British and French soldiers who entered their towns after forcing the Germans to retire. And now a year to the day later the Germans return and these unhappy people, rather than live again under the Huns' hated yoke, have left their homes to find refuge in central France. Said one of them yesterday:

"Saturday a French gendarme came to my house, as he did to all the other houses in Noyon, and said: 'Madame, you must get ready to leave. To-morrow at noon there must not be a single French citizen in Noyon.' I hastily crammed into two sacks as much clothing as I could, put the sacks into a baby buggy and started away on foot. And what I did, Monsieur, all the others did, too. We tramped I do not know how many kilometers, until we were too tired to move a step further, but we did not complain. Even the children did not cry. We preferred exile and suffering to living under the Germans, for you see, Monsieur, we know from terrible experience what it means to live under them!"

Another of the women, from Ham, said:

"We were awakened by a guard at one o'clock in the morning and told that we must be gone within two hours. It was short notice but *c'est la guerre,* Monsieur. One must move quickly. Before the two hours ended we were at the

station and a train took us to Amiens. But even as the train rolled out of the station shells were raining on Ham."

"Were you frightened?" I asked.

The brave woman shook her head. "No, Monsieur," she answered. "That is not the word to use. None of us were frightened. Talk with my children here. They are laughing. Even they were not frightened. But it was sad, very sad to have to leave our homes." For a moment she turned her head away and seemed lost in a reverie, then she turned with a smile on her lips. "Yes, Monsieur," she said, "it is sad, but it is not for long. As we started for Amiens we saw our brave poilus, hundreds of thousands of them. We know they will avenge our wrongs. They will drive the Boche back and we shall soon see our homes again."

That is the magnificent spirit of this wonderful French people; after nearly four years of frightful suffering, even when Russia's *débâcle* has enabled their implacable enemy to mass millions of men against them, even in the instant that they are fleeing from their homes, they retain their sublime faith in ultimate victory!

The eleventh air raid over Paris occurred on January 29, 1916; the next one (in which German aviators succeeded in dropping bombs upon the Capital) occurred two years and one day later on January 30, 1918. Those two years of quiet made Parisians believe the Germans could not break through the French air defense. We know now they did not come because it was not their policy to come; now that it *is* their policy everybody expects Paris to be exceedingly "lively" during the next few months. Thousands of women and children are leaving for safer places to the south and west, but business goes on as usual, and yesterday when I went to the Galleries Lafayette it was so jammed with women shoppers that I conclude the proportion even of women and children who are leaving Paris is small compared with those who remain. . . .

The Kaiser's doings in Russia are curiously parallel with Napoleon's doings in Germany a little more than a century ago. Napoleon "reluctantly" received the crowns which were "forced" upon him; he accepted the rôle of "Protector" of the Confederation of the Rhine; he yielded to the "prayers" of the Italians to be their king, and to the earnest "requests" of Spaniards to give them his brother, Joseph, as their king. And when the Corsican conqueror went to Moscow he was followed by an army three-fourths of which were soldiers from other lands than his own; they followed him in 1812 when his power seemed supreme, they turned and devoured him in 1814 when they saw that after all he was a man and not a God! . . . Is history about to repeat itself? The "people" of Courland have prayed the Kaiser to accept the title of Grand Duke of Courland; as soon as German military power is consolidated in Livonia, Ukraine, etc., doubtless the "people" of those parts of Russia will 'beseech" the Kaiser to rule over them. And he may do so for a while, just as for a while Napoleon ruled over many parts of Germany; but as Nature abhors a vacuum, so does the world abhor a bully, a giant who overawes and overshadows the rest of mankind. My guess is that no matter how successful Prussian militarism may be for the moment, in the end it will meet a Waterloo at the hands of the liberty-lovers of the world. . . .

Here is an extract from a letter just received from a young American soldier who recently went for the first time to the front:

"I have had my turn in the trenches and found it quite as dirty a job as I had heard. The first night I was put on outpost duty there was a heavy artillery bombardment during which a shell exploded under my nose, sending a piece of steel through my helmet and knocking me down into the mud at the bottom of the trench. That helmet shall be kept as a souvenir in my home, for to it do I owe my life. One of my men, a fine, handsome young chap, stooped to pick me up out of the mud and

just as he said: 'Lieutenant, are you hurt?' another shell burst and the poor boy crumpled up right before my eyes—killed instantly, and three of the pieces of shell struck me, which is why I am here in the hospital with a hole through my leg and two wounds in my shoulder. . . . For all that I was badly wounded I put my good arm about the boy's neck and raised his head, thinking perhaps he might still be alive, but he was stone dead. In his pocket was a letter beginning: 'Dear Sonny Boy' and signed 'Mother!' As I saw the signature I closed my eyes and said a prayer that this struggle for liberty might not require too many such sacrifices and then, when I next knew what I was doing I was here in hospital, tender hands ministering to me and making me feel good to know that our government is doing all it can to care for its boys at the front."

Paris, Friday,
March 29, 1918.

The great battle of Arras has been on a week to-day; the British have fought bravely but have been forced to yield ground until now they are back on the old lines of 1916—all their gains of two terrible years lost to the Germans. Although officials and military men profess to be confident that the enemy "will not pass" the week's events have made a profound impression upon the American colony in Paris. The Embassy has been besieged by both men and women anxiously asking for the latest news, and wanting the Ambassador to advise them whether they should stay or go; some seek permits to buy a little gasoline that they may use their automobiles in the event that a hurried flight from the Capital becomes necessary. In strong contrast with this nervousness of some Americans is the apparent confidence of the mass of Parisians; despite the fact that the Huns are nearer the city's gates than they have been at any time since the first few months of the war Parisians are going about their business quite as though nothing unusual were occurring. Indeed, Paris looks even more normal this week than it did seven

days ago, for the reason that the seventy-five-mile bombardment has ceased, and the air raiders also seem to be too busy to call on the Capital.

In London yesterday Mr. William Dent was fined $680.00 for selling margarine at 32 cents a pound, 8 cents a pound more than the law permits a dealer in margarine to charge. The lesson, being so expensive, will probably be enduring; Mr. Dent, no doubt, now realizes that among the many things upset by the world war is the time-honored principle that "Supply and Demand" has unrestricted sway in fixing the prices a seller may demand and a buyer must pay.

Paris, Saturday,
March 30.

After next Monday, April 1, there goes into effect a new law which imposes a ten per cent tax upon the purchase of all articles "de luxe," payable at the time of purchase; as the law defines articles "de luxe" to mean almost everything that costs more than a few francs, the net result will be that every thing you buy after next Monday will cost 10 per cent more than heretofore. The desks, carpets, chairs, etc., for the branch of the Embassy which I am fitting out will cost some twenty thousand francs, therefore by paying the bills at once I save the government two thousand francs. Yesterday afternoon while at the Bon Marché settling for the purchases made there, the long-range gun dropped a shell upon the church of St. Gervais, one of Paris' most ancient edifices, and killed seventy-five people, mostly women and children, and wounded ninety. It was Good Friday and the church was crowded with worshippers; the shell hit one of the massive stone supporting piers and when the pier fell, down came the roof, crushing the praying people beneath its ruins. I did not hear the bomb, neither did any one in the store seem to hear it; business continued as usual and I did not know of the tragedy until to-day; Paris is thrilled

with horror that the Germans should choose Good Friday of all other days as the time to commit so senseless a crime; for is it not both senseless and a crime? The killing of a lot of women and children in a church does not lessen the fighting force of the French army by one man, neither does it lessen the morale of the French people. On the contrary it embitters them more than ever and makes them grimly determined to submit to any sacrifice rather than end the war short of dethroning Prussian autocracy. . . .

At seven o'clock this morning the seventy-five-mile gun began firing again, and during all of to-day shells have been falling in different parts of the city. The racket made by the bursting of the nine-inch shells is all that enables one to know that a bombardment is under way; nothing in the appearance of the people or the streets indicates that anything unusual is happening. To-day while sipping my after-lunch coffee on the sidewalk in front of a café in the Latin Quarter, near the fine statue of Danton, there was a deafening explosion; judging from the force and loudness of the report the shell must have fallen in that part of town, yet not one person in the café left his table or so much as gave a start. Some exclaimed in French: "The dirty Boche are at it again!" But for the most part not even comment was made; all went on with their lunch as if nothing had happened; the trolley cars in front of the café clanged their bells and stopped to let people on and off as before; pedestrians hurried on their way to keep appointments of business or pleasure—all absolutely the same as in time of peace. And yet seventy-five miles away, hidden in some unknown place behind the German lines, was a gun firing nine-inch shells upon Paris. One had killed scores of people yesterday; another had fallen five minutes before—whether it killed any people we shall not know until we see the papers to-morrow; a third shell might fall the next minute, and whether it killed the people I saw hurrying along the Boulevard St. Germain or passed harmlessly over their heads

depended upon whether that gun seventy-five miles away has its muzzle lowered or raised the fraction of an inch. And yet no panic, no alarm—everywhere "Business as usual." Verily, the psychology of Parisians makes an interesting study!

Paris, Tuesday,
April 2, 1918.

At three o'clock this morning I was awakened by the long, weird wail of the siren; it came up from the Avenue d'Iena below my room and floated through my open windows, at first only vaguely reaching my sleeping brain, giving me the impression that it was all a nightmare, that I was only in an imaginary inferno. But with full consciousness, and with the boom of bursting bombs and roar of cannon that swiftly followed the siren's sound, I realized that the Gothas were visiting Paris again. Leaping out of bed and looking out of my window, I saw the flashes of light as a shell or a bomb burst in the air and, judging from the terrific reports made by some of the explosions, I surmised that the battle in the air was taking place over this section of the city. Under such circumstances there is more danger in going out to seek an Abri than in remaining indoors; and so, deeming the cellar of the Roosevelt little, if any, safer than my room, I went back to bed—but not to sleep, for sleep is not possible with such an infernal din going on in the heavens about you. Recently during an aerial bombardment the water main under an Abri burst and rumor says the people who had sought refuge there were drowned; in several cases houses struck by bombs have collapsed and crushed through the supporting arches of their cellars, killing some of the persons below, and imprisoning the survivors for days, before the ruins were removed so as to permit their release. Of course, during those days of imprisonment, buried beneath a mass of débris with neither food, drink nor protection from cold and water, the suffering of the captives is intense and in many cases leads to fatal

illness. Unless an Abri is really an Abri, i. e., unless it is very deep under ground and supported by masonry strong enough to withstand the crashing impact of the falling structure above, it is more apt to be a death trap than a shelter. Therefore I have concluded that the best thing for me to do is to remain in my room and trust that Fritz won't drop his bombs directly on the roof of the Roosevelt Hotel.

Mr. B. of the Auditor's Department of the Embassy, has had the tragedy of war brought close to him; a young girl who makes her home with his family was among the victims in St. Gervais Church last Friday; so frightful were her injuries that yesterday in order to save her life the surgeons found it necessary to amputate both her legs! . . . In my notes for last Saturday I mention one of the big gun's shells falling in the Latin Quarter while I was sipping my after-lunch coffee on the sidewalk of the Boulevard St. Germain; I thought at the time the shell fell very near, but just how near I did not know until yesterday: it fell only a block away, near the corner of the Boulevard St. Germain and the Rue de Bac. Passing over a taxicab, it struck the pavement in front of the auto's radiator and plowed a hole forward in the wooden blocks, making a ditch that looked as if it might have been dug with a spade. Had the taxi driver been ten feet further on in his journey he would have been killed; as it was neither he nor any one else was hurt. The shells of the big gun, when they burst, do not seem to have much lateral force. The flying pieces do not spread far and the holes they make in the walls of adjacent buildings are hardly more than scratches,—at least such has been the case in the places which I have personally inspected. . . . Yesterday the big gun bombardment continued all day, killing four persons and wounding nine; it began again this morning and as I write the boom of its bursting shells is making a noise like unto that of distant thunder. But the streets are thronged with people on business or pleasure bent who seemingly give no heed to what the Germans are

doing. What worries them more than air raids and seventy-five-mile guns is the new rule which yesterday went into effect; forbidding bread being served in hotels and restaurants except upon presenting a ticket. Everybody has the right to a monthly ration card permitting the purchase of stipulated quantities of food, 500 grams of sugar per month, 300 grams of bread per day, etc., but until yesterday cards were not required in hotels and restaurants. Being the first day, also being April first, a lot of people who hadn't heard of the new law, thought it an April fool joke. But when they had to eat their dinner without any bread the idea of a joke vanished; in a few days we shall have adjusted ourselves to the situation and then, so far as I can see, it will work no particular hardship, while it will tend to secure an even distribution of the staff of life. For no matter how much money you may have, you can not have an ounce more bread than the poorest workman in France. You may have your 300 grams per day—quite enough, 300 grams make six good-sized rolls, or one long piece of French bread—but you can not have any more, even though you save up your tickets. For the tickets are not "cumulative," the ticket dated April 1 must be used on that day or not at all. Yesterday my ticket enabled me to buy six rolls, at a cost of 12 cents, and although my appetite, is not a small one, bedtime found me with one roll still on hand. . . .

In buying coal in America people frequently have cause to complain of "slack"—rubbish—being mixed in with the anthracite; selling rubbish at the price of anthracite is, of course, a profitable business, consequently coal dealers are not specially severe with the drivers who let slack or rubbish get into their wagons. It has remained for War to put a stop to this petty swindle, at least in England. A government expert got to figuring and found that the rubbish in coal in England amounts to 20 million tons a year; he was not concerned about the consumers who paid coal prices for that enormous

amount of trash, but he was very much concerned that the railways should be called on to transport 20 millions of stuff that it would have been better to leave at the mouth of the mines; railway tonnage, like ship tonnage, is too scarce, too precious, too much needed for transporting munitions, to waste. And so, forth has gone the edict that there shall be no more slack or rubbish sold as coal. Thus does the Monster War accomplish in some small ways a little good to offset the great tragedy he has imposed on mankind.

Paris, Wednesday night,
April 3, 1918.

A DUTCHMAN who came out of Germany only a few days ago gave me the following interesting data as to conditions in Cologne where he spent some weeks last month:

"There is not a shoemaker in the whole city of Cologne, and a pair of shoes which before the war cost $3 now costs $30 and seldom are to be had even at that price. Our workmen (Dutch) who come to Germany for jobs sell their shoes for as much as $25. Last Monday a week ago a workman of Rotterdam whom I know and whom I met in Cologne told me he had two offers of $19 for his shoes within an hour after his arrival. That same day as I was walking along the principal street of Cologne I saw a well-dressed man go up to a Dutchman, stop him, point at his shoes and offer to buy them. They went into a café where the man tried on the Dutchman's shoes and found they were too large; in spite of that he would have bought them but for the protest of his wife who was with him. She said he should not pay $19 for a pair of used shoes unless they fitted him. All of our fellows, when they go into Germany, take along something to sell; for instance a little medicine bottle full of Holland gin that you can buy in Rotterdam for 50 cents will fetch as much as $15 across the line in Germany. Of course, there is some risk in carry-

ing it across; if you are caught you are sure to be heavily fined and may even be sent to jail."

Speaking of the German food situation the Dutchman said: "Eggs cost 20 cents each. Butter, when you can find any, costs from $2.50 to $3 a pound; beef, of which one may buy three ounces a week, costs 12 cents an ounce. Coffee is not to be had, but a coffee 'Ersatz' (substitute) can be bought for 50 to 90 cents a pound."

From what this "Rotterdamian" says Paris is not the only town bombed by air men. "A week ago last night (Tuesday, March 26)," said he, "I saw two British airplanes drop bombs on Deutz, a suburb of Cologne on the east side of the Rhine; the bombs wrecked the Baden Aniline Dye Works, killed 15 people and wounded 70. A workman standing near me on the street while the British were dropping their bombs said: 'For all I care they can blow up the whole town. If they'd only smash the munition factories maybe we would get peace.' . . . Last Friday, March 29, the day I started for Holland, two trains of 27 carriages each came through Cologne, and every one of those 54 carriages was filled with wounded, bleeding soldiers. It was a fearful sight and made the Germans who saw it begin to lose faith in the glowing reports that the government has sent out from Berlin every day since the great battle began on March 21. Cologne has been bedecked with flags since March 23 in honor of the victory they think they have won."

Paris, Sunday,
April 7, 1918.

A FEW days ago I received an invitation reading as follows:

République Française
Liberté—Egalité—Fraternité.

La Municipalité de Paris
a l'honneur de vous prier de vouloir bien assister à la Réception qui aura lieu à Hôtel de Ville, le Samedi 6 Avril 1918,

à trois heures de l'Après-midi, à l'occasion de l'anniversaire de l'entrée en guerre des Etats-Unis d'Amérique.

The ceremonies took place in the Grande Salle des Fêtes, a gorgeously decorated hall 164 feet long, 40 feet wide and 40 feet above the polished floor a ceiling bedecked with numerous statues and paintings, among the latter one by Benjamin Constant, entitled "Paris Inviting the World to Her Fêtes." Twenty-four huge crystal chandeliers, each with hundreds of electric lamps and thousands of scintillating pieces of crystal, were ablaze with light; at the far end of the grand hall a military band of fifty instruments played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise"; along one side of the hall was a hundred foot long table behind which servitors stood dispensing champagne and ices—and into this hall with this interesting setting there marched promptly at four o'clock some of the most notable men of fifteen different nations. In addition to the ambassadors of fifteen of the countries now at war with Germany there were Prime Ministers, Generals, Admirals, members of cabinets (including our own Secretary of War Baker) and lesser officials. The windows of the Grande Salle des Fêtes look directly out upon the Church of St. Gervais, less than a hundred yards away, and only eight days ago one of the "Seventy-five-mile" gun's shells smashed in the roof of St. Gervais and killed four-score men and women who had gathered there on Good Friday to offer up prayers on the day and on the hour that Christ died. The big gun began bombarding Paris yesterday morning, as usual, and even while the orators were speaking in the Grande Salles des Fêtes there came to my ears now and then the sound of a muffled "Boom!"—a sound made by the bursting of a shell somewhere in Paris! As I glanced out of a window at St. Gervais across the open place in front of the Hôtel de Ville, this thought occurred to me:

"If the Germans from their lair, eighty miles away, can

drop a shell on that church across the street and kill eighty praying people, what is to prevent them from dropping a shell in this grand hall and killing the chief dignitaries of France and of fifteen other enemy nations?"

Of course there was nothing to prevent such a catastrophe, except blind chance; the shells we heard falling elsewhere in Paris might just as well have fallen upon the Hôtel de Ville. But if this thought occurred to the people who gathered in the Grande Salle des Fêtes yesterday it was not manifest in either their speech or action. The orators spoke as fervidly and fluently, and the audience applauded as enthusiastically, as if such a thing as a "Seventy-five-mile" gun had never been heard of. The Mayor of Paris made a speech, followed by a grave, thoughtful-looking man who resembled the late James G. Blaine enough to be his brother; he looked like a statesman, and talked like one—and may be one, for in France a "Préfet" of Police is not just the same as a Chief of Police in an American city. After the Préfet of Police had finished what he had to say, M. Stephen Pichon, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, spoke eloquently of France's gratitude to the United States. Other distinguished Frenchmen made similar talks, after which Ambassador Sharp answered them in a brief but effective speech in English; I don't know how much of the French speeches our Ambassador understood, nor how much of his English speech the distinguished Frenchmen understood—I noticed the Japanese Ambassador vigorously applauding all the speeches, no matter in what language they were spoken, and everybody else followed his example, so whether the speeches were understood or not the enthusiasm of both speakers and audience was maintained at the boiling point. In truth, it was an occasion calculated to arouse enthusiasm, for the event we celebrated is the world's one hope of overthrowing autocracy and securing liberty and democracy for our posterity. . . .

The bombardment which was going on yesterday while

France's President and other public men were entertaining distinguished guests from fifteen different lands receives in the papers this morning less attention than is given by the press of an American city to a first-class dog fight; the official communiqué consists of these three curt lines:

"The bombardment of Paris by a German long-distance gun continued throughout the day of April 6.
"Three persons were wounded."

To this brief announcement the *Matin* this morning adds that the persons wounded were: Mlle. Lucie Pivet and M. Jean Duval, wounded in the right leg; and Jean Dugue, wounded on his head and his hands. . . .

The Supreme Court has refused Bolo's appeal and he will be shot next week, unless President Poincaré pardons him, which is not likely. The cost of prosecuting the traitor is announced to day—Francs 10,915.15. As far as I can judge the exposure of Bolo's plots, and the government's firm attitude toward former Prime Minister Caillaux, now in prison, have done much to restore public confidence in France's ability as well as will to carry on the war to a victorious conclusion.

Paris, Tuesday,
April 16, 1918.

Last Thursday the Seventy-five mile gun scored another hit, this time upon a maternity hospital; the shell burst in the midst of a room in which were twenty convalescent women and a number of new-born babes. In addition to killing a number of these poor women and their innocent babes, the Germans this time accomplished a new sort of frightfulness: they caused a "mix-up" which Solomon himself could not unravel. The dozens of new-born babies that were in the hospital were rushed out of the ruined place to near-by houses—which was a wise move, so far as saving their lives is con-

cerned. But now nobody knows which baby is which, and consternation reigns among the mothers. It is not always easy to tell one new baby from another and none of these unfortunate women will ever be sure that the baby allotted to her is in truth her very own. . . . The bombardment of Paris now goes on nights as well as in day time: I imagine that a bombardment of an American city would receive some big head lines in the papers, but the Paris papers do not dignify Germany's "Big Bertha" by lengthy notices. For instance, here is all that one of Paris' great dailies, the *Matin,* says this morning about the bombardment last night:

"One woman killed and two wounded.

"Last night the big cannon of the Kaiser continued its bombardment. A shell which fell upon a house killed a woman in her bed and seriously wounded two other women."

In the courts of Paris yesterday 333 persons were fined five francs each for neglecting to keep the lights in their rooms from being visible from without; in case of a repetition of such negligence three days' imprisonment will be imposed upon the offenders. The same court fined M. Louis Garin, 17 Boulevard de Lorraine, 200 francs and sentenced him to three months in prison for adding 2½ per cent water to the milk he sold to his customers.

Paris, Thursday,
May 23, 1918.

Near the Port Maillot is a quaint restaurant with enough of Bohemia's flavor to make it unconventional, but not enough to make it disagreeable to one who dislikes damp napkins, saw-dust covered floors and the odor of garlic and onions. Last night I dined at this cozy little restaurant and lingered over the coffee to chat with the soldiers and artists about me; then as I started home at ten in the evening a flood of

silvery moonshine illuminated the streets and brought with it, not romance, but fear of the Huns. For moonlight nights are chosen for air raids over Paris. Foregoing my desire for a stroll, I hastened to the nearest Metro station but alas! at the very entrance of the Subway there came floating to my ears that piercing, wailing, weird sound called the "Alerte," which tells Parisians the Huns are coming, and that the trains in the Metro have stopped running.

So, after all, I had a moonlight stroll along the Avenue de la Grande Armée to the Etoile and thence on the Champs Elysées to the Rue Pierre Charron. Because of the warmth and beauty of the night hundreds of people were sauntering along the boulevards, among them many American soldiers with arms around the waists of their sweethearts, their eyes fixed on those of their pretty partners rather than on the thrilling drama being enacted about them. No one hurried, no one seemed to pay much attention to the motor fire engines which dashed by, emitting appalling noises to warn the people of the impending danger, no one seemed disposed to leave the moonlit streets and descend into the *Abris* (caves) merely because the Huns were about to drop a few tons of bombs upon the Capital!

When I reached the Etoile the huge bulk of the arch loomed up in the moonlight seemingly magnified, glorified, more impressive than ever before. Beneath its massive arches is comparative safety even from aerial bombs, but not many sought refuge there. Crowds of men and women stood in the great space around the arch looking up into the Heavens at the wonderful drama staged for them there. The French guns were belching forth a hurricane of shrapnel, the Germans were dropping bombs which exploded with thunderous noise, and looking down the Champs Elysées in the direction of the Tuilleries I saw floating above either side of that grand boulevard a number of sausage balloons, in the moonlight their big bulks looming huge and weird and uncanny.

To the Huns they were deadly as well as uncanny, for depending from the cable that spanned the Champs Elysées, supported at either end by a balloon, were hundreds of feet of steel wires, so small, so fine as to be invisible but, touched ever so lightly by the propeller of an aeroplane, they meant instant death to the aviators.

It was midnight when I reached my lodgings and went to bed amid the thundering of the French cannon and the bursting of the German bombs. Half an hour later the *Berloque* gave the signal that the invaders had been driven away. But at 1.45 A. M. the siren sounded notice of another raid and until 3 A. M. the inferno of cannon and bursting bombs went on again. This morning the Paris papers have to say of a night which once would have been deemed wildly exciting only these two lines:

"Hier soir on a vu qu'un certain nombre de projectiles enemies ont atteint la region Parisienne. On signale des victimes." (Last night a certain number of enemy projectiles reached the region of Paris. There were some victims.)

Paris, Monday,
May 27, 1918.

On March 26 the Kaiser's government ordered the people of Germany to deliver to the authorities any and all articles in their possession which are made of copper, tin, aluminum or brass. Door knobs were exempted, but on May 23d the Cologne *Gazette* announced that henceforth not only must brass door knobs be given up, but the "ecussons" (brass coat of arms) on all the letter boxes in the Empire are to be removed and turned over to the Ministry of War! This indicates that Germany is hard up for some of war's prime essentials, yet Hindenburg was quoted a few days ago as saying the "Fatherland is ready for another Thirty Years' War, if the madness of the Entente continues so long!" On April 2, 1865, seven days before Lee surrendered to Grant,

and three weeks before the Confederacy's collapse, Jefferson Davis issued a proclamation telling the people of the South their victory was certain. Presidents and kings and kaisers are alike in wanting to buoy up their people; Germany *may* be able to carry on the war for years, but Hindenburg's saying so doesn't make it so. My guess is that a nation which has to use its door knobs and post box coats of arms in order to eke out a supply of brass and copper is nearing the end of its power of resistance. For the present, however, all Germany is drunk with its success in Russia. Alone among all the German newspapers I have seen does Harden's *Zukunft* recall that Napoleon's mastery of Europe in 1810 did not prevent him from being a wretched prisoner on a distant island only four years later. In a recent editorial Harden says:

> "The Brest-Litovsk treaty which Balkanizes so ridiculously, so vainly, the north and the southeast of Europe; which divides that which is indivisible; which invents a Russia without a sea . . . which arrays on Germany's flank enemy peoples ready to avenge themselves against Germany . . . such a treaty is contrary to nature and reason. . . . It removes to a remote distance the peace which would be useful to us."

Up to date eighteen countries have declared war against Germany and eight have severed diplomatic relations—in all twenty-six countries have openly proclaimed their contempt, their disgust for German political immorality.

Paris, Wednesday,
May 29, 1918.

"One can get used to anything—except hanging!"

So says the old saw, and I am beginning to think even the exception might be omitted. Certainly, before Paris' recent experiences one would have believed it as possible to get used to hanging as it has proved possible for three million people to undergo with coolness, even with contempt, what

Paris has been, and still is, undergoing at the hands of airplanes and long range guns. Last Thursday there were *two* air raids in one night; on Sunday a third raid again set Paris aflame with the fires of bursting bombs and exploding shrapnel, and almost every day at half past six o'clock in the morning Parisians are awakened by the deafening explosions of shells from 75-mile guns.

Before leaving the United States, had I been asked what I should do if awakened every morning by a bomb bursting beneath my window, I should have replied:

"I would run for a cave. At any rate, I should get up and try to get details as to what had happened."

That, no doubt, is what one would do in America. But what one does in Paris is this: One says: "Darn those Boches for waking a fellow!" Then one turns over and tries to go to sleep again. That is what I do, not because I am either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the danger, but because in Paris, as everywhere else in Europe, four years of frightfulness, of butchery and horrors, have so "doped" the human mind as to dull its sensibilities and distort its sense of proportions. In bestowing this "dope" Nature is kind, for were the people of Europe in a normal state of mind the daily shocks they are called on to bear would make of Europe a continent of neurasthenics. As it is, despite the nightly air raids and the daily bombardments, despite the fact that millions of Huns are only a few miles away on the Aisne, battering their way toward Paris, Parisians do what I do—cuss the Germans for beginning their bombardment so early in the morning. But for the rest, they go about their vocations as usual. The boulevards seem as busy, the cafés as crowded, the people as intent on business and pleasure as before the air raids and bombardments began.

Even after giving full weight to the "doping" effect of four years of frightful war, this is remarkable. For there is enough of the mysterious, of the uncanny, of the terrible about the

75-mile guns to shake the stoutest nerves. Against the Gothas some means of defense may be taken. One has always enough advance notice to run down into a cellar. But against the long range guns there is no defense, no warning, no way of telling when or where their shells will fall. All we know is that suddenly out of a clear sky there drops from the heavens a shell which deals death and destruction to all things near. It is like Fate, implacable, inexorable,—and impartial! No man is exempt from its deadly blow. It is as apt to strike down France's President or Prime Minister as it is to kill a day laborer. Whether it is the one or the other is merely a matter of blind chance. And yet, knowing that only blind chance determines whether it shall be you or I who shall a moment hence be mangled into a mass of bleeding flesh, we both go about our affairs calm, even if not indifferent. A great many people have left Paris, but a great many more—several million more—have stayed right here and these seem pretty much the same sort of Parisians I knew before the war. Last Sunday thousands of people promenaded on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Gallant looking soldiers stopped to compliment smartly gowned women. Children rolled hoops on the walks. Automobiles dashed along on their way to the park. The side paths were thronged with men and women on horseback. All the while, at regular intervals of fifteen minutes, shells from the 75-mile guns dropped somewhere in Paris. True, they happened to drop that particular morning on some other boulevard than the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, but that was a mere chance. They might just as well have fallen where that gay throng was parading on the Bois. But if anybody thought of that disquieting fact they did not let it affect their morning's amusement. No one spoke of the bombardment, and all that the Paris papers said the next day was this two line announcement:

(Officiel.) "Le bombardment de la region Parisienne par canon a longue portee a repris hier."

(The bombardment of the Paris region by long distance guns was resumed yesterday.)

Paris, Thursday,
May 30, 1918.

The majestic Madeleine witnessed to-day what I am sure is a spectacle unique in its history—a service held by and for American soldiers. Monsignor J. N. Connolly, chaplain of the American army in France, preached the sermon which was listened to by an audience consisting in great part of American soldiers. The boys in khaki occupied seats on the right half of the grand nave; on the other side were civilians and, although many of these were Americans, many also were French. The hundreds of young men in khaki had the joy and gladness and *thoughtlessness* of Youth in their eyes; to them War is the Great Adventure. As they stand at its threshold they see naught of its horrors, fear naught of its dangers; their emotion is that of eager expectancy, eager curiosity to see this wonderful, if dreadful, thing that Kaiserism has unloosed upon the earth. . . . But opposite them, across the Madeleine's center aisle, was a throng of men and women to whom the Monster War has brought woe and desolation, men and women for whom all the world has become black with the frightful blackness of grief and despair! Most of the women were in deep mourning and on the arms of old men, men grey haired, bent shoulders, drawn, haggard faces, were little bands of black, telling the story of sacrifice that some loved one of theirs had made for Liberty! One poor woman kneeling in her pew below me wept silently all through the services; she was richly gowned; the black of her mourning dress was of costly material. But for all that I say *poor* woman—for no amount of worldly goods can ever atone for the emptiness, the blackness that war has brought into her soul. . . .

The majestic marble columns back of the altar were twined with the French and American colors, and never did Old Glory seem so beautiful as it did to-day in Paris' famous church three thousand miles from America's shores. And never did the "Star Spangled Banner" so thrill as it did this morning when its inspiring strains were sung by a thousand lusty young men, the flower of American manhood, accompanied by a fifty-piece orchestra and by the deep, rich notes of the Madeleine's organ! His Eminence Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, who spoke from the steps of the altar after the last notes of our national anthem had died away and a hush had fallen upon the multitude of people, was deeply moved; in a brief address he paid a touching tribute to the valor and the patriotism of the unusual audience before him. The Cardinal's red robe, twelve feet long, trailed far behind him, its further end being held all through his address by a youth who was clad in a garb as red as that of the Cardinal himself. Flanking this richly robed youth were members of the Swiss Guard in gorgeous uniforms—knee breeches, white stockings, braided coats and cocked hats brilliant with gold trimmings and plumage. All in all, the picture was one the like of which no other of our Memorial Days has witnessed since America began the touching custom of setting May 30 aside as a day on which to do reverent honor to our patriot dead!

On Good Friday some weeks ago while a throng of men and women were kneeling in prayer in the ancient church of St. Gervais * a shell from a 75-mile gun struck one of the pillars of the church, causing the roof to cave in and kill nearly a hundred people. During the service this morning that tragic day at St. Gervais came back in my thoughts and I said a silent prayer that a similar tragedy might be spared

Note, January, 1919.

* As the War is now over, it is permissible to give details which formerly would have been omitted, hence the names of places in Paris struck by German shells and bombs are allowed to stand.

us to-day. Even as I said this prayer, and as Cardinal Amette was making his brief but eloquent tribute to the young American soldiers before him, the bursting of the 75-mile gun shells was plainly audible. Fortunately none fell upon the Madeleine during the service; had one done so, had the striking of one of those majestic marble columns let the colossal roof of the great edifice fall in upon us, the holocaust would have been frightful. Not hundreds, but perhaps thousands, would have been killed or crushed and mangled. . . .

To illustrate the margin that in these terrible times separates Parisians from great catastrophes let me relate that—after the memorial services ended, after Cardinal Amette was gone, after the Swiss Guard had doffed their gorgeous garbs and become plain mortals again, after the thousands of men and women had filed out of the church and gone their separate ways along the Boulevards into the narrow Rues, losing themselves in the bosom of the huge city—*then* a shell hurled from its lair 75 miles away did strike the Madeleine. But fortunately it passed between two of the huge fluted columns and buried itself in the massive masonry behind the altar. All the damage it did was to behead the statue of St. Luke which occupies one of the niches on the exterior of the church!

Paris, Saturday,
June 1, 1918.

For the past 48 hours Paris has been living through anxious hours. Since the issue will have been decided long before any eyes other than mine shall read these lines it can do no harm to tell here how great is deemed the peril, how the Monster War with all his instruments of destruction, his huge guns, his deadly gases, his liquid fires, is drawing nearer and nearer to the most beautiful city in the world. The Germans are again at the Marne! Can Foch stop them now, as Joffre did in 1914? Liberty-lovers throughout the world hope so, but it is so uncertain that my task to-day and yesterday has

been to prepare for the worst, and yet not to let my staff of thirty men know what is impending. If thirty men knew how serious is the situation the secret would hardly be kept, and if the public knew that we of the diplomatic corps are preparing to leave Paris a panic might ensue. That must be avoided if possible, yet if the worst does come we must be ready to leave quickly with the archives of the Embassy. And so I have been buying trunks in which to store official papers, and Col. Saffarans, commander of the American forces in Paris, has promised a Camion to move us—where? No one knows whither the French government will go this time. Four years ago it went to Bordeaux. If forced to move again rumor says it will be to some city in central France.

Last night at the Travelers Club I listened to the talk of French and English officers. All agreed that the chances are two to one that Paris must be evacuated, for the Germans are only 39 miles away and another bound will bring them close enough to dominate the Capital with heavy artillery; then France's power to make war will be cut in half. An enemy might burn Washington to the ground without impairing America's industrial efficiency. He might destroy Pittsburg, but other steel centers would remain. He might destroy the ship yards on the Atlantic, but those of the Pacific coast would go on making American ships. But when the Germans get Paris, sixty per cent of France's power to make munitions, aeroplane motors, etc., is gone. This is the tragedy of the situation, yet no one dreams of giving up the struggle. "We may have to go back to the Loire," said a French general last night. "But even if we have to retreat to the Pyrenees this war will not end until the Prussian beast is killed!" The English and American officers who were there applauded this utterance, and declared peace will never be made so long as a single German soldier stands on French or Belgian soil. It was cheering to hear this determined talk, but private hints from high French officials cause us to prepare for to quit

Paris on two hours' notice. I have procured gas masks for those of us who must remain to the last and our archives are ready to be boxed and carted away. At Soissons a few days ago the first warning the citizens received was a torrent of gas shells and asphyxiating bombs; many, for lack of gas masks, dropped dead in their homes before the Germans arrived. Should the rush upon Paris be as swift and as sudden as it was upon Soissons the catastrophe may be the greatest in human history.

Paris, Saturday,
June 8, 1918.

During the last week Paris has lived through seven frightfully anxious days—the seventy-five-mile guns dropping shells on the city daily and Gothas dropping bombs almost nightly. Night before last as I stood at my window pieces of exploded French shrapnel fell on the street below with the sharp, crackling noise of hail striking the pavement. Overhead the blackness of the night was pierced here and there by giant arms of electric light, French lights searching the foe. And everywhere the firmament became incessantly illuminated by the sudden twinkling of little stars—for such is the effect of a shell bursting in the sky on a dark night. And when the shell bursts its hundreds of bullets and pieces scatter over a widespread area with sufficient force to kill any living being upon whom they may chance to fall. Around the corner from my lodgings on the Rue Pierre Charron a man was killed in front of 75 Champs Elysées by a small piece of shrapnel hitting him on the head; had that man been under cover he would not have been harmed. From the ledge of the window where I stood I gathered up a handful of shrapnel pieces varying in size from a .44 caliber cartridge to a pigeon egg; and then I hurried to my sleeping room and got into bed, in a corner of the room as far from the window as possible. The fire of the French barrage made sleep difficult; turning on the light over

the head of my bed (having, of course, first drawn tight the black curtains across the windows), I read until 1 a. m. when the Berlocque announced that the air battle was over. . . .

In the back part of a room on a lower floor (my bed chamber is on the "Entresol") one has a fair measure of protection against danger from shrapnel, and even from the small bombs. Of course, only in a deep cave can one be safe from a large bomb, while not even the deepest cave in Paris affords protection against a direct hit by an aerial torpedo. These devilish death engines can smash an entire building of heavy masonry as completely as if it were made by cardboard, and every now and then they do it, but how often they do it we here in Paris may be the last to learn. For instance, to-day my *Collier's Weekly* for May 18 is laid on my desk, and for the first time I am made aware of the fact that during an air raid over Paris a couple of months ago a bomb which fell in the middle of a prominent boulevard made so deep a hole that a taxi, which unluckily turned into that boulevard half a minute after the bomb exploded, fell into the hole, turned turtle and killed the chauffeur and two occupants inside the cab. *Collier's* gives a photograph of the upset taxi in the shell hole. Perhaps many Parisians learn by chance of incidents like these, but they must wait for the American newspapers to see the photographs and read the details. . . .

A giant Gotha was captured a few nights ago; thinking they were inside their lines the Germans came to earth just in the rear of Betz where fortunately French soldiers were close enough at hand to capture the eight aviators and their machine, the wings of which have an expanse of 136 feet! The monster carried several tons of bombs, one of which weighed 2,200 pounds! Experts say that the explosion of one of these "super" bombs would destroy an entire city block, not only on and above the surface but to a *depth* of probably thirty feet. This means that if the Germans succeed in raid-

ing Paris with Gothas of this type not even the deepest Abri will afford safety to Parisians. . . .

Terrific fighting is still going on barely forty miles from where I am writing these notes; thus far the enemy is being "held," but whether he will continue to be held, or whether he will succeed in advancing again, and near enough to put Paris within reach of his marine guns, remains to be seen. Yesterday the French government appointed a "Committee for the Defense of Paris." It is announced that this is only a precaution and that the public must not become alarmed or imagine that the government believes the Germans will really enter the Capital, or that they will even come close enough to bomb it with ordinary big cannon. It is added, however, that even in the worst event not even to save Paris will peace be made with the Hun; the civilian population will be evacuated as far as possible and regardless of what ruin and desolation may befall Paris the Allied armies will fight on until America's legions arrive! . . .

Havelock Wilson, head of the British Seamen's Union, made an announcement at Newcastle yesterday which ought to interest Germany. It was to the effect that the seamen of Great Britain have solemnly resolved to boycott Germany and all things German for a given number of years following the declaration of peace.

"We understand," said Mr. Wilson, "that it would be difficult for the government to declare a boycott at the moment of signing a treaty of peace. But what would be difficult for the government will be easy for us and we shall refuse after the war to work on any vessel that contains any sort of merchandise destined to, or coming from, Germany. And when I say 'We' I speak not only for sailors but also for seamen of all ranks, from Captain down to kitchen boys. The stewards and cooks union are at one with us on this; so are the engineers, the stevedores and mechanics. And we mean to go further: we are founding a league pledged to boycott any

British store that offers to sell anything made in Germany. If the public will support us in this, and we believe it will, then Germany will find no sale for even such of her goods as she may be able to bring to England in her own bottoms."

By way of explaining this bitter, this implacable resolve Mr. Wilson told how in 1914 and 1915 the British Seamen's Union cared for the 7,000 German seamen who happened to be in British ports the day of the declaration of war between England and Germany and who, consequently, were interned by the British government. The Seamen's Union treated the German seamen as unfortunate brothers; it appropriated $75,000 out of its treasury to provide the Germans with special comforts. And, as Mr. Wilson relates, it planned to give a National entertainment on May 8, 1915, to raise more funds to provide more comforts to the interned German sailors. Then the *Lusitania* was sunk on May 7 and that same night Mr. Wilson went to the Internment camp, told the German seamen how 500 of their brother seamen had been sent without a moment's warning to the bottom of the sea and how that tragedy made it impossible to go on with the entertainment. Did the Germans express any regret at the cruel fate that had overtaken their "brothers"? Mr. Wilson says that so far from speaking a single word of regret they gave forth thundering hurrahs and forthwith began singing *Deutschland ueber Alles,* followed by *Die Wacht Am Rhein!*

"After that," continued Mr. Wilson, "can any sane man believe in the 'Internationalism' of a German? Certainly we seamen no longer have faith in them. They have proved themselves unworthy the high traditions of the sea that have been observed for hundreds of years by the sailors of every nation on earth. On the sea which at times is so cold, so cruel, so destructive to man,—on that element where man is so powerless and puny, Mercy, Charity, Brotherhood are to be expected from even half civilized foes. But the Germans have shown less mercy than the Barbary pirates of old. For instance,

when did ever Barbary pirate excel for cold, calculated, senseless cruelty the act of the Germans with reference to the *Belgian Prince?* After sinking the *Belgian Prince* the U-Boat Commander ordered the English crew to leave the life boats in which they had taken refuge and to get on the U-Boat's deck. Then the Germans smashed the life boats with axes, after which they made the English, at the points of revolvers, throw their life belts into the sea. This done, the Germans climbed down into the U-Boat, closed the hatch, then submerged, leaving 48 unhappy men floundering in the ocean 200 miles from land without so much as a piece of broken wreckage to cling to. For with a refinement of cruelty and cunning unknown even to a Barbary pirate, before submerging the U-Boat Commander ran his craft some miles away from the scene of the wreck and from the spot where the life boats were smashed. They thought to 'Sink without leaving a trace,' as the German Ambassador to Mexico so cannily expresses it. But three of those unfortunate men by superhuman efforts managed to keep on swimming for fifteen hours and were rescued by a British destroyer. Shall sturdy British seamen recognize as brothers men capable of such deeds as this?"

. . . Of course, with the passing years hatreds grow cold. Nevertheless, it will not be easy for this generation to forget what Germany has done on the high seas and no matter what governments may do, as long as British seamen feel as they now feel it will be no easy matter for Germans to sell their goods in British ports.

Every morning at eight Marcel brings me a big bowl of delicious strawberries and cream; the berries cost 40 cents a pound, the cream costs 8 cents for a third of a pint—dear as compared with pre-war prices in America, but I think cheap considering it is in Paris with a million Germans thundering almost at the city's gates. It may be interesting to give the present Paris war-time prices of meats, vegetables, etc. Here

are a few figures I noted at the market the other day: (all figures are in francs and are per kilo, i. e., 2 1/5 lbs.)

Soup meat, 10; veal for a stew, 5.90; roast beef, 14; roast veal, 14; roast pork, 10; mutton for stew, 5.80; leg of lamb, 15; best butter, 9; rice, 3; tapioca, 4.80; flour, 2; dry white beans, 2.20; coffee, 6.80; sugar, 1.90; new potatoes, 1.50; bacon and ham, 10; olive oil, 5; asparagus, fresh and very fine, 15 big stalks, 3 (medium grade, 1.50); eggs, per 100, 40 francs.

Paris, Tuesday,
June 11, 1918.

To-day's Paris papers contain this brief announcement:

"Le bombardement de la région parisienne par canons à longue portée a continué hier. On signale quelques victimes."

"One announces some victims!"—doesn't sound serious, does it? And as all that 99 per cent of the people know about the bombardment is what they learn from the newspapers Paris is going about its business as usual, paying no more attention to the "dull thud" of the big Bertha's exploding shells than is paid by the people of an American city to the noise of blasters in a rock quarry. But sometimes the deadly seriousness of the bombardment is brought home to you. This morning Pervis, my janitor, looked terribly solemn; I asked him what was the matter. "Monsieur," said he, "an hour ago I witnessed a horrible sight—a poor old man cut in two and both of the two halves of him crushed and mangled to pieces—it was frightful!" Pervis shuddered and covered his eyes with his hands and it was some time before he could continue; then he told me how by the merest chance it was the old man, not himself, who had been thus crushed out of all human recognition. Pervis had paused a moment to greet a friend; that moment was his salvation, for even while he stood speaking to his friend a 75-mile gun's shell fell in the Boulevard a few

paces beyond him, striking and killing the old man with whom he had been walking an instant before and who, unhappily, had not stopped to greet a friend! . . .

Two trifling, yet significant, incidents occurred last week in Germany. In the Prussian Landtag when the Minister of the Government in charge of the discussion proceeded as usual to put the German armies under the protection of God one of the members leaped to his feet and exclaimed: "This is intolerable. We have a totally different idea of God. When we view the things that have been done in this war we are ashamed to be men and we dare not believe that a Supreme Being would create such things as we!"

The other incident occurred in the Reichstag on June 7; in supporting a bill providing indemnities for persons imprisoned unjustly one of the Socialist deputies, Herr Wendel, mentioned many cases of wholly unjust imprisonment, particularly in Alsace. For instance, a merchant named May was kept in prison ten months, then released; and to this day he has not been given the slightest idea of what, if any, charge was made against him. Another case is that of a poor woman who wore a blue hat, a white belt and red stockings; the wearing of these three colors was solemnly declared by a court martial to be a "manifestation in favor of France." Accordingly the woman was imprisoned. Herr Wendel declared that the population of Alsace-Lorraine is so exasperated by the way it is being treated by the military, in case of a plebiscite it would vote by an enormous majority in favor of annexation with France. This produced an uproar in the Reichstag and Herr Wendel was vigorously denounced; none the less is it significant that such a discussion can take place in the German Reichstag at such a time as the present. . . .

Nearly two years ago I dined with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, at one of the fairly good grade restaurants on the Boulevard des Italiens; last night I dined at that same restaurant and a comparison between prices then and now may

be interesting. The menu of my dinner with the Dodges is given in an early entry in my Journal, and here is the menu for last night:

Roast beef with two vegetables (spinach and string beans), francs, 3.50; hors d'œuvres (sardines, hard boiled eggs, anchovies, potato salad, radishes, etc.), 1; lettuce salad, 1.50; ½ liter beer, 1; coffee, 75; total, frs., 7.75. To this was added the government tax of 10 per cent, 80 centimes, making the dinner cost Frs. 8.55=$1.50.

The roast beef, though good, was not as tender as it might have been; but the vegetables were delicious, the lettuce was crisp and tender and the hors d'œuvres "tasty" as well as filling. Certainly, after four years of war one might fare worse!*

Paris, Sunday,
June 16, 1918.

Our American soldiers have covered themselves with glory! On June 3d streams of Marines flowed along the outskirts of Paris toward Château-Thierry. There were other Americans, too—infantry and artillery—and as they hurried eastward they met the French streaming westward. "It's no use. It's all over. Don't go on. You will be slaughtered!" That was the greeting shouted into the ears of the Marines and of the American soldiers. "Slaughtered! Hell! It's we who are going to do the slaughtering!" And on they hurried. The French commander ordered a retreat. We hear our American commander replied:

"I can not give the order to retreat. My men would not understand it. We are about to attack!"

And attack they did, with such fury that the Huns were taken by surprise and driven back across the Marne. And now Paris is breathing a little easier; nevertheless the danger is far from ended. My trunk remains packed and our archives are still held in readiness for instant departure. The drubbing

* See page 82 for prices at this same restaurant in October 1916.

our boys have given the Germans seems to have infuriated them. At any rate, their bombardment by day and air raids by night have become more terrible than ever. Last night during an inferno of falling German bombs and bursting French shrapnel I looked from my window in the direction of the Bastile and saw the heavens lurid with the glow of a great fire. To-day's papers simply announce that last night a squadron of Gothas succeeded in flying over Paris and that "one announces victims." That is all that is to be learned from newspapers, but my servant Marcel (who used to serve the British Ambassador in Washington) is a clearing house for gossip. He told me where the bombs fell last night, whereupon, taking a Metro train and passing under nearly the entire length of Paris, I emerged at the station "Nation," whence several wide boulevards radiate like the spokes of a wheel from the hub. Taking one of them, the boulevard Voltaire, I walked to the Rue de Charrone, turned from that street into the narrow Rue Boulets and found myself on the scene of the raid. A two story house was literally smashed into kindling wood and powdered brick and stones. The adjacent seven story building had its top floor demolished, but the six floors beneath were unharmed and as I stood this morning looking up at the damaged roof and seventh floor, I saw the "locataires" on the sixth floor gazing serenely down from their windows upon the street below. A few hours before, death dealing missiles had come hurtling down from the sky smashing the roof above them, demolishing the house next to them, killing people all about them. But if this tragedy struck terror to their souls they did not show it. They were looking out of their windows, seemingly as unconcerned as if they were looking down upon a street in New York instead of upon a Paris street that had just received a deadly visit from the Huns. Next to the seven story house was a large department store which was utterly ruined. Bombs striking the roof had blown up millions of francs' worth of

silks, linens and the thousand other useful things department stores sell.

On the Boulevard Voltaire, on the Rue de Charrone, on the Rue Boulets, on all the streets of the neighborhood, were crowds of women, baskets on their arms, doing their Sunday marketing. They displayed interest in the price of radishes, new potatoes and the like, but apart from myself no one seemed to have any curiosity about the damage done by the Germans.

Bourges, Friday,
July 5, 1918.

A few days ago I received an invitation from President Poincaré to occupy a seat in his "tribune" at the inauguration of the "Avenue du President Wilson"—Lloyd George, Lord Derby, Clemenceau and other celebrities were to be there and I was tempted to go, but was unable to do so, having previously accepted an invitation of officials of the French Foreign Office to deliver a Fourth of July address in Bourges.

At every station where the train stopped, coming from Paris yesterday, I saw crowds of people reading the government's proclamation calling on France to regard the American fête day as if it were the 14th of July. Factories, banks, shops, stores all over France were closed and American flags were in evidence everywhere. The hall where I spoke was packed with more than a thousand cheering men and women. My French is villainous but it was sufficient for that friendly audience; they applauded almost every sentence and M. Lucien Corpechot of the Foreign Office, who was present, has urged me to repeat the speech in Marseilles.

Yesterday afternoon, following the official luncheon given me by the Mayor and dignitaries of the city, I stole away from my hotel to see Bourges' cathedral built seven hundred years ago and which in many respects is as interesting as any edifice in France. While studying the curious "Last Judgment" in the tympanum over the central portal—a motley

array of forked tail devils who are seizing poor wretches just emerged from their tombs and shoving them down into tanks of brimstone and fire—a gentleman in the uniform of an American Major of Engineers approached and asked if I was an American. When I said that I was he added:

"I thought so. You greatly resemble one of the dearest friends I ever had, a friend who died years ago."

"Who was your friend?" I asked.

"Major Niles Meriwether."

"He was my father's brother," I said. And thereupon the officer introduced himself as Major Woolsey Finnell of Tuscaloosa, Ala. A few questions and answers developed the fact that fifty-three years ago, just before Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant, my mother was a refugee in Tuscaloosa, having fled from her home in Memphis, Tenn., as the Federal armies moved South. And she took me, a baby in arms, to the home of Major Finnell's mother!

"Well," said the Major with a smile, "it is a long time to wait, and a long distance to go, to renew our acquaintance, but now that we have met again I want you to visit my camp. It is one of the biggest things in France."

It was to accept this invitation that I remained in Bourges an extra day. Early this morning an American army automobile came for me and swiftly carried me over a splendid road through a country so smiling, so quiet, so beautiful, for the moment the world seemed at peace and war seemed only an evil dream.

But in about an hour thoughts of peace were rudely dispelled by a sight of the work Major Finnell is doing—constructing buildings forty acres in extent, to house the ten thousand mechanics whom Uncle Sam is sending across the Atlantic to rebore and repair the big guns as fast as they get out of "whack" at the front! Yea, verily, there is no sign of peace in the far flung structures I saw to-day rising as if by magic out of the green fields of central France. On the

contrary, judging from the prodigious size of those buildings it seems as if America intends to make war its special job for years to come. Last year I visited the gun works at Le Creusot. Those works, the greatest in France, the greatest in the world next to Krupp's at Essen, are the slow growth of three quarters of a century, yet they are not much larger than the prodigious plant Major Finnell is building.

"Judging from the extent of your operations you must think the war will last for years," I said after we had walked several miles through the vast sheds where soon thousands of men will be busy with huge cranes, with steel lathes and all the other paraphernalia for handling giant guns.

"We shall be ready to look after the army's artillery no matter how long the war lasts," was the Major's quiet answer. Then as we walked up a stretch of railroad track connecting two of the big buildings, he added musingly: "These ties are from Alabama, and these rails from Birmingham. All that forest of steel 'I' beams, all this structural iron work comes from Alabama. Haven't I a right to be proud of my native state?"

"Yes," said I, "and Alabama has a right to be proud of you. It is a man's job you have here, and you seem to be doing it in a man's way. But tell me, Major, where did you find the thousands of skilled iron workers necessary to put up this vast plant?"

Major Finnell smiled as he waved his hand toward some hundreds of men engaged in putting rivets through the corrugated iron roof, setting iron columns in concrete foundations, etc.

"Those men you call skilled iron workers," he said, "all came from the East Side of New York. A year ago they were selling bananas or second hand clothing. Until they were drafted and came to France they did not know they could do this sort of work. Nobody thought they could do it. But necessity forced us to make the experiment. We had to have

these buildings and, as you see, the former fruit peddlers and small shop keepers rose to the occasion."

"Has all this been done by raw recruits?" I asked as I beheld the miles of electric wiring, the acres of windows and sky lights, the forest of concrete piers and iron "I" beams.

"Yes," was the reply, "and with not more than a score of exceptions every man of them was a novice. When ground was broken here three months ago we had only one man who knew how to drive a nail or handle a saw. We had no iron workers, no electricians, no glass workers, no concrete mixers. But I was a civil engineer for thirty years. From your uncle whom I knew as Chief Engineer of a Southern Railroad I learned many things, and my men here have learned those things from me. Less than a year ago the man you see there putting glass panes into those windows was an $8,000 a year bank cashier. He never puttied glass before in his life but, as you see, he is doing a fairly good job. The man riveting the roof over his head used to shine shoes in the basement of the other man's bank. Then the cashier looked down on him; now the former boot black looks down on the former cashier—you see he is nearer the roof."

Major Finnell enjoyed his little joke, then added seriously: "This war is a great leveler. A man stands on his *present* worth, not on his former position in society. A bootblack, become a sergeant, gives orders to a bank cashier who has not succeeded in rising above the ranks. Frightful as war is, out of it occasionally comes good. One of the good things is the broadening effect it is having upon the manhood of the United States. It is enabling men to 'find' themselves. You may be sure when these fellows get back home they will aim at something better than pushing banana carts or selling old clothing."

I asked how the $8,000 a year men took their sudden shift to manual labor at a soldier's wage of $30 a month.

"Admirably," was the reply. "I have not seen one of them who is not keen about his new job. Of course, in the outset it

seemed odd to Smith, six months ago cashier of a big bank, to be driving rivets alongside of Kobolski who six months ago was blacking Smith's boots in the basement of his bank, but both Smith and Kobolski are in deadly earnest about putting the Kaiser out of business; they know these great gun works are necessary for that supremely important job, so both are going to it as if success depended upon their individual efforts—as indeed it does. For multiply Smith and Kobolski by millions and you have the giant force that will make the world safe for democracy. It is superb, magnificent. I have never been so proud of America as I am now in face of the splendid spirit displayed by her foreign born as well as by her native citizens!"

As he spoke Major Finnell pointed to an excavation in the center of the enormous building through which we were walking. "Heavy machinery is to be placed there," he said. "It is necessary to dig deep to make a place for the concrete foundation. Before getting to the depth you see there, we came to the remains of the rock road which Julius Cæsar built here when he overran this part of France half a century before Christ. My men found here four Roman coins one of which I tried to buy for a hundred francs, but failed, the finders preferring to keep the coins as souvenirs. Even the Chinese laborer, who was one of the lucky finders and for whom I did not imagine either Cæsar or Cæsar's coins would possess any interest, declared nothing would induce him to part with his find. He said he regards it as a mascot that will surely get him back safely to China."

Much of the rough work, such as digging excavations, making moulds of corrugated iron for concrete foundation piers and laying railroad tracks, was done by the hundreds of Chinamen whom Major Finnell hired from the French government, paying the government one and a half francs (about 27 cents), and paying each Chinaman two and a half francs per day—a wage, however, which is soon to be increased to four francs, so that

ultimately each Chinaman will cost Uncle Sam five and a half francs (about a dollar) a day, plus their food and lodging.

"When the Chinamen came here ninety days ago," said Major Finnell, "they were the hungriest, thinnest looking men I ever saw. Now they are fat and contented. To them our army rations seem like one long succession of banquets."

After partaking of the luncheon to-day in the officers' mess I too, think, army rations a feast; in many respects to-day's luncheon was more wholesome and more palatable than one can get in the best restaurant of Paris. For instance, no Paris restaurant has such delicious, well baked white bread as that which forms the regular ration of the American soldiers in France. And nowhere in all France is cake of any kind to be had; but as dessert in the officers' mess to-day I was given a thick slice of delicious cake with layers of peaches and chocolate!

Ninety days ago the place where I saw those forty acres of buildings to-day was a vineyard; ninety days hence thousands of mechanics will be busy in those buildings, supplied with a vast quantity of the most improved machinery for repairing our big guns as fast as they get out of order in their work of smashing the Kaiser. I do not wish to take a single leaf from the laurels on the brow of our fighting soldier; his deeds of heroism and sacrifice will adorn the pages of history for a thousand years. But neither should we lack appreciation of the tremendous services performed by the S.O.S.—Service of Supplies. The value and nature of those services may be imagined when I say that the work Major Finnell is doing is merely a sample of what other American army engineers are doing in many other places in France.

Paris, Sunday,
July 7.

Kerensky, with whom I had a conference to-day, sought to impress me with the view that Allied intervention is the one

thing that will save Russia. I reminded Kerensky of the fate of Dumouriez, of Lafayette, of other ardent republicans who, horrified by the excesses of the Jacobins, sought to bring France to her senses by the aid of foreign bayonets; the only result was to unite Frenchmen of all shades of opinion against the invaders. Dumouriez, the hero of Valmy, fled to England and died in exile; Lafayette, flying from the wrath of the people he had sought to make free, spent years in an Austrian dungeon. Would not like results follow like causes in Russia?

M. Kerensky said he thought not. "In the first place," said he, "the Bolsheviki sooner or later will call the Germans to their aid and Lenine, not I, will play the rôle of Dumouriez. It will be against the men who have betrayed Russia into Germany's hands that our people will rally. Of course, intervention should be by *all* the powers of the Entente. I recognize the fact that Japan alone is in a position to send a large force into Siberia. But there should be some forces, however small, of other members of the Entente. Above all, there should be an explicit declaration of the *purpose* of the intervention. Needless to say, that purpose must not be to restore any pre-existing government in Russia. *That* stone tripped such men as Dumouriez and caused their downfall; they sought to *force* upon France the government of the Bourbons, a government nearly all Frenchmen despised. Should the Entente powers enter Russia with the purpose of restoring the Czar the parallel with Dumouriez would be just—and the result would be similarly disastrous. It will be otherwise if the Entente enters Russia merely to afford my distracted people an opportunity to get together, to rid themselves of the Bolsheviki whose policy, whether they so intend it or not, would make of Russia a jumble of petty provinces, one warring against the other and all offering fields for German exploitation!"

Kerensky is terribly in earnest; whether he is as wise as he is earnest is a question. Certainly the Russian problem

is one big with danger. Inaction which will permit that vast country to fall completely into German hands is unthinkable; but action that would cause Russia's hundred million people to look on the Allies as invaders, which consequently would array that great country against us—*that* sort of intervention would be fatal. . . . News of the assassination of Count Mirbach, the German Ambassador at Moscow, which reached Paris to-day, has caused a great stir in Russian circles; Kerensky thinks Germany will use this murder, as she used the murder of the Austrian Archduke four years ago, as a pretext for military aggression, and that prompt Allied intervention is now more necessary than ever.

Kerensky speaks so little French that he refused even to try to talk in that language; he knows not a word of English, hence our conference was through the medium of his friend Dr. J. O. Gavronsky with whom he is staying in Paris. Dr. Gavronsky, because of his revolutionary activities, was sentenced to twenty years' exile in Siberia—whereupon he fled from Russia seven years ago; during those years he has lived in London and Paris. Kerensky refused to talk about his adventures since his dramatic overthrow by the Bolsheviki, but Dr. Gavronsky spoke freely on the subject. When he said that Kerensky had not only been in Moscow all the time, but had had daily conferences with members of all political parties opposed to the Bolsheviki I wondered how he had managed to escape detection: "didn't the Bolsheviki try to get him?" I asked.

"They certainly did," replied Dr. Gavronsky with a smile. "But it is not easy to get a man who has the sympathy of the great body of the people around him. They protect you, hide you, and mislead the police who try to find you. Moreover, Kerensky grew a beard and mustache that disguised him. I did not recognize him myself when he arrived recently. Of course, now that the heavy beard and mustache are gone he looks like himself again." . . . Kerensky is tall and spare

rather than stout, but he is by no means the delicate man, living on his nerves, as many reports have described him; on the contrary, he appears physically vigorous. His eyes burn like coals of fire, but he keeps them half closed which gives one the impression if not seeking to conceal his thoughts, at any rate that he is not altogether frank and candid. But once started on his hobby, the politics of Russia, he talks with a nervous energy that gives one the impression he has the power to persuade and convince, although one does not understand the language in which he speaks. However, even in the heat of his argument his eyes remain half closed, his glance does not meet yours and the impression he makes is on the whole the reverse of favorable.

I indulge in these personal remarks because, whatever Kerensky's merits or demerits, whether his downfall resulted from weakness, or from circumstances too overwhelming for even the strongest man to withstand, for a brief period he played a great part in one of the world's greatest upheavals. During that brief period this tall, sallow man with half closed eyes and nervous, quick gestures—this man who was a poor lawyer, who now is not even that, who is now an exile with a price on his head—during that brief period this man was a more absolute dictator than the Czar he overthrew; during that brief period he held in the hollow of his hand the destinies of a hundred million people. And so, whatever Fate may do to Kerensky in the future, he will always have a page in the histories of the next thousand years. For the events in which he played a short, but a great part, like the events of the French Revolution, will engage the pens of philosophers and historians for generations to come.

Paris, Monday,
July 29, 1918.

The notion that the Austrians are less inclined to ruthless cruelty than are the Germans is apt to be dissipated when

the public becomes acquainted with a report on Austrian conduct in Servia made by Professor R. A. Reiss of the University of Lausanne, Switzerland. It will be recollected that in the beginning of the war, before Germany and Bulgaria came to Austria's aid, little Servia repulsed her giant neighbor and drove his armies back across the Danube. Thus during the last months of 1914, and the early part of 1915, Servia was rid of her invaders, and during those months Professor Reiss made a painstaking and an impartial investigation of what the Austrians had done during their first wild invasion of their little neighbor. He examined scores of eye witnesses, both Serbians and Austrian prisoners, and some of the deeds they told, deeds corroborated by circumstantial evidence, and sometimes by photographs, rival the worst German samples of "Schrecklichkeit." Here are one or two examples taken at random from Professor Reiss's report.

1.—At Shabatz on October 23, 1914, Austrian soldiers took from the Hotel Europa, where they had sought refuge, a number of women and young girls, forced them to go to a church and there, behind the altar, the officers violated the young girls one by one. (p. 50).

2.—Mr. S. Rebitch, Mayor of the town of Prnjavor, testified that the Austrians burst into the house of one Vladmir Preizovitch, a citizen of Prnjavor, and finding there a wounded Serbian soldier, they built a *fire under his bed and roasted him!* The charred boards of the floor under the bed were seen by Prof. Reiss. (p. 58).

3.—In the town of Breziak on August 3, 1914, the Austrians butchered 54 men, women and children; Simo Yezditch, aged 14, had her nose and ears cut off; other children had their eyes put out; one family of five persons ranging in age from the father, 46, to the youngest girl, a child of 7, was exterminated. They were found by Prof. Reiss in a ditch with their dog, pinioned and all tied together, including the dog!

4.—A large number of the inhabitants of the city of Shabatz

were taken behind the church, shot and buried in a common grave. Some of the witnesses testified that the number thus murdered was 120. Prof. Reiss opened the grave, which was 30 feet long, 12 feet wide and 10 feet deep, and found from personal examination of the corpses that the facts were in accordance with the testimony of surviving witnesses of the tragedy. Prof. Reiss says:

"The net result of all my investigation is proof conclusive that the death of the victims enumerated is the result of a *system of extermination!*" (p. 131.)

5.—In Leshnitza the Austrians executed 109 civilians between 8 and 80 years of age. Prof. Reiss says:

"From the depositions of eye witnesses taken in conjunction with the results of my own personal investigations, I am enabled to reconstruct the scene of the butchery.

"The 109 victims were taken to a spot near the station where a large pit had already been prepared, measuring 62 feet in length by 10 feet in width. The arms of the hostages were pinioned . . . then the soldiers took up their position on the embankment of the railway at a distance of about 60 feet from the pit, and from there fired a volley. Everybody fell pell-mell into the pit, which was immediately covered in with earth without any trouble being taken to verify whether the persons were dead or still living. It appears certain that many of the victims were not mortally wounded . . . but they were all dragged into the pit by the rest. . . . I do not think I err in estimating that about 50 per cent of the number WERE BURIED ALIVE!"

Prof. Reiss adds that on opening the grave he found that the corpses still bore the cords with which they had been pinioned, and that many of them were in positions that indicated that they had twisted and turned in a futile effort to free themselves from the earth which was piled upon them immediately after the volley was fired!

Prof. Reiss' report, made by a neutral (a Swiss) at the request of the Serbian government, is judicial in tone and is supported by a mass of specific evidence, photographs and

sworn depositions of witnesses whose names and addresses are given; it is a damning indictment of Austrian conduct.

Berne, Switzerland, Tuesday,
August 27, 1918.

It is more than a month since General Foch definitely turned the tide of battle in the Allies' favor; after July 18th I unpacked my trunk and sold the boxes bought June 1st when it was thought the Embassy's archives might have to be removed on an hour's notice. Then I came to Switzerland on a mission which has afforded an opportunity to see a lot of Germans at close range. The German Embassy in Berne has 700 attachés and in the Sweitzerhof Hotel, where I am writing these notes, are scores of Germans who, having enough money and enough political "pull" to get them to Switzerland, have come here to buy a square meal and such few clothes as they are permitted to purchase. In comparison with Paris, food and clothing here are scarce and dear, but in comparison with Germany both are plentiful and cheap, hence Germans flock to Berne to get at least temporary relief from the near-famine prevailing in their beleaguered land. I have seen here a dozen shop windows filled with bonbons and cakes over which is the announcement:

"Kucken sind verkaueflich ohne Karten"

Cakes are sold without cards—about the only thing one can buy without a card. Police permits are necessary for the purchase of shoes, clothing, etc., as well as food.

Marie Antoinette has been derided for telling the French fish-wives to eat cake, if they could get no bread. She would not be mocked for making such a remark in Berne where cake is the one thing that is plentiful, and bread the one article of food hardest to find. The two exceedingly thin slices one is given at each of the three daily meals are not at all satisfy-

ing, and seem meager indeed in comparison with the generous portions one gets in France; but the Germans at the tables about me appear more than satisfied—from which it would seem things in Germany are not so rosy as the Kaiser wants the world to believe. The Chief of the German Secret Service sat near me at dinner to-night—a slender, round shouldered, rather melancholy looking man, who buried his face in a German newspaper and seemed scarcely to touch his food. He is the only German I have seen who does not eat ravenously, as if enjoying the first square meal in months. The news in the German papers continues optimistic (for the Kaiser). Everything is "according to plan," even the retreat from St. Mihiel. "Our High Command has planned for a long time to rectify our lines at St. Mihiel; recently, in spite of the enemy's desperate efforts to prevent us, our plans were accomplished and now the useless salient has been straightened out!" Such is the picture held up for the people of Germany to gaze upon—a serious defeat, accompanied by the loss of 17,000 men, 50 great guns and an immense quantity of machine guns, rifles and munitions, is transformed into a victory for the German High Command! But the Secret Service Chief gets his information from other sources than the newspapers of his country, consequently he is a sad, dyspeptic looking man.

Minister Stoveall, with whom I dined the other day, says up to a few weeks ago the German officials in Berne would indulge in a smile half insolent, half malicious, when they passed him on the streets, but now when they see the American Minister they turn down a side street, or look the other way. Mr. Stoveall says only those who saw the Germans before Gen. Foch's great counter stroke can realize what a change has come over them. They are now as humble and as crestfallen as two months ago they were insolent and arrogant! All of which indicates that the end, if not near, at any rate is cer-

tain. Kaiserism is doomed, and it is gratifying to know that our American soldiers arrived in time to take a decisive part in saving Liberty to the world.

Paris, Thursday,
October 17, 1918.

Things have been moving with astonishing rapidity; in Berne six weeks ago I thought myself oversanguine because I expected victory to come before the summer of 1919. Now everybody says the Germans will be pushed out of France and Belgium before Christmas and that peace will quickly follow, for the Germans know too well what they have done to French and Belgian cities to want enemy armies to get a chance at German cities. They will sue for peace when Foch reaches the Rhine, but unfortunately I can not wait in France for that glad moment to come; I must leave soon for the United States and before finishing this, the last entry in my Journal, I wish to say what in my judgment is the basic trouble with the German people.

It is this: They have permitted promises of riches and power to blunt their sense of right and wrong; they have put materialism above idealism, they have blindly followed a Kaiser and a military autocracy which looks on mercy as a weakness, on justice as a catchword meant only to fool men too feeble to use the sword to build up their fortunes by robbing their neighbors. The German people did not enter this war because they feared being attacked; the giant who is armed to the teeth knows he need fear no attack by a man who is smaller than he is, and who also is unarmed. No. The German people allowed themselves to be hurled wickedly and causelessly against their neighbors because they felt sure they were so strong as to make victory swift and certain. They would have realized the monstrousness as well as foolishness of this philosophy had they taken the trouble to glance at history's pages.

Once in the great Flavian amphitheater at Rome I saw the pillars on which eighteen hundred years ago Christian martyrs stood, swathed in cloths that were steeped in oil, then set on fire—*human torches* to light the amphitheater while the Roman rabble looked down upon the bloody gladiatorial games. As I turned my eyes from the martyr pillars to the imperial box where Cæsar coldly watched the frightful fray, this thought came to me—1800 years ago had some one whispered in Nero's ear:

"Nero! The world will be conquered, not by you, not by the Emperors of Rome, but by those poor men there whom you are burning alive to illuminate this barbaric scene!"

Had some one whispered this into Nero's ear, how he would have sneered at the suggestion as a fevered dream! But where now is Cæsar's power? What now is Nero but a name which fills a few odious pages in history? But the Christians whom he reviled, the martyrs he crucified, the men he burned alive to make a Roman holiday—are they not in truth the conquerors of the world?

To-day the great figure in the world-war is not the Kaiser with his legions. Greater than the Kaiser, nobler than he, more immortal than he, is a feeble old man, a man without a single bayonet behind him, yet a man whom not even the Kaiser has dared to touch—Cardinal Mercier of Belgium! Surrounded by the Kaiser's armies, physically in the Kaiser's power, Cardinal Mercier has yet kept his spiritual freedom. And with a loftiness of soul, a grandeur of spirit that will live in history, he has spoken to his people, has consoled them, has upheld them amidst the most unparalleled misfortunes! So with Luçon and Amette, the great French cardinals. They, too, have proved that the spirit is mightier than the sword, that ideals, not things, are immortal.

In the defeat they are about to suffer it is to be hoped that the German people will unlearn the lessons autocracy has taught them; that they will come to understand, what the

rest of the world has long understood, viz., that war does *not* pay, that the only things that pay are Justice and Truth, Right and Reason! Until Germans learn this lesson Germany should not be admitted into the brotherhood of civilized Christian nations.

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